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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM FRANCIS AINSWORTH,
Ph.D., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., &c,

VOL. V.

NEW SERIES.

LONDON :
E. W. ALLEN, 11, AVE-MARIA LANE
AND STATIONERS'-HALL COURT, E.C.

1874.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE.

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD MAN OF GAWSWORTH.

IN the early part of this century, no village or hamlet in Cheshire presented a more striking picture of rural beauty than Gawsworth. The landscape, all hill and valley, the woods of Macclesfield in the distance, hedgerows shaded by giant oaks, and the quaint old hall of the Fitton family, its timber and plaster walls embosomed in foliage.

Two young men were approaching the village on foot one sultry afternoon in September, 1806, one of whom held an open sketch-book in his hand, and when he reached the front of the Rectory, an ancient structure of wood and plaster, like the old hall, he seated himself upon the moss-covered gnarled roots of an old oak, and commenced taking a sketch of the building.

"Thorold," said the other young man, addressing the artist, "I think I shall leave you to your sketch, and go for a ramble amongst the hills."

"What, leave Gawsworth without seeing its incomparable gardens, thou soulless being!" exclaimed Thorold; "thou art insensible to the beauties of nature, and hast no appreciation for aught else save the stony sides of the mountain. But joking apart, Norris," he added, hastily putting his sketch in his portfolio, "you must see the gardens, they are enchanting; and here, all in good time, comes my friend, the tanner, the owner of this sylvan region, the presiding deity of the place, Mr. Mitchell, a man all soul; a great and gifted spirit."

"This is one of your rhapsodies, I suppose, Piers," said Norris, shrugging his shoulders; "for of all the ill-looking dogs I ever saw, I think your friend, the tanner, beats them."

Norris was not far from the truth in this assertion, for the man advancing toward them had nothing to boast of exteriorly. His face was deeply pitted with the small-pox; one eye was closed, and the other had an offensive and impudent sort of leer in it, and his appearance, altogether, was most unprepossessing. By this time Thorold had risen, and Mr. Mitchell having come up to the two friends, Thorold at once performed the ceremony of introduction.

"Mr. Norris, from Chester—you have heard of Norris and Son, bankers, I dare say?"

"Who has not? Most proud and delighted to make the acquaintance of my friend's friend," answered the tanner, laying his hand on his heart with an impudent exaggeration of rapture, for which Norris would have willingly kicked him; whilst he marvelled, also, what freak Thorold had in his head, for he well knew that the tanner was no friend of the rich and fashionable Lieutenant Thorold, the heir of Brewood Park.

"Of course you will come and see my gardens?" continued Mr. Mitchell.

"What other object would have brought us to Gawsworth?" replied Thorold.

"You may speak for yourself," observed Norris, rather angrily, as he noticed the impudent grin on the tanner's face. "I came to see the real beauties of Gawsworth,—its scenery, the old hall, and the Rectory, and, perhaps, to geologise a little amongst the hills."

"A mighty fine thing to examine nature amongst the stones and rocks!" remarked the tanner, with an affectation of solemnity; "but, sir, you come to my gardens, and I'll show you a specimen of living nature that beats dead nature all to nothing. I've got in my possession, Mr. Norris, the greatest curiosity in the country, a real 'Wild Man of the Woods.' I've heard from your friend here—our friend, that is—that you've got great parts, and I think if you was to see him, you might give me some extra information about his origin, and so forth. He's very valuable—Mr. Pidcock offered me three hundred guineas for him only last week; the one drawback is, he's so savage and ferocious."

"Indeed!" remarked Norris, suspiciously; "I have always heard to the contrary. I have read somewhere, that the Ouran-Outang possesses a harmless, quiet disposition, and is easily domesticated."

"Ah, but this one is most huge and ferocious," remarked

The Water Tower.

Thorold, shaking his head; "I wouldn't like to come within the reach of his chain for something."

"Lord, bless you!" interposed Mr. Mitchell, "there is nothing quiet in this animal, I can tell you. He was caught by some soldiers in New South Wales, while he was devouring a kangaroo. It costs a fortune to keep him in food, pounds of raw meat he consumes every day; and he'll crunch and swallow large bones as if they were bits of gristle. Sometimes it's a great weight on my mind, and I think I'll have to part with him, he's so savage. What do you think?" he added, addressing himself more particularly to Thorold; "t'other day he broke his chain, and worried a foal in yonder field. When he breaks loose, I always have to send right and left to beg the people to keep in their houses. He doesn't always respect me, look at my wrist, he tore it the other day in his play."

By this time the trio had reached the gardens. Norris was no naturalist, and therefore, could not refute the assertions of the tanner respecting the Ouran-Outang; but he felt incredulous as to the savage qualities ascribed to the animal, and was inclined to feel as much contempt for it as he did for the gardens, which the tanner extolled, as he pointed out a tasteless hermitage, a Long Island, and Botany Bay, all rising out of the muddy water of a large pit.

"Well," observed Norris, in a low voice to his friend, after the tanner had succeeded in extorting from him some most insincere compliments on his taste; "I have had enough of these sign-post dauberries and whitewashed grottos; let me see the Ouran-Outang. I perceive these gardens are public. I suppose your friend," and he laid an ironical stress on the word, "doesn't exhibit all these beauties gratis?"

"A shilling a head, sir!" observed the tanner, with a low bow; "just sufficient to pay for the nutriment of the Wild Man. I gain nothing."

"Pure charity on his part," said Thorold; "an act of native benevolence; he would not exclude the public from these ravishing scenes. Mitchell," he added, laying his hand on the shoulder of the latter, "you are one of the benefactors of the human race: how many an hour's enjoyment have you not afforded your friends amongst these sylvan shades! However, here we are, I see, close to the habitation of the Wild Man."

They had now reached the extremity of the garden, and close before them, in a gloomy recess, rendered dismally obscure by a grove of thick foliage, appeared a rocky den, which Norris said reminded him of that of the giant Polyphemus. Part of the skeleton of a horse, with many mangled bones, were hung up, and strewed at the mouth of the cave.

"I think," said Norris, addressing Thorold, "money might be better bestowed than in buying food to supply the voracious appetite of a savage animal, when so many human beings are starving."

Just as Norris finished speaking, the tanner opened the door of the cave, when a cry was heard from the keeper—

"His chain is broken! He's loose! Run for your lives!"

Norris was a young, strong, and brave man; but when he saw rushing towards him, clanking a chain, which was dangling after him, suspended from a collar, a hairy monster of a stupendous monkey size, hurrying along upon two hind legs, and which he instantly identified from its blue cheeks to be an Ouran-Outang, he fairly took to his heels and fled, his alarm not permitting him to make any further observations.

As he tore along the only walk in the garden, and which, by the way, encircled the pit, he inwardly breathed threats of vengeance against Thorold, for having brought him into this perilous situation.

"Confound him!" groaned Norris aloud, anathematising his friend, as he panted and strained every nerve, hearing the clanking chain close behind him, "if I could only swim! I wish, with all my soul, Thorold was at the bottom of the pit."

At length, after Norris had raced three times round the pit, he espied the tanner at the door of a summer-house, urging him with frantic gestures, to fly that way. Norris promptly obeyed, and entered the summer-house with such precipitation, as to cast Mitchell on the floor, not apparently to the great satisfaction of the latter, who, however, scrambled hastily to his feet, and fastening one door, begging Norris to secure the other, a request which the latter was not slow to comply with. The doors were barely secured, when they shook under the violent attacks of the infuriated animal, who, at length, finding his efforts of no avail, took his departure.

"I tell you what, sir," exclaimed Norris, panting and breathless, and swelling with rage; "I think if you aspire to be a benefactor to the human race, you had better guard against such accidents as these of the ferocious animal you choose to keep breaking his chain, and putting in jeopardy the lives of those you pretend to entertain and benefit."

"A pure accident, my dear sir!" remarked the tanner. "I regret especially that it should have occurred whilst so honoured and welcome a visitor was within my poor pleasure grounds."

"Curious pleasure grounds, certainly!" growled Norris, "I only trust I may not have such a day's pleasure again. Well, sir,

"I will thank you to release me from this confinement as soon as possible."

"He is gone to his den," replied the tanner; "make fast the door after me, and I'll go and see him properly secured."

In a few moments Mitchell returned with Thorold, the countenance of the latter expressing much commiseration, though Norris fancied that at bottom he rather enjoyed the whole affair, and looked upon it as a capital joke, which suspicion enraged him exceedingly.

"My dear Bob, I congratulate you on your escape! I really felt some fear lest I should see you in the grip of that fierce monster," said Thorold.

"A consummation which you showed no disposition to avert," exclaimed Norris, angrily.

"My dear fellow, what could I do?" answered Thorold, "I should have been powerless as an infant in the hairy arms of that savage. One valuable life would have been enough to be sacrificed. I would have written your epitaph. After all, you would have lost your life in the cause of science, in one way, because you were going to examine the Ouran-Outang, quite as a naturalist."

"I was going to do nothing of the kind," replied Norris, fiercely, "and I don't thank you for bringing me to this confounded place. Pray, where did you put yourself, so as to leave me alone exposed to the onslaught of the cursed brute?"

"Oh, I slipped behind a stone table. I saw there wasn't room for more than one, or I would have pulled you after me."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," exclaimed Norris, in a bitterly sarcastic tone; "your intentions are as beneficent as those of your new-found friend."

"Well, my dear sir," said the tanner, "I trust such an accident will never occur again. Really, no one was to blame, the chain was new only three days ago; but, you see, he had filed it quite through with his sharp teeth. Ah, if you had taken the water, sir, the Wild Man would never have followed you there—he has a great aversion to water."

"So have I," growled Norris, as they left the summer-house. "I can't swim, and I might as well be mangled by your ferocious Ouran-Outang as suffocated in a mud hole."

"Well, sir, I am sorry this little matter has occurred," said Mitchell: "and I am afraid you will go away with very unfriendly recollections of Gawsorth."

"I am hardly likely to look back with pleasure upon the fact of having been chased by an Ouran-Outang," observed Norris, as he bent his way towards the garden-gate, followed by Thorold and Mitchell.

The three then passed into the tan-yard, where the tanner began descanting on his trade, and on many matters connected with it; and Norris gradually recovered from the fatigues of the chase, though he was hardly restored to his usual good temper. Several men were in the tan-yard at work, and Norris was looking on, interested, as he usually was, in anything new to him, when a sudden cry brought back all his former alarm.

“He’s broken loose again! Murder! Murder!”

In an instant the tan-yard presented a scene of the wildest confusion. The men flew about in all directions, into outbuildings, over hedges, and behind piles of skins. In another instant the savage monster appeared at the entrance to the tan-yard, and seeming to single out Norris, made a rush at him. The tanner and Thorold showed no more courage or inclination to assist him than they had done before, and thus he beheld himself exposed to face the infuriated animal. He had seized hold of Thorold on the first outcry, determined that he should not desert him again; but the latter, seemingly overcome by terror, wrenched himself from his friend’s grasp, though at the sacrifice of a part of his coat’s tail.

Once more Norris flew, cursing his fate, pursued by the hairy monster, now stumbling over a pile of skins, and the next moment breaking his shins over a barrel, running his head against a post, while close behind him he heard the clanking of the chain, and the wild inarticulate cries of the ouran-outang. At length, after crossing a narrow piece of land, the unfortunate Norris found himself hemmed in an angle of the ground, formed by the intervention of two hedges. Through this fence there appeared a small opening that led to the next field. The wild man was now close upon him, and, without a moment’s hesitation, Norris, with one spring, rushed into what he thought an opening, but which proved—alas! not a bed of roses—but a bed of overgrown nettles.

“If I am alive to-morrow morning,” exclaimed Norris, speaking aloud, and in a tone of mingled terror and pain, “I’ll call Thorold out; and as to that villain of a tanner, he shall not escape with a whole skin!”

Norris was not able, however, to remain at rest even amongst the nettles, for his further escape was impeded by a quantity of brushwood. The wild man was a few paces off, giving utterance to savage guttural cries, being apparently at fault as to the exact whereabouts of him whom he sought. Norris crept out, vainly hoping to escape unseen; but he was detected in a moment, and the chase began again, this time amongst the tan-pits, and close to the tan-house.

In and out flew Norris almost desperate, the perspiration pouring down his face, and in imminent danger every instant of

falling into one of the pits. At length, when he was nearly exhausted, he effected his escape to a neighbouring hill, the ouran-outang having apparently lost sight of him. It was with some difficulty that he managed to drag his aching limbs along to the tanner's house, where he met the latter advancing from the door with his wife.

The faces of both wore an expression of the deepest concern and sorrow, or rather as sorrowful a look as was compatible with the impudent leer in the tanner's one eye, and the diabolical squint exhibited by his lady. They each began a chorus of regrets and lamentations.

"Lord, save us, sir!" groaned Mr. Mitchell; "I wish I had been at the bottom of one of my own tan-pits before this had happened! Sir, you look just like a ghost! I'm afraid you had a mortal fright."

"Deary me! the gentleman's been and tumbled amongst the nettles too; his face is all blistered!" sighed Mrs. Mitchell; "but of course, you was that frightened, sir, you didn't know what you was doing no more nor a baby."

"Pray, sir, come in and take a rest on our bed," entreated the tanner. "You might be struck down with a fever in the state you are in, if you was to try and get on to Macclesfield."

"To be sure!" chimed in Mrs. Mitchell; "and I might just put a stitch or two to the gentleman's clothes. Deary me, a bran new coat, and I'm feared it's done for!"

"Have you got anything more to say, ma'am?" exclaimed Norris, who could hardly speak, so great was his inward wrath. "You have not seen the end of this. I will have you punished, sir," he added, addressing himself to the tanner, and shaking his fist within an inch of his nose, "for daring to keep such a savage monster in your gardens, and then turning him loose on your visitors!"

"Hark to him now," said Mitchell, with an air of mock humility, "threatening a poor, unoffending man, like myself. Did I tell him to break his chain? Did I tell the gentleman to throw himself into the nettles?"

"Goodness me! I'm feared he's light-headed with all this work."

In spite of his anger and his wish to leave the vicinity of the gardens immediately, Norris felt himself so thoroughly worn out and exhausted, that he was glad to accept Mrs. Mitchell's offer and throw himself on a bed, where he lay wrapped up in blankets to avoid the danger resulting from a most copious perspiration. He had lain thus for about an hour, his body smarting from a thousand stings inflicted by the nettles, when Thorold entered the room, and, advancing to the bedside, said, in a tone of condolence—

"My dear fellow, how sorry I am for all this! How do you feel?"

"Piers Thorold, you will hear from me in the morning!" exclaimed Norris, in a tone of fury. "Some one will call upon you, sir, from me!"

No, no, my dear Bob!" replied Thorold; "there's not the slightest necessity for anything of the sort. I should have done just the same as you did myself. I should have had no respect for your coat tails if I thought my life in jeopardy; besides, I don't think much of the Macclesfield tailors, so I'll get a new coat in Chester. My friend, the tanner, has lent me one to go home in."

"Your present insolence will not save you, sir, from the chastisement which you so richly deserve at my hands," replied Norris, loftily.

"I do believe he's half in earnest," answered Thorold, with a merry laugh. "Well, Bob, you may shoot me to-morrow morning if it so pleases you; but no power on earth shall make me draw a trigger against thee, mine honest old friend—my only true friend!" he added in a tone of bitterness, while a shade crossed his handsome face. "Well for me if I had never had another."

"Give me your hand, Piers," said Norris, in a softened tone; "but you have played me a shabby trick to-day. However, I won't bear malice."

"It adds another to the many gifts you have conferred on me," replied Thorold. "I might have had one of my fits of the blue devils or spleen, or whatever you call it, but for this afternoon's excitement."

"All I can say is, I hope your spleen may be diverted in some other way than by seeing me chased by an ouran-outang," replied Norris, rather tartly.

"Now listen, Bob, for I can a tale unfold," said Thorold, putting himself in a declaiming attitude. "Some months ago—in fact, shortly after I joined the First Royal Lancashire Militia, the regiment was ordered to Macclesfield, as you will probably remember—I came out to Gawsorth one afternoon, and though in uniform, and with my sword by my side, intent only on the pacific design of sketching the old Hall. Happening to approach the gardens, at the entrance I met my friend the tanner, my intimacy with the worthy man dating from then. I was invited to enter. I was called upon, like you, to admire the beauties of the gardens, and finally I was introduced to the exterior of the wild man's den. Here began the first act of the performance. Ouran-outang breaks his chain—the tanner disappears suddenly—exit Ensign Thorold, pursued by the wild man—frantic chase round the pit."

“Good heavens!” interrupted Norris, raising himself in the bed. “Then, Thorold, you deliberately exposed your friend to danger, and possibly even to death from a most savage animal! I should not have thought you capable of such an act of villany. It was far beyond a practical joke. I will not risk having your blood on my soul,” he added, tragically; “but henceforth we must be strangers.”

“Only let me finish my story,” exclaimed Thorold, trying to suppress an immoderate fit of laughter. “I was pursued, as I tell you, round the pit, but as I ran my blood got up. You know what sudden gusts of passion I am subject to. I think I am next akin to a lunatic while they last. Under the influence of this sudden access of fury I turned on my pursuer. If I had known the wild man to be Beelzebub himself I should then have turned on him. Then too, unlike you, I was armed. I drew my sword. The wild man was face to face with me! I made such a furious thrust at him, that had he not sprang back, that afternoon would have seen the last of the ouran-outang. Instead of attacking me, as I expected, after standing for a moment as if irresolute, he suddenly fled, I after him. When he had nearly reached his den he looked back, and seeing me close upon his heels, with my drawn sword in my hand, he turned round, and falling upon his knees, exclaimed, with an unmistakable Lancashire accent—

“‘Lord, sir, dunno yo’ kill a poor felle’ that’s done nowt but try to earn a bit o’ brass for th’ childer!’ ‘Nothing!’ I said. ‘Why, you confounded scoundrel! do you call it nothing, frightening children into fits, and making men jump into that ditch that your scoundrel of a master misnames an ornamental piece of water? You deserve both to be transported!’ ‘It was nobbut fun, maister,’ said the rascal. Well, do you know, Bob, I could not help then bursting into as hearty a fit of laughter as ever I had in my life, when I thought with what cunning the deception was carried on; and I advise you to do the same.”

“You may keep your advice to yourself, then!” exclaimed Norris, furiously. “I would sooner have been half strangled by a real ouran-outang than have cut such a despicable figure as I have done to-day. I’ll never forgive you, Piers!”

“You see, I thought such a scientific fellow as you would have detected the imposture directly,” said Thorold, in a would-be soothing tone. “And after all, others have been taken in as well as you. There were five people struggling together in the pit one day. I thought it a capital joke, I assure you, and I have often since laughed over my flight round the pit.”

“Yes, sir; but you did not fall headlong into a bed of nettles!” answered Norris.

"Don't bear malice, Bob, but get up and let us go back to Macclesfield, join the mess-dinner to-night, and I promise you I'll not say a word about the Wild Man—and after all, it was 'nobbut fun.' "

CHAPTER II.

NORRIS AND SON.

THE banking establishment of Norris and Son was situated in St. John Street; and Peter Norris, the grandfather of the young gentleman whom we have introduced in the preceding chapter, had settled in Chester, nearly a century before the time at which we have opened our tale.

Peter Norris had been a fine-looking old gentleman in his day, if one might judge from his portrait, hanging on the wall in the oak-panelled dining-room of the family mansion in Watergate Street—a placid-looking man, with dark eyes, a kindly face, a powdered full-bottomed wig, and ruffles falling over very beautifully-shaped hands, one of which was resting, rather ostentatiously, on the back of a chair. The small oil painting, beside that of Peter Norris, represented his wife, who had been a Miss Jane Ayleworth, a Lancashire witch, and a toast in her day. The portrait showed a beautiful woman, with her brown hair towering high upon her forehead, and point-lace head-dress, with point-lace about her neck, and point-lace on her apron.

Peter Norris was of a Lancashire family; but, after his marriage, he went to Chester, and there he opened his bank. Then, in course of time, his lady presented him with a son—Oliver, who, at his father's death, found himself a very wealthy man; for he inherited, with the banking business, paternal property in Lancashire, and a still more considerable property in Chester and the neighbourhood. He married an Irish lady, and, after a while, his portrait figured under that of the benovolent-looking old gentleman in the full-bottomed wig, and that of his wife, the Irish lady, beneath that of the beautiful Lancashire toast, whose laces she had inherited.

Oliver Norris had two sons, Robert, whom we have already introduced to the reader, and William, who died at the age of fifteen. Mr. Norris was a man of learning and ability, and held scholarly attainments in much repute, a taste which he had inherited, indeed, from his father, who transmitted to his son, what was quite a library at that time, especially for a commercial man to be possessed of. The old, curiously carved oak book-case in the

breakfast-parlour of the house in Watergate Street, contained many rare books, collected by Peter Norris.

Robert, our hero, was born in 1782, and his father sent him to Rugby school when he was twelve years old, where he remained till he was eighteen. When he returned, he brought back with him a large amount of classical learning, and a still larger amount of crotchets, as his mother termed them.

Mr. Norris had intended his son should succeed him in the bank, and wished him to take a place there when he left Rugby, but the youth's wishes did not take this bent; in fact, he hardly knew himself what profession he should like to adopt, and he already began to show that propensity to turn from one thing to another which characterised him in after-life. Being possessed of a great deal of natural talent, he soon mastered any fresh branch of study, and then, wearying of it, or rather, perhaps, yearning for more knowledge, turned to something else.

The routine of the bank appearing to be so distasteful to him, his father urged him to think of some profession, and gave him a few weeks for consideration. Some portion of this time Robert devoted to the study of chemistry, applying himself thereto with his usual ardour at the first outset of any fresh pursuit. For hours together he remained shut up in a garret at the top of the house, whence explosions were frequently heard to proceed, and at times foul-smelling vapours issued, to distress the olfactory organs of all the inmates of the establishment not interested in the cause of science.

Sometimes Mrs. Norris would obtain ingress into the laboratory, when her son had incautiously left the door open, and then his horrid messes, as she called them, would be consigned ruthlessly either to the flames or the ashpit.

After a time Robert's ardour for chemistry cooled. He no longer appeared with dirty hands, hair singed, and skin blackened with explosions, and clothes stained and burnt with acids; but his apparel was negligent, nevertheless, he let his hair grow long, and his eye often rolled with poetic frenzy, for he had enrolled himself in the service of the Muses. The garret floor was now bespattered with ink, and here, for hours together, he would sit writing verses and composing prologues to be spoken by the actors and actresses at the Theatre Royal. With these last persons Robert had become far more familiar than was pleasing to his mother, who was sometimes seized with the painful apprehension that her son was stage-struck, and would disappear, some day to be heard of anon as figuring on the boards of some provincial theatre.

For a few weeks Robert laboured night and day, writing as though his life depended on the speedy completion of his task, a play in

three acts, which was, however, never destined to make its appearance. The would-be tragedian was not always writing, however; sometimes the garret witnessed wild and impassioned declamation. Once, indeed, Robert, forgetting where he was, was spouting in the dining-room, when the cook entered, supposing her mistress to be there; and as her young master, with dilated eyes and agonising look, exclaimed, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" as a seeming answer to that impassioned ejaculation, she thrust a dish in at the doorway, with the announcement—"Please, ma'am, here's the syllabub." Robert gazed with well-acted horror at the frothy edifice.

Writing plays and declaiming were, however, not the most serious delinquencies of young Norris at this time: his intimacy with the actors and actresses was a still more heinous offence.

William was then alive. He was much attached to his brother, and yet, boy-like, delighted to plague him. He would come in and say to his mother, "Mamma, just go and take a walk on the walls, and you'll see Bob and Mrs. Ward, the actress, there." Mrs. Norris would sally out instantly, and there, sure enough, she would see her son, on a retired part of the old walls, in earnest conversation with some, perchance, pretty and fashionably-dressed young actress, the two holding a sort of private rehearsal. And then, that night, if Robert were away at the play, which was usually the case, poor old Mr. Norris could not get his evening nap, for his wife would be declaiming too in her way—

"My dear, it is quite disgraceful! I saw him with my own eyes—on the walls, with one of those nasty painted hussies of actresses, and he ranting himself—absolutely ranting something about Euphrasia and the Grecian Daughter. I have seen the play announced, and it is the first appearance of the young lady—the person he was with, I suppose;—young, too! why, she will never see sixty again, I believe." And here, perhaps, Mrs. Norris would break off, disturbed by the distressing sounds issuing from the nasal organs of the old banker.

Mrs. Norris would have felt no prepossession against persons so eminent in their profession as Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Powell, Miss Pope, Messrs. Vandenhoff, Bannister, Powell, and other London stars; but she could not endure her son's intimacy with them, nor would she allow to his verses or compositions any merit; though one night at the theatre she was much struck with a prologue, said to have been written by a gentleman of the town, and observed to Robert, who was sitting next to her—"If you could write anything like that, now!" little deeming it was, in truth, his work.

Time passed on, and the weeks which Mr. Norris had allowed his son wherein to consider what profession he should adopt lengthened

into months, and these, again, into years, before Robert came to the conclusion that he would like to be a lawyer.

During the two years that had thus elapsed young Norris had much improved his scholarly attainments; but his disinclination for the banking business continued the same, much to his father's regret, who had discovered that the young man was an excellent accountant; indeed, he usually excelled in whatever he chose to apply himself to, for his capabilities were very great.

In order to carry out his son's wishes, Mr. Norris went up with him to London, and entered him at the Middle Temple, there to eat his terms. The young student commenced his legal studies in the chambers of the well-known Mr. Charles Butler, and after being with that gentleman a year, was sent to an eminent pleader.

Here, then, was Robert fairly started in a profession of his own choosing, and very diligently and assiduously did he apply himself to his work. So closely, indeed, did he seem to be absorbed in the study of the law that this very fact made his mother apprehensive that, in course of time, his ardour would cool down.

"It has always been so," she would say; "he is so earnest at first, and then, when he has mastered all the difficulties of any new branch of study, he tires of it."

Time showed that Mrs. Norris was right, though for nearly three years Robert toiled and laboured in his chambers in the Temple, sitting amidst a chaos of books and papers, seldom disturbing himself, except to snatch a hasty meal. As for relaxation, he took none, beyond going occasionally to the play. However, a visit to the theatre was ultimately the cause of his renouncing the law. One night he dropped into one of the minor theatres; the boxes were empty, and the play so dull that he fell asleep on the benches. It was a bitter night in mid-winter, he had not taken any greatcoat with him, and so caught a very severe cold, which he seemed in a way bent upon increasing by travelling down into Cheshire while really unwell. He had no sooner reached home than he was taken very ill, and had to keep the house for some months. When his illness left him he found that his appetite for the law had flown away too. So here was an end to the hopes the good old banker had indulged in of one day seeing his son seated on the woolsack.

Certainly this febrile disposition, on the part of his only child, must have been a great trial to Oliver Norris, and he began to fear that, in spite of all his great natural talents, Robert would fail to make his way in the world, and that he would exhaust all the learned professions without gaining a name in any of them.

Robert had contracted a close friendship with Piers Thorold, our acquaintance in the former chapter, the son of an old friend of Oliver Norris and his wife, Mrs. Thorold, the widowed lady of Bre-

wood Park. Piers had joined the 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, and straightway Robert was smitten with military enthusiasm, though some months elapsed before his father would yield to this new desire.

The garret once more came into favour, and resounded with measured footsteps, the clash of arms, and the words of command, during the hours that Robert passed there with a certain Sergeant Okey, whom we will introduce more particularly to the reader in a future chapter.

But great as was this sudden passion for arms, another still more violent had taken possession of Robert's soul. He was, in short, in love. It was not the first time he had been in love, for he was very susceptible. Indeed, when practising chemistry he had become deeply enamoured of the buxom daughter of the chemist from whom he purchased his acids; several of the actresses had held possession of his heart at various times; in London he had cherished a weak fondness for the daughter of the person who attended to his chambers, which might have resulted in bringing a laundress into the Norris family had not the young lady been the wife of Private Dodd, in the 2nd Regiment of Foot. However, this time Robert Norris was in love with a lady, a woman of birth and education, poor in worldly goods, indeed, but rich in nobler possessions,—in a warm and generous heart, a most amiable temper, a disposition without the slightest taint of selfishness,—a woman whom none could know without feeling for her esteem and love. Such was Teresa Ayleworth.

Robert Norris was not very skilful in concealing his love affairs, and thus his mother had a clear inkling of his feelings—a far clearer knowledge of them, indeed, than her young friend Teresa had; for the latter was far from imagining that the son of the rich banker had fallen in love with a woman penniless as she was, still less did she imagine that Peter Norris and his wife talked over the matter sometimes, and settled, they not being mercenary people, that it would be a good thing for Robert to marry Teresa.

Miss Ayleworth was at this time about eighteen years of age; she and her little brother, a child four years old, were the sole survivors of a large family, who had all died when they were quite children.

Mrs. Ayleworth had died some few months after the birth of her little boy; but Teresa had well supplied a mother's place, and the fondest love and affection seemed to unite the two.

From her earliest youth Teresa Ayleworth's life had been a melancholy one, though her natural cheerfulness bore her up where others would have sunk under the burthen. Her mother had been a constant invalid, her father a gloomy, disappointed man. When

the death of the former took place Teresa was barely fourteen years of age ; but she was recalled from school, to take, in fact, though yet a child, the management of her father's house. Child as she was, however, she possessed a fortitude and strength of mind far beyond her years. She took the little sickly baby to her loving heart and tended it with all a mother's care ; she eked out her father's scanty income by her carefulness and good management in the house, and sometimes she could even bring a smile to his face, though he grew more morose and taciturn with her every year. Of pleasures she had few, the greatest were her occasional visits to the house of Mr. Norris ; her life, in fact, was a life of anxiety, trouble, and care, always increasing, never diminishing. It increased certainly on the death of her father, when she and her brother would have been left perfectly destitute but for the intervention of Mr. Norris, the only relative she had in the world.

Teresa and Walter were the grandchildren of Allen Ayleworth, a wealthy merchant in Manchester, at the middle of the last century. Jane, the only sister of this Allen Ayleworth was the beautiful Lancashire toast, the wife of the old banker Peter Norris, and the original of the painting in the oak-panelled dining-room of the banker's house. Through this lady came the relationship between the Norris family and Teresa and little Walter. Allen Ayleworth left his son, whose name was also Walter, a good business. Walter had had a cousin, Geoffrey Ayleworth, the owner of large estates in Lancashire. The young merchant had always been looked upon as his cousin's probable heir, as the latter had no children, therefore his surprise and disappointment may be imagined when at Geoffrey's death he found that the whole of his property had been left to his widow, absolutely.

Walter Ayleworth was but a young man when this grievous disappointment befell him ; but he never seemed to recover from its effects. He took no interest in his business, so that he gradually fell into difficulties. He kept aloof from all his relatives and friends ; the deaths of so many of his children, and the delicate state of his wife's health, seemed to increase his habitual melancholy and bitterness. Oliver Norris, his cousin, would and did keep up an intimacy with him, nor would he be repelled, and Teresa's few happy hours were spent in the banker's house, and here she had formed another friendship, of which her father had not the slightest conception, for he would as soon have seen his daughter fondling an adder as exchanging word or smile with Monica Thorold, the widowed mistress of Brewood Park, and the daughter of that "fair Jezabel," as he was wont to call her, Ellen Ayleworth, "who," he would add, "robbed me of a fortune and made me a beggar."

Teresa's prospects were sad enough after her father's death.

She was left totally without means, and, having been taken from school when a child, was not accomplished enough to earn her bread as a governess. However, the banker secured a small annuity for her out of the wreck of her father's property—so she supposed, at least; but the annuity was really purchased by no other person than the good old banker, whose right hand often did not know what the left one did.

Mrs. Thorold also entertained a great affection for her young friend, and insisted on her taking, rent free, a pretty cottage of her own estate of Brewood Park. Teresa shared a little of her father's pride, perhaps; at any rate, she at first refused to accept this kindness from Mrs. Thorold; but Oliver Norris, though a thoroughly good man, did not enter into her feelings, and even went so far as to say that she was too poor to be nice, a remark which Teresa, amiable as she was, would never have forgiven from any other person; while, on the other hand, the banker, looking at the matter in a business light, felt really provoked with his cousin for wishing to pay rent when she could live rent free.

Ultimately Teresa accepted Mrs. Thorold's offer, as she found that she could by so doing take a lady to board with her, a double advantage in every way, as it added to her little income, and procured her a companion whom she much needed, young as she was. So Teresa and little Walter became inmates of "The Hermitage," with the green verdure of the Roodeye in front and the ivied walls of the Water Tower in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

TIPPY BOBBY!

THE fine old trees in the garden of the banker's house at the foot of Watergate-street, with their giant branches covered with foliage, cast a pleasant shadow over the windows of the breakfast-parlour, where the family were assembled for their morning meal.

The window opened on to a balcony, from which a flight of steps led down into the garden—a large garden, with a lawn dotted over with clumps of oak and the broad-leaved chestnut, arbours, the trellis work covered with garlands of honeysuckle—and gay flower beds, from which stole in, through the open window, the fragrance of the rose and carnation. The breakfast-parlour was a light, pleasant room, wainscotted with wood, painted a pale green, with bright chintz-covered chairs, silver glittering on the white damask table cloth, fresh cut flowers in the rear of the old china cups and saucers, and Mr. Norris, senior, reading his morning correspondence, a benignant-looking old gentleman, dressed in black, with powdered hair and knee-breeches.

Mrs. Norris was addressing some remarks to a large grey parrot, which was perched on the back of her chair; the attention of the bird, however, seemed to centre upon Robert Norris and Piers Thorold, who were seated one on either side of the table.

"How very talkative Polly is this morning!" said Mrs. Norris, as she poured out cups of coffee from the tall silver coffee-pot before her; "but I suppose it is Piers being here—he always teaches her something fresh whenever he comes. I dare say she got a lesson before we came down."

"What made you such an early riser this morning, Piers?" asked the old banker.

"Well," replied Thorold, "I have taken to rise with the lark lately. You know what a restless spirit I am. I told my mother I should perhaps, run up to London for a few days to meet a friend, and transact a little business, and go to the King's Theatre to hear 'Catalani'—that I should, probably, start early, and drop into your house for a cup of coffee—and so, *me voila*—besides," he added, in a sly tone, "I wanted to ask after Bob—he wasn't so well when he left me at Macclesfield the other day."

"It was nobbut fun," screeched the parrot.

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Norris; "why, you have been teaching Poll the Lancashire dialect this morning, Piers. However," she added, looking with some surprise at the indignant expression on her son's face, "it was very kind of you to be so thoughtful about Robert; but I know what great friends you are. He certainly was quite unwell when he came home; he was in a perfect fever, and all over red spots. I am sure I thought he was going to have the measles again."

"I am quite well, now, mother," said Robert, rather sharply, "so we'll say no more about it; but I shall not be likely to try Thorold's hospitality again in a hurry: he affords but a sorry entertainment to his guests."

"Piers," said the old banker, who seemed abstracted after the remark the young man had made about going up to London; "I hope you have no unpleasant business to transact in London? My dear lad, you have given your mother some cause for sorrow already—don't renew it, and, above all, keep clear of that Frenchman; my Robert, here, is a rather more suitable companion and friend."

"Robert's friendship is like true gold, and Vaucour's is base dross," answered Piers. "I value Bob's friendship above that of all other men—only I like a joke sometimes; but to serve him I would go through fire and water."

"Take the water!" screeched Poll—"I can't swim! It's nobbut fun!"

Mr. and Mrs. Norris laughed at Poll's new stock of words, but Robert seemed rather vexed, and made no answer to Thorold's expressions of friendship, but remarked that the parrot's screeching was unbearable, and that one could not hear one's-self speak.

During the rest of breakfast the question was discussed as to whether Robert should or should not join the First Royal Lancashire Militia. The banker still opposed it; Mrs. Norris was neutral. Piers urged the point with great warmth, but Robert himself appeared abstracted and uninterested in the conversation, a matter of some surprise to Thorold, as he had always thought that his friend wished to enter the Militia with him.

When breakfast was removed, the banker gone to his ledgers in St. John Street, and Mrs. Norris busy snipping and cutting flowers in the shady old garden, Robert remarked, with affected carelessness—

“I thought you were going to London, Piers—isn't it time for you to think of starting?”

“I don't think I shall go before evening,” answered Thorold, inwardly amused at his friend's attempt to get rid of him; for he saw plainly that the latter had some affair in hand which he did not wish him to be privy to. “It's awfully hot work bowling along in a stuffy postchaise this melting weather. I shall travel by night, and repose by day.”

“You'll be some time getting to London at that rate,” replied Robert, rather testily.

“It's as good a way as any of passing the time,” said Thorold. “I have got two months leave of absence; however, I think I'll go anon, as the players say, and have a row on the Dee.”

“Well, I must leave you to your own devices,” replied Robert, a look of ill-disguised satisfaction lighting up his face, when Piers spoke of taking his departure; “I have some little matters to attend to in my own room.”

“What, haven't you done with Okey yet?” inquired Thorold.

“Not quite. I like to prepare a little against he comes,” replied Norris, as he left the room.

“O Bob, thou art a wretched dissembler, after all!” said Thorold, aloud, apostrophising his absent friend. “I'll stop and see what he is after, an hour's reading will be more profitable than a row on the Dee—to the mind, at least; and Thorold threw himself into a chair, with a huge folio volume of Oldmixon's History of England spread out on the table before him—this book being nearest at hand, as the old banker often perused it in the evening, and fought with Piers, whenever he was there, over the character of his favourite historian, whom the latter would persist in calling “that virulent old Whig.”

Thorold's patience was nearly exhausted, and he began to imagine that he should see no more of Robert that day, when he heard his step on the stairs, and his voice asking one of the servants if his new cane had been sent from Mr. Brown. The maid replied that it was in the breakfast-parlour—and into the breakfast-parlour walked Robert Norris, with his usual somewhat slouching gait, poking forward his neck every now and then, suddenly, and, as it were, spasmodically. He appeared unconscious of his friend's presence, and was advancing to secure his cane, which stood in a corner, when he was suddenly startled and confused by a loud burst of laughter from Thorold—for which he might be held excused, taking into consideration the *outré* style of Robert's dress.

He wore a bright green coat with gilt buttons, made with a high collar, an outrageously short waist, and long swallow-tail, reaching down to his calves; a single-breasted vest of buff kersemere, also with gilt buttons; knee-breeches of tan drab Brunswick cord, and Hessian boots, with black silk tassels in front, and the leather upon the instep wrinkled into round folds, as was the height of the fashion then. His hair was dressed *à la Brutus*, a mode which the Parisians had brought in out of admiration for the classical coiffure of the Roman Republic. Two or three white muslin cravats were rolled round his neck, so as to nearly bury his chin (a fashion, by the way, said to have been introduced by the Prince of Wales—

“The shop-board's delight! the Mæcenas of tailors!
 such a friend to the goose!”

to hide the swellings in his neck), a shirt-collar peeped out, from above the cravats and ruffles, from the breast of his shirt, while he held in one hand his round white beaver hat and buff-doe gloves!

“Ye gods!” exclaimed Thorold, as soon as he could speak; “whom have we here? Is it Beau Brummel? It surely cannot be mine old friend! for he was going an hour ago to prepare for Okey, and surely he cannot have transformed himself into this magnificent apparition simply to dazzle the eyes of a base mortal, such as Sergeant Okey.”

“I tell you what, Piers, I am not in the humour for joking,” answered Robert, rather tartly, trying to veil his embarrassment and his blushes; “and I think you may employ your time to better purpose than acting the spy on my actions.” The few last words were uttered in a somewhat majestic tone.

“The poor youth! I have it!” exclaimed Thorold; “he is in love—he has made an assignation. I might have suspected that this splendid transformation was intended for the eyes of no less a person than a fair *Dulcinea*.”

We must here say, in excuse for Thorold, that Robert's dress

was usually careless, slovenly, and even shabby, and his appearance in such a suit of exaggerated, ill-assorted finery, would have been likely to excite the risible faculties of persons less lively than Piers Thorold; certainly Robert had no taste in dress.

"Now, Thorold, you may just keep the rest of your fine speeches to yourself," said Norris, as he threw himself into a chair near the window, after consulting his large gold watch, with the chain and bunch of seals attached dangling from his fob. "I am going out in a few minutes, and until then I would thank you to let me have a little peace."

"There's one thing I have to find fault with, my dear fellow, in your otherwise faultless costume—your neck handkerchief isn't tied in the newest and most-approved style; you should have gone up to London to that Professor Boucle, in Bond Street, who instructs gentlemen in lessons at half-a-guinea each, how to do the thing correctly; but while you are waiting, Robert," added Thorold, approaching a piano, which stood open at one end of the room, "I'll sing you a song of my own."

Then seating himself before the instrument, and running his fingers over the keys in a masterly manner, he began to sing the following song, whilst the parrot came and perched on the back of his chair, cocking her head, now on one side and then on the other, whilst she seemed to listen very intently to the words—

"My name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob;
View me round on each side and the top;
I am sure I'm the thing—
Nay, I wish I may swing
If I ain't now a nice natty crop.

My vest a foot long—
My breeches—ahem! my small clothes, I mean—
From my chest to my calf—ahem!
My boots to the small of my leg—ahem!
As I walk through the lobby,
Each girl she calls Bobby!
Bobby! Tippy Bob! Bobby! Tippy Bob!"

"The next time you mendaciously lay claim to the effusions of another person's brains," said Norris, very scornfully, as Thorold finished his song with a crash of chords, "you had better put forward something a little less known. There are others, as well as you, who have seen the pantomime of 'Blue Beard,' and heard Munden sing."

"You are in a horrible temper, Bob, but I forgive you—you are in love," answered Thorold, rising from the piano, and walking to the window; "the fevered dream is upon you, and I daresay

your fair enslaver will play you some tricks, like all her sex. There is Mrs. Norris down below in her garden, smiling over her flowers. I daresay she often wrung the heart of your honoured father, at the time when he was writing her those letters, filling sheets of foolscap, and beginning with the ancient formula 'Dear Miss,' and finishing up with 'Your constant lover,' or 'Your assured friend and lover.' Nevertheless, I sometimes wish I were a Benedict."

"That wish need not remain long ungratified on the part of a person so rich, handsome, fascinating, and benevolent, as Piers Thorold," answered Norris, uttering the word *benevolent* in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Ah, but then, you see, the only lady I care for mayn't care for me," replied Thorold.

Norris made no answer; but as he left the room, after consulting his watch again, the parrot that had been sitting in the window in a meditative and thoughtful mood, turning her head about in a solemn way, shrieked out with great delight—

"Bobby! Tippy Bob!—Bobby! Tippy Bob!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE WATER TOWER.

ONE of the most pleasing and attractive features in the romantic old town of Chester is its walls, time-honoured relics of the past; whose moss-grown stones, in their massive and rugged strength, yet speak to us of those whilom masters of the world—the soldiers of Imperial Rome, by whose hands they were first raised.

The morning was advancing, and the path along the walls looked hot and glaring in the blazing sunlight, except where the shadow of some fine old tree—its trunk springing, perchance, from some fissure in the solid blocks of masonry, offered a pleasant resting-place to the weary pedestrian. There were few people abroad, however, in the sultry heat of that summer day, and in the dark-green shining ivy, veiling the crumbling walls of the Water Tower, the birds twittered and sung undisturbed, save, now and then, by a stray footfall.

A scene of perfect quiet, almost of solitude, the Tower looked, as it stood apart from the city walls, with the beautiful landscape stretched out beneath in the dazzling brightness of approaching noon-day, and only a faint murmur, as it were, from the old city; telling of life and labour. It requires an effort of the imagination to go back to those long-past years, when the din of fierce warfare raged around this peaceful spot, when the cannon from the Round-head batteries opposite belched forth flame, and their balls came

crashing against the stone walls of the Water Tower. In other times, too, the broad deep waters of the Dee flowed up to this spot, and ships sailed up to the old turret, and were moored safely to its walls. A steep flight of steps, and an embattled terrace leads upwards from the Water Tower to another crumbling old pile on the walls, Bonewaldesthorpe's Tower, mute relics, these, of the strength and grandeur of bygone days.

The thick foliage of a fine old oak casts a pleasant shadow on and around the Water Tower, where, mounting a narrow turnpike staircase, to the highest story, a camera obscura was then exhibited. A little stone bench, beneath its walls, affords a pleasant resting-place, and on it is seated a young lady, a book open in her hand; but she is not reading it, for her eyes are fixed lovingly on a little boy, a child of about five years old, playing with a dog, and racing it along the sunlit path. This is Teresa Ayleworth and her brother Walter.

Teresa is not a beauty, but she has fine dark grey eyes, a well-shaped head, and a tall, slender figure. But it is the general expression of her countenance that charms and pleases all who know her, not excepting her female friends; the look of mingled strength and sweetness, is the index of her character, which is singularly placid and amiable, and is yet marked by firmness and decision.

Young as she is, she has passed through many afflictions; these trials have not rendered her harsh or morose, but they cast a shadow, at times, over a disposition otherwise very bright and cheerful. She has inured herself to self-denial; she can suffer bravely and patiently the ills of poverty, but sometimes the uncomplaining spirit is bowed down, and the natural gaiety of the girl is crushed.

Perhaps some painful thoughts were busy in her mind that morning, for now and again the bright smile fled, as she watched little Walter's gambols; and a look of painful solicitude usurped its place. The approach of a third party, however, seemed to chase away her melancholy mood, for she rose and advanced, with a look of pleasure, to meet Robert Norris.

If she was not beautiful, she looked very pretty and engaging as she stood before Robert, and, perhaps, he thought so too, for he looked very admiringly at her.

The ungainly style in which her cambric dress was made, according to the fashion of the time, with its tight-fitting scanty skirt, and the waist close under the arm-pits, failed to disguise the beauty of her form; in fact, it only made her slender figure look taller and more graceful. From under her poke-bonnet of basket willow, her rich, dark, chesnut hair clustered in many curls, and the short bishop sleeves of her dress exposed to view her finely-shaped

arms, only covered by long York tan gloves reaching to the elbow.

"I thought I should find you here," said Robert, seating himself with Teresa on the stone bench; "I know this is your usual morning resort."

"Yes, alas!" sighed Teresa. "I have nothing else to do, and so I often come here to while away an hour; and I like looking at the camera, but the man is not here yet, so I was reading a little—or pretending to read—for I was thinking of far other things."

"I fancied your thoughts were unpleasant ones," replied Norris; "but you do not usually indulge in low spirits, cousin, nor should you, for you know you have many friends, only wishful to aid you."

"Oh, I know that," replied Teresa; "I have had many proofs of their goodness, and I hope I am grateful; but, Robert, I do not want to drift quietly into the poor relation, to become a settled burthen upon my friends; to go on, year after year, living upon them, till, at last, those who love me best may tire of me. I should like to do something, and I must, towards providing for the support and education of my poor Walter. I do not want him to grow up neglected, and to feel the lamentable deficiency that I feel in the point of mental culture, and of those accomplishments which others, of my age and sex possess."

"Nay, there is time enough," answered Norris, looking earnestly at Teresa; "and you will find a means of providing for Walter, without being indebted to any one for it, if you will only avail yourself of these means."

"I don't understand you," replied Teresa. "I cannot, at present, think of any way of making money by my exertions, and it all resolves itself into that. I must work—there is the pith of the argument; but how, and in what way? that is what puzzles me. I have often asked myself that question, here, in this very spot, where we are seated now. I love this dear old Water Tower; I could spend hours under the shadow of its walls—nothing disturbs me, here. I come every day, and I almost apostrophise its crumbling stones, as though they could answer my questions. In after-years, if I live, I shall often look back regretfully on the hours I have passed under the shadow of the old turret, for it has become familiar to me, like an old friend, and I have dreamed pleasant day-dreams while I have sat here—*chateaux en Espagne*, I know—but still they are innocent illusions; however, I have rambled away from the point. Do you know, Robert, I think I shall try my hand at making bonnets, and turn mantua-maker. I fancy I have some skill in the needle."

"Good heavens! Teresa, are you joking?" exclaimed Norris,

with a look of incredulous amazement ; “ the granddaughter of Allen Ayleworth descend to making women’s head-gear ! ”

“ Oh, I am quite in earnest,” said Teresa, smiling ; “ but if you are going to climb the branches of our genealogical tree I give you up, and I think you will give me up, as possibly you may imagine I shall disgrace you. But Robert,” she added, in an earnest tone, “ there is no disgrace in honest labour ; it would be far less painful to me to make up a robe or a pelerine, or to trim a sarsanet bonnet, than to go on, year after year, accepting charity from my friends.”

“ Teresa, you need not accept charity from any one,” exclaimed Norris, in an agitated tone of voice ; “ you may be free and independent, the honoured mistress of a prosperous and happy home. All this I could safely promise you, if you would be my wife. I came out purposely this morning, knowing that I should meet you on the walls, with the intention of making you this offer. I did not mean to be abrupt, but the turn our conversation took led me on to this sudden declaration ; and, perhaps, it is as well, for I should only have gone blundering about if I had sought after fine language.”

Here Norris paused ; he hardly expected Teresa to make any direct reply to his words, but yet he had hoped to read in her looks a favourable answer to his proposal. He was not a vain man, but still he had enough self-esteem to make him feel pretty confident that, with his fortune, position in life, and attainments, he stood little chance of being refused by one so poor, and almost destitute as his cousin.

Such had been his thoughts, but a sudden doubt and disappointment fell upon him, as he watched Teresa’s face, flushed up for a moment, when he had first spoken, but now pale and troubled. It was some few minutes before she could speak ; her agitation seemed to overpower her. Utterly free from vanity or conceit, she had never suspected, for a moment, any attachment, on the part of her cousin, for one whom she deemed so far beneath him as herself. But the veil had been suddenly raised from her eyes. The past, with its trials and poverty and suffering, seemed blotted out, and the present placed before her a possible future of ease and affluence ; the means of providing amply for that dear little brother yonder. What wonder that for a moment Teresa hesitated, that the thought flitted through her mind of escaping from poverty and hardship by an union with a man whom she respected, but did not love ? However, the struggle was but momentary. Teresa’s nature was too pure and noble, her heart too free from selfish views, to admit of her giving her hand where she could not give her heart. She began to speak in a pained and hesitating tone.

“ I am so sorry, Robert, so sorry that you should have fixed your attachment on one so unworthy of you in every way ; but it

will always be a happy and pleasant recollection to me, that one, whom I esteem so much should have done me the highest honour that a man can offer a woman. I hope—indeed, I know—that you will meet with others far more worthy than myself; and with such an one I trust, dear Robert, you may pass many happy years. There is, I am convinced, no state happier than the married one, if there is perfect unity.”

“And so, Teresa, you can only give me your esteem,” said Norris, rather bitterly; “and yet you speak so strongly and feelingly of the bliss of the married state, that I should like to know why you cannot enter it with one who loves you as tenderly as I do.”

Teresa seemed to strive painfully for an answer, then she replied—

“I said the married state was the happiest if there was perfect union. Between you and me, Robert—on one point, and an all-important one—there would not be perfect union. We are not of the same faith; and this alone would make, in my estimation, an impassable gulf between us. Husband and wife should worship at the same altar—and yet you are descended from the Puritans of the Commonwealth and hold their doctrines; while my ancestors all belonged to the Church of Rome, and I acknowledge no other teaching.”

“I did not know you were a bigot,” exclaimed Norris, rather sharply; “besides, you might convert me, as St. Monica did her unbelieving son.”

“Oh, no; I have not the talents or the virtues of that incomparable mother, which merited for her from God the blessed gift of great Augustine’s conversion,” replied Teresa. “But Robert,” she added, looking up with tears in her eyes, “try and forget all that has passed this morning; never renew the subject again—promise me that you will blot out from your memory that you ever loved me, else I must withdraw from your society. I must see no more of your father and mother, the best and dearest friends I have in the world. I am already poor and distressed and forlorn; do not make me more so by severing the ties of friendship—let me be your friend still, Robert, and nothing more.”

“Teresa,” said Norris, rather abruptly, laying his hand as he spoke on his cousin’s arm; “I have really loved you, and I love you still—I cannot put off a sincere and real attachment, as I would an old coat. I shall leave Chester for awhile, and I must try and learn the task you have imposed on me—I must try and learn to forget; but I wish you would answer me one question. It would be a satisfaction to me to know that it is no prior attachment that has made you refuse me.”

Teresa's reply came quickly, but, perhaps, had Robert had a little more discernment in love matters, he would have detected a shadow of hesitation, mingling with the slight bitterness of tone in his cousin's answer.

"You need not fear a rival, Robert; one so poor and unattractive as myself does not often meet with a suitor."

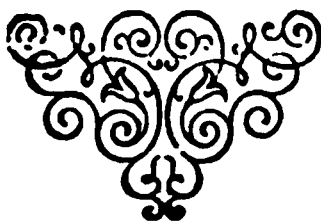
"Well, good-bye, Teresa! do not fear that I shall try to obtain any more private interviews. You may come undisturbed to your favourite haunt, the Water Tower, for I shall leave Chester to-night. I must plunge into some active employment, but I shall be a lonely, disappointed man for the rest of my life."

Norris wrung Teresa's hand very tightly, and then hurried away.

"Dear Robert!" exclaimed Teresa, half aloud, a smile mingling with her tears, "he thinks so now, but he will soon propose to some one else."

That night, when the old banker returned to Watergate Street, Robert informed him, with great agitation and excitement, that if he valued the peace of mind, health, and even the life of his only son, he must allow him at once to enter the Lancashire Militia.

Thus solemnly adjured, Mr. Norris gave his consent, and in due time, having previously settled on him a private income, without which no person at that time could become an officer in that corps, arrived a commission, signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, appointing Robert Norris, Gent., to be Ensign in the First Royal Lancashire Militia.



THE SANDWICH ISLANDS IN 1870.

BY WALTER PEPYS.

It was my good fortune to pass a month in the Sandwich Islands in June, 1870. I was on my way from Auckland, New Zealand, to San Francisco, and the steamboat company, with the liberality which is so characteristic of American corporations, allowed their passengers to remain over a steamer, and so give them an opportunity of seeing the beauties of Hawaii—human and natural. We had been on very short commons aboard the “City of Melbourne,” and so there was a great rush upon landing early in the morning to secure a breakfast at the “Canton Restaurant” in Honolulu, kept by Chinese, who are there very numerous, and have a good deal of the lower trades in their hands.

Honolulu has been so often described that I will pass it over, and proceed with some visits I made into the interior of Oahu (the island on which is situated Honolulu), and to the largest active volcano in the world—viz., Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii. Myself and two companions were most civilly received by the members of the British Club in Honolulu, and by them furnished with letters to two sugar planters on the eastern side of the island. To these we rode out in the afternoon, passing up the Nuuanu Valley, lined for some distance with the villas and gardens of the Honolulu merchants, toward the Pari Pass, a fine gate through the dividing range of the island. At the gap on the summit the other coast, green and undulating, and the precipitous east side of the range, breaks upon you very finely. Queen Emma and party were picnicing close to the top. We unintentionally inspected their fowls, which were roasting *al fresco*; however, the liberty was taken in good part. About an hour’s ride down the pass brought us to Kaneoke, a sugar plantation owned by one of the King’s ministers. His manager received us well, and showed us particularly the huts of the coolies, about whose condition the missionary party had been making a great fuss. From the little I saw of them they appeared comfortably lodged and fed. Their wages are four dollars a month and rations, which in Japan, from whence they chiefly come, they could never earn.

The next day we rode on to Kaalaea, managed by a hospitable, pleasant Victorian. This is an extensive plantation of three hundred and fifty acres, from which they raise four hundred tons annually. The plant is very extensive, and comprises a vacuum pan, by placing the molasses in which, and extracting the air, they can.

produce the desired effect by heat at a much lower temperature than by open heating ; this tends to give the sugar a lighter colour, which is considered a recommendation. The centrifugal revolving pans for separating the crystallised sugar from the molasses were well worth seeing. The molasses escapes through a fine gauze netting which forms the sides of the pan.

This east side of the island is beautifully green and luxuriant, being subject to the influence of the north-east trade winds, which bring frequent showers. The other side, being shut out from this refreshment by the hills which form the island's backbone, is just as arid. We spent several agreeable days at Kaarlaea, going one day to visit the superior of the French mission school, which is pleasantly placed about half a mile from the base of the dividing range. Looking on our way into one of the native Government schools (which are distributed abundantly throughout the islands, *every person* being educated), the scholars gave us a specimen of their class singing, which was good. They have wonderfully powerful voices ; one song in which they imitated musical instruments was most amusing.

The natives are a very easy-going, good-tempered race ; similar in feature to the New Zealand Maori, but with a softer expression. The men wear, when in town, the European dress ; the women a long, loose gown hanging from the shoulders. This sensible dress for a hot climate was introduced by the missionaries both here and at Tahiti ; their houses are constructed of thick plaited grass thatch on a wooden frame, and inside the floor is well covered with mats—a raised space thickly strewn with finer mat being used for sleeping—everything beautifully clean and sweet ; singularly they themselves have no smell—a very unusual circumstance among coloured races.

One evening we had a feast at one of the native “ hallees ; ” the dishes consisted of “ poy ”—a slightly acid sticky paste, made by mashing the root of the taro plant, and allowing it to ferment. The natives almost live on this—eaten with raw salt-fish as a relish—and very fat it makes them. The right way to eat it is for a party to squat round the poy-bowl, and each in turn to dip his forefinger into the paste, and then with a sudden twist of the arm, to take it to the mouth, which is some distance off, because the head should be thrown well back, and the eyes almost closed, so as thoroughly to realise the exquisite flavour it possesses—at least, according to native ideas. Our other dishes consisted of mullet, beautifully baked by hot stones, and wrapped in leaves to preserve their juices. Taro is a mealy root, grown in constantly inundated ground. The tops, like spinach, are eaten with a pickled sea-weed, somewhat resembling laver.

We ate well, and did not feel bad next morning when we rode back to Honolulu. On the way we saw a little lassoing of cattle, which practice the natives have adopted from California, with the Mexican or Spanish saddle, stirrups, and Don Quixote spurs.

The evening of that day we found the schooner, "Nettie Merrill," sailed for Hilo, in Hawaii, so we determined to avail ourselves of the opportunity to visit the great volcano of Kilauea. Our course to Hilo, in a straight line, was but an hundred and eighty miles; but we had the wind against us, and so our course was prolonged, through tacking, to four-hundred and seventy miles which took seventy hours. On board we had a large party of natives, who are great travellers, and are continually moving from island to island to see their friends; one of them was a native schoolmaster—a very intelligent man of about twenty-four. By rather an antiquated missionary law a native can never become a first-class teacher, and his salary is limited to a hundred and fifty dollars per annum, while an European's lowest salary is seven-hundred and fifty dollars.

Our captain was remarkably quiet; and we were astonished to hear none of the oaths which are usual with American and other sea captains of his class. After landing at Hilo, we found he had checked himself out of respect for an American missionary, who was a passenger; and he told us he meant to make up for lost time—well did he keep his word. I have never heard another man use so many far-fetched, useless blasphemies as he did that evening.

We had letters to a hospitable, old whaling captain at Hilo, who was most kind in putting us up in his good house, and engaging horses for us to ride to Kilauea the following morning. Our host was loud in his praise of the Duke of Edinburgh, whom he called "a regular brick." The year before, when the duke was his guest, he had taken him to a waterfall near Hilo, forty feet in height, down which the natives were in the habit of taking headers. "No sooner had the duke seen these fellows going over," said our host, "than he stripped, saying over he must go too, and over he went, like a regular brick."

Hilo is a small town, and the vegetation in the neighbourhood, is very luxuriant, owing to the north-east exposure. Rain falls here almost daily; and yet the air is perfectly dry, no dampness in houses. Perhaps this is owing to the porous volcanic soil so quickly absorbing the rain, the whole of this coast having been covered at one time or other by scoria from the huge Kilauea, although it is thirty miles distant, as we found next day when we rode up there, our road being over a lava bed the whole way. Very

uneven, rough riding it was. The country covered with low scrub, palm, and fern, with occasional belts of forest, in which I saw some specimens of the fern-tree, but quite dwarf compared to those of New Zealand.

The thirty miles took us nine hours to accomplish, and we were glad to get into the "Volcano House,"—a very comfortable thatched place, presided over by a Chinaman, who proved to be a fair cook. The ascent from the coast is so gradual that one is surprised to hear this house is four thousand feet above the sea; it is built but one hundred yards from the brink of the enormous crater—the active part of which, to the south, about two miles distant, glared out finely through the darkness, as we arrived.

The next morning was misty; and the dimensions of the crater were hidden from us when we started to explore it. Soon, however, the tropical sun dispelled the fog and enabled us to realise its enormous size. In shape it is oval, being about three miles north and south, and two and a quarter east and west. The sides are mostly precipitous, in places thickly covered with vegetation, and varying in height from five to seven hundred feet; its situation is not at the summit of a mountain as one's general idea of a volcano would lead one to expect, but on the side of the huge table-topped "Mauna Loa," whose broad summit makes one doubt the height ascribed, viz., thirteen thousand five hundred feet, the crater of Kilauea being about one-third of the distance.

We descended to the bed of lava, which forms the floor of the crater, and walked over it towards the southern end. In places we came upon ridges of boulders, thrust up about twenty-five feet above the level, during the great eruption of April, 1868, which much altered the appearance of the crater. It is said that a sheet of flame shot up three miles into the air during that eruption. An Englishman, resident at Lahaiua, on the Island of Maui, ninety miles to the N.N.W., assured me that he had read a book by its light.

Proceeding towards the south end we came upon hot lava, only emitted a week before. This was quite hot to the feet, and, looking down into the cracks, red heat was quite visible. Near here were about ten small cones vomiting hot lava, which was slowly trickling down their sides. Here, also, we collected some of "Pele's hair," a curious, vitreous substance, in threads like spun glass, which came out of the belching cones, and blew away on the wind. "Pele" was an ancient native goddess, who, by tradition, inhabited this spot, and hence is it held in great dread by the natives, and never visited.

We climbed the south-east side and walked round towards home through very bare country—there is no vegetation whatever

for ten miles in this direction, the eruption of 1868 having covered the country with lava and ashes, and done immense damage. Numerous jets of sulphurous steam spurt up from the cracks on this side, and thatched huts have been built over some of them, as they form capital vapour baths. Great quantities of "*pulu fern*" grow on the slopes of Mauna Loa. In the lower part of the stem is found a brown, hairy texture, which, when cleaned, is a great article of export to the United States for stuffing cushions and mattresses.

The next day we rode back to Hilo, on the way getting a fine view of the other mountain of Hawaii, which had been clouded on our way up; its name is "*Manua Kea*," also table-topped, and in height, thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. Hawaii, like the other islands of this group, possesses a most luxuriant east coast; the west, not subject to the north-east trade wind, is bare of vegetation, and has to be assisted by irrigation. It was on the arid side of this island at Kealakeakua Bay that Captain Cook was murdered in 1779; the missionaries have indeed to be praised for the change in the natives since that date. I believe no other people have been so completely civilised in so short a time as the Sandwich Islanders. Amongst the employments in which they are engaged, whaling appears to suit them best. Our host at Hilo, who, for many years had commanded whalers, told us that the Kanakas could stand greater exposure to cold than any nation he had seen, and that this great recommendation for a whaler did not appear to fail them after a long absence from their country, the caloric in their blood being inexhaustible.

On our way back to Honolulu we stayed a day at Lahaina, the town of the Island of Maui. It is pleasantly planted with groves of bread fruit, mango, and cocoa-nut trees, and surrounded by large sugar plantations. The interior of the island is, I heard, very desolate—in fact, nothing but the *debris* sent forth from the immense extinct volcano of Haleakala, which is situated about twelve miles from Lahaina at an altitude of ten thousand five hundred feet; its crater is nine miles in diameter, twenty-seven in circumference, and about two thousand feet in depth, numerous cones, dotting the bottom of the abyss. Unfortunately, we had not time to visit this most stupendous specimen of volcanoes, which is fortunately extinct.

On our return to Honolulu we, one morning, attended the meeting of the Assembly, which consists of about thirty members, the majority of whom are natives, but there are some American and English among them. All the ministers are either Americans or English—the former preponderating—in fact, the islands are almost American; the chief mercantile houses and sugar plantations,

being owned by Yankees ; and the native Volunteer Army being clothed in the adaptation of the French uniform which is affected by the militia of the United States.

We had a good view of the Hawaian Army on the fifteenth of June, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Establishment of a Protestant Mission in the Islands. The day was kept as a general holiday. The different schools marched in procession, holding gay banners and garlands of flowers, and chanting appropriate hymns. The cortege was headed by the native troops in their cloth uniforms, by no means suited to the climate. After service at the cathedral a feed was provided for five thousand people upon long tables in the church enclosure. The feast consisted of much poy, bread, cake, mangoes, and ginger-beer.

His Majesty, Kamehameha V., visited the assemblage with his sister-in-law, Queen Emma ; they were not received with any loud demonstrations of loyalty. He is, or was, a very stout, heavy-looking man, by repute very obstinate, sensual, and money-grubbing.

A ride round the Island of Oahu enabled us to see the north-east end of the land. About ten miles out from Honolulu we came to a high, well-grassed plateau of rolling downs, bordered to the north by a high range of rocky mountains, one of which attains the height of four thousand feet. These downs extend for twenty miles, and afford good pasture for many herds. Our last days at Honolulu were rendered lively by the arrival in the roads of the British flying squadron, under Admiral Hornby. The officers and men were well entertained by the inhabitants ; Queen Emma giving to the former a dinner and dance at her pretty villa, at the entrance of the Nuanu Valley.

When our month was up we left for San Francisco in the steamer " Ajax," made famous for her rolling propensities by Mark Twain in one of his humorous books. We were sorry indeed to leave, having enjoyed the free life and beautiful climate exceedingly. The heat had not inconvenienced us at all, although we had passed most of our time in the open air and at the hottest season, the sun's rays being tempered by the moist trade wind.

Trevanion Hall.

TREVANION HALL,

OR

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

BY EMMA ELIZA HAMILTON.

“Those creatures live more alone whose food, and therefore prey, is upon other sensitive creatures.”

TEMPLE.

CHAPTER IV.

VARIOUS were the young baronet's plans for happiness, continually flitting over his fancy and as rapidly vanishing; one alone kept steady possession,—Sibald resolved to be a popular man, not only extremely popular, but more so than any man in the county had ever been. Future annals of Salopia should record his name as “Sir Sibald the Good,” the benefactor of the county, the guardian of its rights. He would dig the bowels of the earth for coal mines—lead mines; he would erect cotton mills which should put Lancashire to the blush—build model villages—model cottages for the poor, with a neat parlour, best bedroom, laundry, and patent range in the kitchen. But first he would become known by some wide-extended, pleasing act—he had heard and read of feasts and festivities initiated by landlords for their tenants—a gathering of all under his rule.

To mature the plan he must consult the steward; and ten o'clock the next morning was appointed for arranging due preparations. In obedience to the summons, Mr. Jones entered his master's presence.

“Jones,” said the Baronet, “I suppose you are acquainted with the names of all the tenant farmers, whether of much land or small farms?”

“Yes, Sir Sibald; I know them all.”

“Good! Now, I intend, Jones, to give a dinner to all—no distinctions of class or politics—all farmers who rent land under the Trevanion property, with all their farm labourers, shall dine in tents, on the forty-acre field. Mr. Mansfield thinks the meadow, just beyond the shrubbery belt, will be the best place.”

“Decidedly, Sir Sibald!”

“Well, then, when you can fix an eligible day, let me know? and send invitations in my name to a rural feast. All the men to dinner, their wives and families to tea the same afternoon.”

"Precisely, Sir Sibald!"

"How are they to be amused after dinner? These summer days the evenings are long before it is dark."

"Sports, Sir Sibald! the sports!"

"Ah, I approve of those manly exercises—training youths to endurance; as the Duke of Wellington said, the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton. Cricket, wrestling, quoits! Yes; I approve of those sports."

"Under favour, Sir Sibald, the farmers in these parts do not hold much to cricketing. 'Tis the younger men who take to the sports."

"Tell me, Jones, their usual amusements, and, if you recollect, what, on similar occasions, were awarded as prizes to the successful candidates."

"We had a hint, Sir Sibald, from Mr. Mansfield of your generous intentions, therefore I drew out a list of the sports mostly adopted in these parts."

(The steward took a paper from his pocket.)

"Very good!" replied Sibald; "read the list you have made."

"First prize for foot race—half-a-mile: thirty shillings and a gold pin.

"That gives agility; proceed Jones."

Second prize: climbing a greased pole for a live goose: the goose."

"Omit that, Jones—it is disgusting."

"Under favour, Sir Sibald, *the pole* is the chiefest of all: the young men would not thank you without it."

"Strange vulgarity! Read on, if you please."

"Third: Donkey race, face to tail, one mile round and round: prize, a new bridle. Fifth: Grinning through a horse collar: prize, half-a-crown."

No comment or reply.

"WOMEN'S PRIZES.

"Tub race round the field: prize, a cotton gown."

"Tub race! What is it you mean, Jones?"

"Under favour, Sir Sibald, racing without shoes or stockings in a washing-tub full of water."

"Degrading! end the catalogue."

"Riding on a pig round and round: prize, gold earrings—second prize half-a-crown."

No reply.

"Running for a shift: prize, the shift. Then, Sir Sibald, the sports conclude with 'kissing in the ring.'"

"No matter, Jones, you have said enough," was the Baronet's remark, as the steward closed his memoranda-book and replaced it in his pocket. "Send Mrs. Morton here; I will give orders respecting the tenant's dinners, and the tea for the women."

Be it observed the housekeeper seldom stood upright. Any order from Sir Sibald, any reference to special duty—above all, being summoned to her master's presence, on such occasions as these, Mrs. Morton's knees and spinal structure bent towards the ground.

"Sit down, Mrs. Morton," said Sir Sibald, as that official gently entered the room and closed the door. "I wish to give instructions for the tenant farmers' dinner; Jones will fix the day, and let you know it."

"And an auspicious day it will be," replied the housekeeper, as she settled her portly form into an amply-cushioned distant chair.

"I desire that everything should be on the most liberal scale."

"Of course, Sir Sibald; we are all aware of that."

"Prepare, then, a plentiful supply of all that is usual on such occasions: the wives and daughters will come to tea."

"And happy they will be, poor things; they don't often get such a treat."

"Well, then, Mrs. Morton, you best know what they like: plenty of cakes, cream, fruit, and preserves."

"With humble opinion, Sir Sibald, I don't think the grown women care much for cakes or sweets—in course, we must leave them for the children; the mothers are more in the substantials. I shall throw in a few dozen of meat pies, eggs and bacon, and beef rolls."

"Very well, Mrs. Morton; do as you judge best," said Sir Sibald, waving his hand in dismissal.

The housekeeper rose, but instead of leaving the room, she approached the table where her master had begun to resume his pen.

"With permission, Sir Sibald"—she spoke very low. "What about the teas? Perhaps Mr. Jones will calculate how many we may expect, and give out the gin!"

Sir Sibald dropped the pen, and looked straight up in Mrs. Morton's face.

"Do you mean," said he, "really mean, Mrs. Morton, that the women in this place drink gin?"

"By no manner of means, Sir Sibald," replied the housekeeper, with honest confidence of virtue. "They never drink gin, but on joyful occasions they take a drop of gin in their tea. We reckon, Sir Sibald, one bottle of gin to six teas—each female taking four cups, that is very moderate."

"Make them happy their own way," said the Baronet, again waving a dismissal. His sensitive feelings were thrown back—all interest in the affair drawn off. He only inquired at what time he should be expected to visit the tents. On this point he consulted Mr. Jones.

"Under favour," said the steward, "I would suggest that the men should first finish their beef and mutton; the speeches may come in with the plum puddings, the ducks and green peas.

"Yes!" said the Baronet, with a suppressed sigh. "Yes! let the rage of hunger be assuaged, the animal nature gorged, before man can bring his mind to higher pleasures. When will be the day?"

"Should it meet your pleasure, Sir Sibald, next Thursday; this is Friday, and the hay will be all stacked by Wednesday, the latest."

"Very well, remind me of the day that morning."

Not with this apathy did Charles Mansfield anticipate the rural gathering. He went round among the farmers, got acquainted with them all—found out the prettiest girls to engage for the dance, stripped the conservatories to decorate the tents; rode ten miles to get a military band. This excitement wearied Sibald; he wished his friend would take things quietly, and not evince such exuberant delight.

Now a keen observer would have detected in the glimmer of Charles's bright blue eyes, a latent mischief—some plan beyond flirtation with the farmer's daughters.

The Thursday morning dawned auspiciously. No threatening clouds bespoke a noontide shower. The military band came up at the appointed hour, and played appropriate tunes under the windows of the ancient hall—then, guided by Jones, who had orders to preside in the principal farmers' tent, the band marched round the field, playing "Old Dan Tucker," "Annie Laurie," and other popular pieces.

Sir Sibald did not "show" until his presence was expected. He then repaired to the farmers' tent, walking slowly down along the tables, with the air of a victimised man called to a painful duty. Where was the genial hospitable smile so cheering to the poor man's heart, when, labour put aside, he meets the kindly smile of his master? Wanting are the hearty words, promising encouragement to manly industry, and hopes for prosperous seasons.

Sibald, in a dry formal tone, merely said, "I hope you are enjoying yourselves," and passed on.

The Baronet was a handsome fellow! When in any way "put

out," the features were drawn down in a remarkable manner. It was an ill-tempered, yet not a stupid look—comfortless, thoroughly ungenial, were the only terms with which to describe it. Then the promoter of this happy day walked to the upper end of the long table. Jones had orders to assume the president's chair (and he, being small of stature, had it raised a step so as to place him on a level with the stalwart farmer); here the Baronet's final duty was to be accomplished. Jones would place in his master's hand the silver tankard, and Sir Sibald drink to the health and longevity of the guests.

The chair was so bedecked and wreathed with laurel, that the form it sustained was hardly visible; but Sir Sibald put forth his hand in the right direction to take the cup, when lo! instead of Jones's long fingers, he received it from the firm grasp of a stranger. Surprise and anger mingled in his breast—pressing against the arm of the chair, he encountered the broad, athletic shoulders of Charles Mansfield. At the signal from the president, the band he had placed in the tent struck up, "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" Charles's voice, responsive, shouts, "Rise, my friends! pledge me in the toast—'Health and happiness to Sir Sibald Trevanion! Three times three!'"

Up rose the jolly farmers—"Hip, hip! hurrah!"

"One cheer more!" cried Charles, snatching the tankard from his friend's hand, and draining it off in true style; "one more!" Farmer's lusty lungs gave out a deafening, uproarious shout, while the Baronet stood silent as a statue; longer and longer his visage as the clamour grew more loud, until at last the victimised man held up his hand, appealing for mercy. He felt he could bear no more. He found escape, for the guests wishing to return to their creature comforts, sat down. A narrow lane was thus left open, by which he made a hasty retreat, nor drew breath until he reached the open field, where the fresh air restored his nerves, and he paused a few moments, relieved from the combined odours of hot meats, fat farmers, and tobacco. Having regained equanimity, he returned to the mansion, entered the library, and closed the door. Although extremely angry with Charles, regard for his friend prompted the desire to throw the blame on another person. So the steward was summoned, accused of having deserted his post, and caused annoyance to his master.

"Pray, what was the reason my order was disobeyed? that you should preside in the principal tent, and repress all clamour while I remained there?"

"Sir Sibald," replied the steward, in the firm tone of conscious innocence, "you must ask Mr. Mansfield. I had just stepped up to the chair, in obedience, Sir Sibald, to your honourable order,

when in comes Mr. Charles with a lot of young men, with banners and rubbish, and cheering like mad. Then up he comes to me, seizes my arm, and swings me from the step, for all the world as you would go to drown a kitten; and he says, 'Come down, old boy; these frolics do not suit your age. You'll be shaky, not able to draw a cork to-morrow.' 'But, Mr. Charles, I had orders.' 'Never mind! get off—away with you!' What could I do? What was my strength against his? I was shocked, Sir Sibald, to see Mr. Mansfield so hand and glove with such people. I heard him, with my own proper ears, promise Dick Brown to be his 'best man next Saturday.' Dick is Farmer Stack's carter, and is going to marry Widow Quelch's daughter. Mrs. Quelch has a mangle. As I remarked to Mrs. Morton, just now, I wondered how a young gentleman could lower himself in such a manner."

"No doubt Mr. Mansfield feels it dull here, and requires amusement," said the Baronet, silencing the social opinions of Jones.

"If I may be permitted, I should say no person could be dull in Sir Sibald Trevanion's society."

Sir Sibald knew this was humbug, and ought to be rejected; but it tasted sweet, and he swallowed it. Then turning more graciously to the steward, desired him to tell the servants they might all adjourn to the field; as he should require no attendance. Dinner at half-past eight, and to be kept waiting until Mr. Mansfield came in.

The Baronet remained in solitary meditation on the follies of his fellow-creatures, while the distant shouts and the merry laughter fell on his ears, as winners and losers at "the sports" raised the applause or derision of their companions.

Charles's voice was distinctly heard among the rest, the spirit of an Etonian was in him. Foot races, high leaps; he won the prizes, and bestowed them on the girls' sweethearts. He threw off the "Highland fling, and the Irish jig," and when at ten o'clock the happy throng wended their several ways home, the young hero of the day returned to his friend, and throwing himself into the arm-chair, called for a glass of home-brewed.

"I am surprised, Charles!" said Sir Sibald (in accents bordering on pity and gentle reproof). "I cannot comprehend how you can find amusement in such vulgar scenes."

"Oh, it was glorious! One of my partners, a very pretty girl, assured me she was as wet as a mop; and a jolly young farmer, having danced down thirty couples to the tune of 'Off she goes!' exclaimed, at the end, 'A shilling for a dry shirt!'"

"Say no more!" ejaculated the Baronet. "Let us go to dinner."

CHAPTER V.

AUGUST is come ! Hail to thee, fecund mother, in the maturity of thy beauty, bringing to us thy progeny, the golden harvest, the luscious fruits, the gorgeous-tinted flowers ! We will rejoice with thee, mindless of approaching frosts and withered leaves ! August is come ! Trevanion's lofty windows glow in the ruddy sunset ; the lark sings up to heaven ; the shepherd leads his flock to the clover fields ; nature reposes in plenitude of content, and calls on man to join in thankful hymns of praise.

Sir Sibald is left to his own contemplations. Charles has gone with his uncle, Captain Mansfield, on a shooting excursion to Scotland ; the baronet has refused to join the party, as Major Gab is to be one.

Sir. Sibald dislikes the gallant major. He considers him too fond of long histories connected with foreign campaigns and marvellous instances of his own adventurous valour. Sir Sibald is wrong. We respect and admire Major Gab for his tact in laying the scene where he displayed such heroic deeds at so wide a geographical distance that few of his hearers could contradict him ; for surely there is nothing more provoking than to be stopped in the middle of a wonderful, exciting narrative by some literal, matter-of-fact question. However, we cannot all see things in the same light ; and Sibald's aversion to Gab was immovable.

During his friend's absence he once thought of going to London, —there in August would be deep silence ; shutters closed, clubs empty, hotels no longer echoing the hurried steps of arriving guests, the constant ringing of summonses to waiters otherwise engaged, or the fierce driving of cabs to the portal ; but again there was a chance of annoyance from gas-pipes under repair, street-paving, &c., matters specially looked to when, in August, " London is out of town."

The Baronet resolved to remain at the Hall ; perfect quiet had reigned there during the last week. No longer was he disturbed by the rude laughter of his own domestics playing croquet late in the summer's evening in an adjacent field, where the servant-maids tucked up their gowns as high as any ladies in the land, and trailed their mallets in the same coquettish style. If the ankles displayed gratis to the public were not so slender as those of higher blood, the emulative intent was quite as praiseworthy.

Sibald felt thankful for this quiet state of the household, although deprived of that entire felicity which he should enjoy, were all his fellow-creatures possessed of minds exactly resembling his own. A desire of popularity induced him to accept dinner

invitations and return them. The gentlemen voted the young Baronet proud, ignorant of the world, and of Salopian society in particular; the women decided that he was exquisitely handsome, awfully clever, and vastly eccentric.

Except on these gastronomic occasions, Sir Sibald's evenings were passed in lonely strolls, meditating on sublime impossibilities long after the conjugal nightingale had retired, and only the mournful hooting of the owl in her ivy nest was heard around the ancient Hall. It was his happiest time, and he believed the quiet he enjoyed was in consequence of the watchful care of Mrs. Morton. He had given strict orders to that worthy housekeeper that all noise and late hours among the servants should be prevented; he found his orders were obeyed. Jones, the head butler, must likewise have done his part. So it was to the mother of the maids to whom he owed the chief praise in repressing the clamour of female voices, so discordant to his sensitive ears.

The Baronet felt anxious to testify the sense of Mrs. Morton's obedience as regarded the peaceful regulation of the household. She was accordingly summoned to his presence. With cordial frankness, very amiable and condescending, he expressed his thanks, to which the housekeeper respectfully replied—

“I am truly happy, Sir Sibald, that my poor endeavours meet your appreciation. I do my best—a woman can do no more. In the first place, Sir Sibald, I have forbidden the girls having their young men rollicking about the house in the evening, kissing and drinking the best ale. As Mr. Jones remarked to me only yesterday, that make the odds of £100 a-year in the house expense. The maids have their Sundays in turn, and a week-day once a month—quite enough, I consider, for respectable young women. In the evening, when their work is done, they set down to needlework, or read good books—‘The Pilgrim's Progress,’ or ‘Jane Hopwood.’ And, Sir Sibald, I don't disdain to take a hand at cribbage with the under coachman—Mr. Trotter goes home to his family, but Thomas used to lark about in the evening, or sit at the ‘Trevanion Arms,’ idling the precious time; now he finds pleasure at home; and Williams——”

“Very right,” said Sibald, cutting short the *circumstantials*—“I thank you! Take this token of my approval—a ten-pound note—for yourself, and distribute this” (another ten pounds), among the most deserving servants; assure them they shall never want encouragement while the house is tranquil, as it has lately been.”

In receiving the present and the speech the housekeeper made profound curtsies, screwing up her mouth so tight that the feature became invisible to the naked eye.

Sir Sibald added a few more words—

“Mrs. Morton, in this small donation you need not include the grooms; no doubt Mr. Mansfield fees them very liberally.”

“No doubt, indeed, Sir Sibald! Mr. Charles is a noble-minded young gentleman. I cannot say I ever saw the colour of his money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones told me when he left the Hall he had done the right thing.”

“You understand my wishes,” said the Baronet, waving his hand in token of dismissal.

That same day as evening's shadows drew round, and a bright harvest moon silvered the salient points of the landscape, Sibald wandered in a placid mood along the woodland scene. He had secured a tranquil home. No vulgar voices, no exuberant sensation of youthful pleasure would henceforth ruffle the musings of his fancy. As these agreeable convictions became stronger, the Baronet passed the turns and mazes of shrubberies and walks, which usually he trod, and came in front of an ancient tower, standing on a slightly elevated mound, a bow shot from the walls of the mansion. This tower, the most ancient relic of former ages, had once been a strong point of defence, and frequently, during the border wars, had repelled proud Edward's forces.

In more peaceful years the large upper chamber was converted into an armoury, but when Sir Watkin took down the choicest specimens to adorn the entrance-hall and banquetting-room, the rest were tossed back as valueless, and together with empty chests, torn banners (all that in theatrical phrase are called “Properties”), were consigned to oblivion and neglect.

The old grey tower around which the lichens and ivy hung, formed a picturesque object from the neighbouring meadows, and many a romantic story was connected with its former history.

Sir Sibald was not a man to pass by, forgetful of such legendary tales: he paused, and, in the perfect stillness of the hour, called to mind the many struggles, the devoted valour, the hopes and the efforts that silent spot had witnessed. While thus in wrapt contemplation, suddenly there came on his ear loud yells of laughter, the scuffling of many feet, the clatter—as it seemed of metal—and, above all, the scraping of a fiddle.

Sibald, brave spirit as he possessed, trembled. He walked round the place, and surveyed every adjoining spot. All was silent; no human being in sight; the sounds evidently came from the tower, and through the broken crevices, he could discover flickering lights in the large upper chamber. Presently the Elfish noises ceased. Sibald waited some time; no repetition—all hushed. The distant clock of Salopford Church struck twelve. The Baronet re-entered his tranquil mansion. He knew that the well-disciplined

household were long retired to rest ; and, dismissing his valet, Sir Sibald sat down awhile, and pondered over this strange circumstance ere he also slept, having resolved to investigate the matter fully the next day.

Perhaps we might expect that on this grave matter, Jones, the house-steward, would have been consulted ; but with all the respect his master entertained for the character of that worthy official, Sir Sibald believed that Mrs. Morton had the shrewder intellect ; he, therefore, wished to hear her opinion, and sent for her accordingly.

Briefly, yet with much precision, he narrated the extraordinary facts, requesting her to throw some light on the subject, and suggest any explanation that might occur to her mind.

For some moments Mrs. Morton replied not. Taking a cambric handkerchief from her pocket she applied it to her eyes ; then in subdued accents, broken by her feelings, she murmured—

“ Oh, my dear, honoured master, I did hope you might have been spared ! ”

“ Spared ? I do not understand you. I ask if you can explain the cause, or imagine what this riot meant ? ”

The housekeeper's head shook like a pendulum, her face buried in her handkerchief.

“ Dear ! dear, Sir Sibald ! ” she sobbed, laying her hand on his coat sleeve—“ pardon the freedom of your faithful servant, who grieves to distress you. I consulted with Mr. Jones yesterday, and at first we thought of preparing your mind for the awful hour ; but, as Mr. Jones remarked, perhaps you might not walk out that evening ; you might be spared this year. ”

“ Woman ! ” exclaimed the Baronet, shaking off her hand—“ I insist on your speaking plainly. Whatever you know tell it, and cease this nonsense. I am not a man to bear it—speak ! ”

“ Sir Sibald, ” replied Mrs. Morton (her tone changed from the lachrymose to the stern), “ you cannot forget that your grandfather, Sir Watkin, died the 18th of August. ”

“ Well, what of that ? ”

“ We are assured that he is not permitted to lie quiet and comfortable ; but on the anniversary of his decease, and just about that time, he is called up to be worried and tormented by evil spirits for his cruel conduct to your blessed mother. Now you know all ! ”

“ Silence, if you please ! ” cried Sir Sibald. “ How dare you canvass my family affairs ? ”

The housekeeper now really wept in vexation. She had just cunning enough to think that the allusion would be acceptable ; but lacking sufficient knowledge of the world, and of human nature, she thought the allusion to his injured parent would be acceptable. Mrs. Morton had not sufficient sense to know that

men of high family resent any remark that degrades their ancestors.

The Baronet felt he had spoken harshly. Mrs. Morton could not help being a credulous old woman; he soothed her tears.

"I am not angry," said he; "only I wish to caution you against encouraging such nonsensical gossip. You should have more respect for the family."

"Sir Sibald, goodness knows I have never encouraged this awful story; but folks will hear with their own ears and talk—it is trial enough to me! Not a maid in the house will sleep single. I was up half the night thinking you might be alarmed, and want assistance."

"Retire, Mrs. Morton. I have heard all I wish of your opinion, and determined how to act. Let Jervis, the policeman, be sent for immediately."

"In exactly the time it would occupy to convey Jervis's athletic form from the kitchen to the library, his long-toed boots appeared. Sir Sibald ordered him to enter and close the door, and having circumstantially stated the case, he thus concluded—

"I have, no doubt, Jervis, some gang of lawless people—coiners, probably, or smugglers—are in the tower, and cause these strange noises to frighten my servants from approaching."

"No doubt, Sir Sibald, you are right: I have known such things before. We had a rare bad lot this summer at Salopford, and never could find out where they were gone."

"They shall not be harboured here," replied the Baronet. "I will not sleep until search is made, and the gang driven out. There must be a great number by the rush of footsteps."

"Thirty, at least, Sir Sibald! that's about the number lurking in Salopford."

"No matter how many, were there a hundred. You be here, Jervis, at nine o'clock this evening; bring more constables. Any you please. Come prepared for resistance. If the lower door be fastened (as, of course, it is), we must force it. I shall take my pistols. You be here at nine o'clock."

"Sir Sibald, I am very sorry, but I cannot possibly come *this* evening. I am ordered on special duty. Mr. Ruby's, the jeweller's shop, was broken open last night, and a great deal of property stolen. Our sergeant has ordered a double number of us to be in High Street from eight o'clock till three in the morning, in case the robbers return."

"I shall speak to the sergeant; he will arrange in some way for me."

"Beg pardon, Sir Sibald! our sergeant is gone to Shrewsbury market, to buy a 'os."

"Jervis!" (and here Sibald looked searchingly in the policeman's face) "I detect in your countenance and manner a mental reservation! You are afraid to enter the Tower—no denial; I see you are. You, too, have imbibed these absurd ideas."

"I afraid, Sir Sibald? I went through the Indian Mutiny. I have faced thousands of the black imps. We charged their squares at Jhansee, and why should I be afraid of them in the Mount Tower? I was discharged with three clasps, a good-conduct medal, and a pension for my wound."

"Well, well, say no more—it would have been my wish to conduct the business in a regular way, attended by the police, but as you refuse——"

"Any other evening, Sir Sibald, I shall be ready?"

"No! I am resolved—if I must go alone. So let it be—if blood is shed, it is their fault, not mine. I shall be armed with double-barelled pistols."

Jervis was a handsome young fellow, very popular among the female servants of the neighbourhood; and when dismissed from the Baronet's presence, he went round among his particular friends, narrating the news from Trevanion Hall.

Meanwhile, Sir Sibald, after considering the whole bearings of the case, determined to do nothing rash—nothing to supply the "*Salopian County Chronicle*" with a *sensation* article—"Horrible Occurrence at Trevanion Hall;" and though with all his morbid sensibility, he had the pluck of a lion, still he rather shrunk from encountering, in single person, the desperate gang whom he expected to meet in "The Mount Tower."

After deliberation, Sir Sibald did the most sensible thing he could possibly have done—he walked down to Salopford and consulted Quillett. In spite of the early prejudice excited by the little lawyer's addiction to "*Green Seal*," his knowledge of business and integrity had raised him considerably in the Baronet's opinion, so that in the present instance he consulted him as a friend.

The copious detail was only interrupted by Quillett's brief remarks.

"Yes," "Aye," "exactly," "precisely"—at last another word was uttered—"Mum."

As this monosyllable came forth, the lawyer put his finger to his nose.

"I am resolved to search the matter, and this very night," said Sir Sibald.

"So we will," replied Quillett; "no time to lose—we'll have it all out to-night. You go home—say you have consulted me (they will know you have been here, whether you tell them or

not)—give it out that you shall postpone further investigation until you can have the assistance of the police; that you shall not go out this evening as Mr. Quillett is coming at nine o'clock to transact business. You do not wish to be interrupted. The servants may retire to rest as early as they please. You will breakfast at eight o'clock to-morrow. Make all these arrangements fully understood, and expect me before nine in the evening."

"Quillett! reflect ere you encounter the danger!"

"I am up to the mark."

"We must be armed."

"Of course, we must. Do you see that weapon? I think I never showed it you, before."

Quillett took from over the mantel-piece a crooked sword, somewhat longer than his own stature was high.

"This beautiful sword was presented to me by the Corporation: read the inscription. 'To —— Quillett, Esq., as a token of his signal services as a special constable, when the Chartists attacked the Town Hall of Salopford.'"

"You must find it unwieldly."

"Not at all; my arm is muscular. I raise the sword above my shoulder, then swing it round without taking any aim; it is sure to strike somebody who deserves it."

"Quillett, we must expect a fierce resistance, and prepare accordingly. We must take pistols."

"I have nothing to say against your carrying a brace of pistols, if you like to flash a little powder, but no balls, or bullet, or desperate doings. Sir Sibald, you are a hasty, indiscreet young man—not looking for consequences. If the pistols are loaded, I can take no part in the affair."

More perplexed than before, yet still leaning on Quillett's aid (and remembering that this shrewd, cautious man was about to risk his own safety in this adventure), Sibald resolved to follow his guidance implicitly; returning home after having given a promise to that effect.

The domestics at the Hall were informed by Jones of their master's decision, and his orders for the evening; and the lawyer, with a huge bundle of papers in his hand, arrived there a quarter before nine.

"The night is dusky, Sir Sibald. You do not sacrifice much pleasure by granting me the hours for business, which you usually enjoy in an evening stroll," said Quillett, as the servant, who announced him, closed the door.

"I am entirely at your service," replied the Baronet. "Indeed, it was not my intention to go out this evening. Williams," (call-

ing the footman back) "we do not wish to be interrupted. I want nothing more."

"Good! Thank you, Sir Sibald!" said Quillett, placing the bundle of papers on the table. He waited until the servant's footsteps died away in the distance, then locked the library-door, and unclasping a long dark cloak, the sword in its black scabbard became visible.

Having disburdened his small person of the cumbrous weapon, Quillett took a bull's-eye lantern from his pocket, and then very deliberately pushed into the middle of the room an old-fashioned escritoire which stood against the wall; removed the carpet nailed under it, touched a dark stain in the oaken floor—a secret spring shot back, and a plank separated, opening to sight a vaulted passage.

"I thought I remembered the trick," said the lawyer, rising from the ground; "you are not aware, Sir Sibald, nor does any person imagine that a direct communication leads from this spot to the interior of the Mount Tower. We shall come out at the foot of the winding staircase, which brings us to the armoury chamber. Doubtless, this passage was originally constructed for the purpose of conveying supplies to the little garrison who defended the tower."

"And now the desperate gang in the armoury chamber could enter here! Horrible idea!"

"Of course, they can—they often do."

"I will have the room walled up."

"No occasion. Come, Sir Sibald; there is no time to lose. I hear their voices—aye, and the fiddle, too."

"They know of our approach."

"Not they. Come on!"

"What madness to encounter such a desperate set of wretches unarmed!" murmured the Baronet, conscious of folly in not properly loading his pistols.

"Unarmed! unarmed! look at this."

Standing at the mouth of the entrance, Quillett drew the long crooked sword and flourished it round his head in an original style, untaught by masters of defence—then turning the bull's-eye to guide his patron, stood on the first step of the descent.

"Tread steady!" was the admonition. Five steps—one broken—that's it, keep in the middle; the ground is rough—don't stumble. Hush!" (Sir Sibald had uttered an exclamation of disgust); "what is it? a dead rat, kick it aside, we are going to hunt live ones—pray be silent! here we are. Only one step—now for the fellows!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE narrow, winding stairs our brave couple had to ascend was built in the thickness of the massive walls, and admitted no rays of light. Yet no sooner did they place their footing upon it than Quillett extinguished the lantern and threw it back into the passage. He went on cautiously, knowing every step, and assisting the Baronet's uncertain progress. The sword was an impediment; with all its master's management it struck out perversely on one side, knocking against the wall and producing sounds too suggestive of an enemy's approach. The second turn of the stairs was just gained when—lo! the weapon in its eccentric gyrations caught something substantial, which being thrown from the perpendicular, fell downwards according to the law of gravity, nearly upsetting Sir Sibald. A loud crash—a suppressed cry of agony, and Sir Sibald felt his boots saturated, as he supposed with blood! In the pitchy darkness he dared not turn to assist the sufferer. Quillett's voice urged him on; they were at the very crisis of the adventure. Another minute and they stood on the landing-place, fronting the armoury-room. A blaze of light flashed through their eyes—the fearful sounds rang on their ears—the yells of laughter—the rush of feet—the cracked fiddle! “Now!” exclaimed the lawyer, and as he uttered the defiant word and made a rush at the door it was quickly closed, and the rusty bolts jarred in their places. What of that? Sibald's courage was at boiling heat, though at first he had recoiled from such perilous odds. Now he could have met thousands of smugglers!—coiners!! murderers!!! his muscular powers were great. Two efforts—the bolts gave way; the old door fell forwards into the room. Then Sir Sibald, like an heroic Paladin of old, dashed over it amidst his foes, firing his pistol at random (Quillett, close behind, brandishing the sword aloft).

“I am killed!” shrieked one of the under gardeners, falling flat on his face: the flash of gunpowder had singed his hair. At the cry his sweetheart—a buxom dairy-maid, who was “doing the polka” with Jervis, the policeman—rushed from his arms, and leaning over her prostrate lover, exclaimed, “Tom, Tom! dear Tommy! are you killed?” As she suddenly passed, the whole weight of her rotundity struck against the temporary supper-table placed along the side of the room so as to leave space for the dancers. The violent shock disturbed the ingenious contrivance; the support gave way, and the boards, covered with fine damask, fell, laden with “all the delicacies of the season,” hams, chickens, pies, jellies, creams, mingled with the numerous decanters of choice wines, rolled on the floor. The confusion was at its height. The noise of

broken glass and dishes, the screams of the women servants as they tried in vain to escape from the lawyer, who chased them round the room, dealing his blows with the flat of the sword—men and maids—all had their share. Every member of the establishment, even Sir Sibald's "own man," had honoured the party for an hour or two, intending to be in waiting by eleven o'clock. A page boy was left to open the hall door when Quillett departed. The Baronet stood still like a statue, his mind oppressed by the iniquity revealed. At length his dark eyes fixed their penetrating force on the house-keeper, whose visage betrayed no sign of fear.

"Oh, you deceitful creature!" he exclaimed. "Have you no shame left? These are your quiet evenings!—your reading good books—your 'Pilgrim's Progress'—your quiet game of cribbage Oh, wretched creature!"

Mrs. Morton pitched her voice to its height, and then replied—

"I am *not* a creature! I am a woman with the highest testimonials; and it shows your ignorance of good society not to know that, in bachelor establishments, servants expect their liberty! You would not let them have amusement in the house; and I consider the young women are to be praised for having their little *soirées* among themselves, instead of frolicking down to the Salopford balls! You are an ungrateful man, Sir Sibald, after the weary pains I have been at to humour your fancies! What business had you to come spying here? But it's all along of that pettyfogging lawyer! There can be no peace where he is!"

"Vile woman, cease!" cried Quillett, "or you shall have the ducking-stool!"

"Murder!" shouts the policeman (who, at the crisis, had escaped down the stairs) "Secure the prisoner, Quillett!—a case of manslaughter! Help! Raise the body! Laceration of the jugular vein by Mr. Quillett's sword! Remove the body!"

"No, no!" gasped the dead man, who was no other than Jones the butler, who, in carrying up to the feast four bottles of Sir Sibald's prime claret, had come in contact with the lawyer's long weapon. This, catching his coat tails, overbalanced the little man; the bottles broke, and the pieces of glass made fearful gashes in his face. The blood, mingling with the Bourdeaux, flooded the stairs, suggesting the idea of a sensation police case. "Manslaughter! Murder! Leave the door! Take Mr. Quillett in charge! A case of stabbing with malicious intent! He carries a dangerous weapon! Give me a glass of brandy!" squeaked the butler. "I'm all but dead!"

"Send for a surgeon!" was Sir Sibald's order. "Send for Mr. Williams, immediately!"

The order was obeyed. Jones's wounds—many, not very deep

—were satisfactorily explained—Quillett's innocence proved—Jones carried to his bedroom at the Hall—the rest of the crew dispersed, like Arabs in the desert, no one knew where. The old tower was left in dark solitude, Quillett taking precaution to extinguish the lights, and the Baronet returned to ponder, amidst his grandeur and ideal woes, on this new phase in history of human wickedness. His train of thought was broken by the lawyer's entrance, and congratulations on the defeat of the ghost. Quillett was not a boastful man, but he did think his exertions that evening deserved a bottle of "Green Seal." No allusion, however, was made to that fascinating beverage. A crystal jug of the pure element was on the slab with the bedroom candlestick, Sir Sibald drank a glassful, advising his friend to follow the example, and take his night's rest at the Hall. The baronet's own man appeared at the head of the stairs, and at respectful distance glided after him. He was indignantly dismissed.

Quillett found his own little room, hung up his sword, and slept soundly, having arranged a programme for the ensuing morning, to commence with a visit to Madge; but the plan was disappointed by a summons from Sir Sibald, whom he found in the state library (an apartment rarely used but on occasions of importance, such as a deputation from Salopford, a morning call from the high-sheriff or the like). On the present morning, an event of great domestic interest was about to be carried out, viz., the dismissal of the whole establishment—one and all, a general sweep—Jones only remaining (until Mr. Williams pronounced the patient able to remove, and the man of science received a cheque from the Baronet in payment of his bill).

Mrs. Morton was the first called. In place of her appearance a note was handed, wherein she informed Sir Sibald she had quitted his service, and trusted that her next employer would be better acquainted with the ways of high life and good society, her wages to be transmitted to her temporary lodgings at Salopford. Every other member of the household received the balance due, together with the equivalent for legal notice, being ordered to leave Trevanion Hall that day.

Feelings of great indignation at first prevented Sir Sibald realising the fact that he had no servant left. When it was forced upon his mind he sent for the fisherman and his wife. She could not come without the "baby," who shrieked tremendously every-time the mother put it from her arms.

"Dreadful! Shocking! Strong convulsions!" exclaimed the sensitive bearer, and rang the bell. "Mrs. Pikie, your child is in a fit!"

"Oh dear no, Sir Sibald!" replied the matron; "there is

nothing at all the matter ; only he is not used to be laid down so often ; but, in course, I must do the cooking." (Another scream, and louder.) "He will be quiet presently, Sir Sibald ; his father will be in, and nurse him."

"Good heavens ! Never, never did I hear anything so frightful ! The child is dying !"

"Dear me, Sir Sibald !" answered Mrs. Pikie, with a smile at bachelor ignorance, "I likes to hear it ; it shows health and the lungs strong. You would not have a baby quiet, except when it is asleep ? I love to hear him."

"Hear it at your own cottage, Mrs. Pikie ! Remove the child instantly ! Dinner ? Leave everything ! I require none ! I shall go to London to-night ! Gracious powers !—for what am I reserved ? How have I deserved such complicated annoyance ?"

Sibald was not one of those helpless beings who cannot stir without a valet. Accustomed in early youth to take all trouble on himself, that his poor mother should not feel it, he packed his trunk with the neatest precision, ordered Pikie to take it in the donkey-cart to the station, and took the 7.30 train to London, leaving the Hall of his ancestors, with its various treasures, to the care of the lawyer, informing Quillett he should not return for some months.

At ten o'clock the ensuing morning, Charles Mansfield received a note from "The Clarendon," beseeching him to come there immediately. Sibald could not rest without imparting his sorrows to that friend (though quite aware that Charles would make the recital a subject for jest).

Shouts of laughter followed the description of the *soirée* in the Tower ; Mansfield declaring that Quillett was a trump, and he should invite him up to Curzon Street.

"I am so completely unnerved, Charles," said the victim of circumstances—"so tossed on the world ; no tranquil scene in view, that I must sit down hopeless, and try to be resigned."

"Exactly !" replied Charles. "Come and dine with me to-day. I shall call for you at seven o'clock."

Before the next week Sir Sibald found the bustle of the hotel intolerable. The number of waiters, the different faces, the arrivals and departures ; the host of tradespeople who, from ten in the forenoon till past twelve, thronged the door in obedience to the orders of the wives of wealthy country squires (the ladies having spent the preceding day driving round to the fashionable shops, and desiring various articles to be sent for their choice).

Sibald could not stir through the hall without encountering people who seemed to make him their chosen mark for observation, though, most probably, they were not aware of his presence—he became impatient to leave the hotel and find some quiet home.

It does not take long for a rich young bachelor in London to meet with a choice of tempting offers in the *Times* from married couples who "have a house larger than they require, and are willing to share it with a gentleman, who will find most comfortable apartments, fashionably furnished, in a first-class neighbourhood." Sir Sibald selected a residence in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, on the express agreement that he should never be troubled by servants of the house; his own valet (a treasure found for him by Charles) would give personal attendance, the groom living at the adjacent mews. The agreement was strictly kept. Order prevailed. With sister comfort by her side — charming rooms; good cook—no children—weekly bills; no victimising—yet, yet! there was one want, which, to a temper like Sibald's, must always mar happiness—he had nothing to complain of—no corner for hatching annoyances. This was a requirement of his nature; he could not live without it, only exist and pine from *ennui*. Occasionally, to please his friend, the Baronet accompanied him to some of the beloved London parties; where Sir Sibald was wont to lecture on the impropriety of modern dances, and other vital errors of the age.

The women pronounced him splendidly handsome, immensely clever, and awfully eccentric. A distaste for gay society confirmed his resolution of living in retirement, and devoting his leisure to the indulgence of his literary tastes; commencing with an epic poem, where an alliance was formed between the styles of Milton and Ovid, with a dash of Spenser. The Baronet submitted the two first cantos to an eminent publisher, who assured him that poetry was a drug; except for popular songs, hymns, or satirical hits at eminent characters.

When Charles heard this, he exclaimed—

"Oh, Sibald! write a play! that is the thing for fame. There was young Bevil, not half as clever as you are; he brought out a piece last year at the Adelphi. I went with him to the theatre the first night, and, I assure you, you would have given all I possess for his position that night." There was he, a private individual like myself—receiving the homage of the audience; all the pretty women waving their handkerchiefs; the men shouting applause when the piece was given out for the next evening; and then the call for the author! Oh, Sibald! it was a grand moment! Bevil was at first reluctant, but the manager came to him and said at any rate stand up and bow, even if he did not cross the stage. Then Bevil rose and bowed gracefully three times—then more applause from the little proscenium box. Oh, Sibald! if I could see you in his place, it would be the happiest day of my life—do try! I am sure you can write a charming play."

The Baronet thought he had no taste for the degenerate style of dramatic writing.

“Oh, my dear Sibald, the plot is everything. Some of your beautiful legends of the Rhine—they are all the vogue now. Interesting stories you used to tell me, though I forget them, now.”

Reiterated persuasion, together with reliance on his own powers, and inherent thirst for literary fame, at length worked their way, overcoming Sibald's doubts, and bringing him to the task with earnest resolution. The play was begun. The story selected brought to view the castle of the Baron Rheinwalder, rising from a rocky eminence frowning on the waters of the Rhine beneath. The baron had one lovely daughter, his heiress; graced with every beautiful attribute of nature. Her hand is sought by two brothers; one, she adores, the other detests. In the closing scene of the first act the rivals meet. Carlotta declares her passion; the rejected suitor stabs his rival. Carlotta throws herself from the precipice, and is seen struggling in the water (why she struggles to live, wishing to die, is not explained).

The second act introduces the comic character, a rogue of a courier, who robs the Baron, and contrives to transfer the theft to an innocent man. On this character Charles leaned with the surest hopes of success. The part was intended for the popular comedian, Grinwell.

In the third act everything comes right, contrary to the tangled skein of mortal affairs. The lover, though stabbed, was not *killed*—only *kilt*, as the Irish say; then his cruel brother repents, and becomes a moral specimen. Carlotta, rescued from the flood, is blooming and bright; a wedding procession closing the play.

While in progress, Charles passed many hours of the day in Park Street, suggesting, adding, curtailings; in a state of delightful excitement. Even Sibald grew interested as he advanced in his story, and really there was much good writing, and many good points.

It was decided the play should be offered to the same theatre where Bevil's piece was brought out. The scenery would be effective, and the “get up” lavish accordingly. There it was sent. After a week's anxious suspense, a note from the manager stated that the piece was accepted. What joy to them! The affair had been kept a profound secret in Curzon Street; but now, Charles could no longer withhold the proud fact from his Uncle and Aunt Mansfield, and they whispered it confidentially among their intimate friends.

The manager requested an interview with the author, and introduced the comedian, to whom the courier's part was cast. The actor declared the part must be strengthened, more point and

comic situation, and fewer lengths ; he never could act without being certain of the effect. This agreed to, the friends went to work, and a very original idea suggested itself. The thief having thrown the robbery on another man, gets into court disguised as "*Counsel for the Defence*," and pleads successfully.

When Grinwell saw this, he smiled one of those smiles which have convulsed his audiences, murmuring, "Aye, this will do ! here is room for me."

Next week the play was put in rehearsal, and underlined in the bills. Sibald resolved to attend rehearsals, and exercise an author's right of correcting any errors of enunciation or misinterpretation of the text. The first rehearsal was called for eleven o'clock, a.m. Charles and he were present.

As they entered the stage-box, a dingy stream of London daylight came down from the top of the first gallery, and made more doleful the few stage lamps lit for the occasion ; while at the remoter part, a straggling lantern revealed about a dozen men, employed arranging slides and other scenery for the play next evening.

The stage-manager's eye was everywhere as he awaited the arrival of the *dramatis personæ* of the new play. One actor had arrived ; the assassin brother. He was occupied in ascertaining the proper state of his dagger ; that the murderous point would run up into the hilt as he struck his rival's breast button, and also that a sufficient quantity of red ink would flow, as the life-blood of the victim. The next arrival was the virtuous lover. Following this gentleman was a large Newfoundland dog, who, at his master's command, stretched down at the wing.

"I wish, Mr. Hughes, you would not bring that creature !" said the manager.

"He will follow me."

"Tie him up."

"He would break his chain ; what harm does he ?"

"Takes off the men's attention from their work."

This moment the heroine arrived. Carlotta, the Baron's lovely virgin daughter, was personated by Mrs. Mellish, a married lady of forty, the mother of five children. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Mellish still preserved her symmetrical figure ; perfect make up, and great talents, enabled her to take youthful parts ; but in *dis-habille* she was not so attractive. On this occasion having the ear-ache, her old black bonnet was closely tied down with a large veil ; while a grey Scotch plaid shawl, over a faded brown silk gown, completed her costume.

"Mrs. Mellish, you are never to the time," said the stage-manager, looking at his watch.

"Cannot be helped," replied the heroine; "little Dick has the hooping-cough, and was restless in the night. I had to put him to sleep before I left home. Come, let us to business, Mr. Hughes!"

Second scene, first act. Sir Sibald leaned forward in earnest expectation. The silvery tone of the actress's voice—as she spoke the vernacular, raised high his hope that in the poetic fervour of his lines she would evince her powers of eloquence. How was he surprised, when, the lover at her side, they mumbled over the speeches (or portions of them rather) in an inaudible tone; while the impassioned endearments were rehearsed by Mr. Hughes laying his hand on Mrs. Mellish's shoulder!

The only parts on which the stage-manager seemed anxious were the exits and entries, the crossings and recrossings of the stage.

These being at last satisfactorily settled, the call was for first act, first scene; in which the rival brother joined the loving pair: More mumblings, more crossings. At every mistake of relative position, the irate little manager raised his arms, and loudly called "repeat!"

At length came the grand scene closing the first act. The rivals and Carlotta open the scene. The *confidante*, the Baron—more crossings and positions—until the assassin, scorned by his beloved, aims a deadly thrust at his brother's heart; but the supply of red ink was not to be wasted; therefore, instead of the point of his dagger, the villain made a thrust at Mr. Hughes with the hilt. No sooner did "Nip" see his master attacked and fallen, than he rushed on the assailant, and threw him sprawling on the stage.

"Take the dog off, he is biting my leg; he is tearing me to pieces! Shoot him, drag him off!"

This would have been a vain attempt had not "Hughes" given the words "Lie down!" when Nip, leaving hold of his victim, began affectionately to lick his master's face and hands, smelling to ascertain if he was uninjured. This interval gave opportunity for the bitten man to rise, when it was proved that Nip had seized him by the ends of his "wrap-rascal coat," which he had shaken and torn to shreds.

After this escapade a repetition of Hughes's fate was ordered, Nip being tranquillised and under control. Mr. Barnard, the assassin, refused, however, to strike again; therefore Hughes was forced to lay down of his own accord, Carlotta to bend over him, and then, in mad despair, to throw herself from the rocky height. In spite of the black shawl and heavy dress, Mrs. Mellish's sudden rush round a point of the rock was marvellous.

As she vanished out of sight a figure from another point of the rock was thrown down on the greenish-grey carpet, which, shaken at each wing, was intended to represent the flowing waters.

of the Rhine. Lo and behold, the wires, by which the figure was to be drawn, not acting properly, it was turned from side to side, then tossed upside over ! The more the men pulled the more eccentric the posture of the figure ; even Sibald could not refrain from a laugh now. The stage-manager roared out in fury—

“ No. 6, and left wing ? Right the wires ! ”

The more they tried the more rapidly the lady turned, and the louder the manager called—

“ 6 and 7, left wing—fine and dismissal ! ”

“ This will damn the play,” quietly remarked Mr. Hughes.

“ I should advise,” said the heroine, Carlotta (coming again on the stage), “ that the instant the figure is thrown down, the curtain should drop, and the first act end.”

“ Well, well !—so let it be ! ” said the irate manager, his oaths and threatenings dying off, like mumblings of distant thunder.

As two acts were rehearsed in the same unpoetic manner, we shall not inflict them on the reader, but lead on without digressions to the eve of that eventful day, “ big with the fate of Sir Sibald’s dramatic fame,” merely observing that in the intervening fortnight the baronet declined attendance on rehearsals, but Charles was always in the proscenium box, and “ reported progress ” to the author.



WALKS IN THE FIELDS OF LITERATURE.

I.

TRAVEL, judiciously chosen, is an abundant source of inspiration, an entrance into a new world of ideas, in which the imagination revels, the mind expands, and the soul is elevated above the petty cares and dull routine of every-day life; for Nature displays to man the works and mind of God.

As we gaze on some varied landscape of hill and dell, with its lovely background of mountains sharply distinct, and joyous in the happy sunlight, or veiled in lightest haze of blue; or from some tall cliff, rising from the ocean's marge, behold the boundless expanse of sapphire sea spread out before us, we confess the influence of the beauteous scenes, and find food for the most elevating reflections. In our excursions into the regions of literature, we hope to come across scenes of like beauty, and in addition, to behold some glimpses of moral excellence, for the mind of man is the greatest of God's earthly works, and literature is the highest expression of that mind.

A beautiful book opens to the reader's intellect regions before unvisited, creates a purer atmosphere around him, in which he breathes more freely; and life and its struggles seen from a higher point of view, begin to wear a brighter and more hopeful aspect than before. When we read of the struggles and victories of others, our own courage revives, and we are encouraged to face manfully our own peculiar difficulties. What admirable teachings for ourselves can we not glean from the life and disinterested labours of a Montalembert, the self-sacrifice of a Lacordaire, the chequered adventures and sorrows of a Lamartine!

Those yet young in life and literature may find much ground for hope, in beholding a Cobbett raising himself from the lowest position to worth and note by his industry and dogged perseverance; in the struggles with toil, poverty, and hardship of a Dickens, or even in the success of the elder Sterling, and lifelong battle with ill-health and discouragement of the younger of that name, so well narrated by the pen of Carlyle.

But who that has tasted the sweetness of the magic scenes of the sister isle, but will confess the truth to Nature of the beautiful pictures of lake, and dell, and mountain, to be found in the pages of Mrs. S. C. Hall? In the regions of fiction, what an exalted ideal of self-sacrifice, beauty, and virtue, has Mrs. Craven given to

the world in the person of "Fleur Ange." If, in our moments of relaxation, we turn to the pages of "Middlemarch," we shall not fail to be deeply interested, so accomplished is the authoress, and so life-like and real are the characters; and it may be, as we reach the end of the eighth book of this well-told story, a faint feeling of regret may be confessed, somewhat akin to that we feel on parting from a well-known friend or cheerful companion.

As we wander amid the charms of poetry, and relax our energies by taking wing to the regions of delightful fancy, as, with hearts filled with some lofty ideal, we confess the attractions of pure love and true beauty in nature or art, how oft are we tempted to linger amid such delights, as though they alone could fill the soul, and aught else was cold, dull, and alien to us! On the other hand, when many a pleasant dream proves baseless, when many a happy ideal vision is replaced by the stern realities of life, how forcibly are we drawn towards the practical, matter-of-fact view of men and things!—and then we are tempted to discard the ideal and the beautiful as useless, unprofitable, and unreal. Thus it is that the student of literature is ever alternating between the ideal and the practical, ever undecided whether to choose, as his master and model, the poet or the philosopher.

Macauley has remarked, in one of his early essays, that the more philosophical a nation becomes, by so much the less poetical will it become in its expressions and ideas. This opinion of the great essayist we see proved in the history of a language, which, in its early stages, is poetical, but as it develops and expands, becomes more matter-of-fact and logically correct. And we see it exemplified too, in every-day life; for the man who is absorbed in the study of hard facts, or immersed in the cares and business of every-day life, will have little leisure for the contemplation of lofty ideas, and will find little inclination and enthusiasm left in his soul for the beauties of literature, nature, or art.

Most men, then, incline strongly either to the practical, on the one hand, or to the ideal, on the other; and it has even been said that "All men are born disciples of Aristotle or Plato." We may consider these two Greek masters as the types of the two classes we are considering. Plato, the type of the ideal, and Aristotle of the practical mind.

In French literature, Fénelon, and Bossuet, represent these two differing tendencies, and entering into the extensive field of English letters, we may select Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Milton, as belonging to the one class, while Shakespeare, Johnson, Dickens, and Mill, occur to us as good examples in widely differing paths of the practical, matter-of-fact, and logical order of minds. Instances of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely; for in our

literary travels these phenomena are continually arising to view. But in whichever of these two opposite directions our own minds may be the more strongly impelled, we may reflect that each road has its advantages and its evils.

If it be true, as Aristotle taught, that all virtue consists in the mean, that is, in due measure and proportion, then surely it follows that neither the ideal nor the practical view of things is exclusively true; for the ideal without the real is baseless, and every effect must have a cause.

The true ideal then comprehends the real, and becomes its crown and complement. Thus, in the fields of literature, we hope to cull here and there a lovely flower; and, from the study of widely differing minds, to learn something which may aid us onward in the actual journey of life. So far, the range of our own reading has been much less extensive than we could have wished; yet, on looking back, we find that it has been of a varied character, and as such may, perhaps, from its very contrast to more beaten tracks, present some features of interest to the reader. In the series of extracts we are about to quote, we shall begin in the order in which we find them copied out, comparing or contrasting one author with another as occasion may demand.

In "Ireland," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, we find the following beautiful description of Glengariff—

"A deep alpine valley enclosed by precipitous hills: black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing loveliness, endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to receive the aspect of a serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice; and the pen must be laid aside in despair! Our memories, indeed, recall every portion of the magic spot,—but only to convince us how weak and insufficient must be our efforts to describe it.

"We are again wandering through the glen—among majestic trees, fantastic rocks, and bubbling rivulets, which roar along their rapid way, until, encountering some new obstruction, they creep awhile, and anon force a passage onwards, breaking into masses of foam—for there the mountain torrents crawl or gallop, to mingle with the broad Atlantic. The song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple, or the roar, of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound.

"We look up to the mountains; they are of all forms, altitudes, and outlines. The most prominent among them is the Sugar-loaf, 'the mountain of the wild people,' with its conical head, soaring into the clouds; and, to the rear, but at a considerable distance, Hungry Hill, with its naked and meagre sides, down which runs a stream from the lake upon its summit, until, gathering as it goes, it breaks in a tremendous cataract, of eight hundred feet, expanding as it falls, and flinging a spray around it, that seems to cover with a thick mist, a third part of the hill:—

‘ Now a blue watery sheet : anon dispersed,
A hoary mist ; then gathered in again,
A darted stream along the hollow rock,
This way and that tormented, dashing thick,
From steep to steep with wild refracted course,
And restless roaring to the humble vale. ”

This graphic piece of description approaches in merit the Isle of Calypso in “*Telemachus*,” that picture of natural beauty sketched by a master too well-known and appreciated to need any praise at our hands.

Alphonse de Lamartine was largely gifted with sensibility and imagination. His style is admirable ; filled with a succession of beautiful images which rivet the attention, it is not wanting in depth, or in the moral beauty which appeals to the mind. Pure and elevated himself in thought and feeling, nothing obscene or degrading ever disgraces his pages. Though, unfortunately, at one period of his life, somewhat affected by the infidel philosophy, which, since the eighteenth century, has vitiated and corrupted the literature of France and other countries, he yet never lost the sentiment of faith, and soon returned to the path of duty and religion. Frederic Ozanam wrote of him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, declaring that in thought he seemed to be more a philosopher than a poet, and in word more a poet than a philosopher. On hearing De Lamartine speak in the Chamber (it was in 1833), Ozanam declared that “he alone represented Christian thought :” more than which it is scarcely possible for one author to say of another, and higher character man could scarcely desire.

Among the charming “*Confidences*,” which the poet tells us in his preface, addressed to his friend, Bien-Assis,—*res augusta domi* alone forced him to reveal to the world, may be found the charming episode of “*Graziella*,” which combines all the novelty of a well-devised romance with the interest attaching to the actual adventures of a poet. It would seem that, with some slight exceptions, “*Graziella*” is a real episode in the life of Lamartine. The beauty, elevation, and depth of true affection are herein well depicted. The opening sentences are very fine, and may serve for comparison with the foregoing extract from Mrs. Hall. He first tells us that at eighteen years of age, he had an opportunity offered him of withdrawing himself from the dangerous idleness which beset him at home, and that he started to travel with all the enthusiasm of a child which sees opened to light the most splendid scenes of Nature and of life.

The Alps, which he had seen from his infancy, brilliant in the distance with everlasting snows ; the azure sea he had read so much about ; the clear Italian sky, and monuments of Roman

antiquity ; the sweets of liberty—the novelty of adventure, of language, of manners and customs,—all this filled his mind with delight beforehand. But his own words will best describe his feelings :—

“ Les Alpes, dont je voyais de loin, depuis mon enfance, briller les neiges éternelles à l'extrémité de l'horizon, du haut de la colline de Milly : la mer, dont les voyageurs et les poètes avaient jeté dans mon esprit tant d'éclatantes images ; le ciel italien, dont j'avais, pour ainsi dire, aspiré déjà la chaleur et la sérénité dans les vers de *Goethe* et dans les pages de *Corinne* : les monuments encore debout de cette antiquité romaine, dont mes études toutes fraîches avaient rempli ma pensée ; la liberté enfin ; la distance qui jette un prestige sur les choses éloignées ; les aventures, ces accidents certains des longs voyages, que l'imagination jeune prévoit, combine à plaisir et savoure d'avance ; le changement de langue, de visages, de mœurs, qui semble initier l'intelligence à un monde nouveau, tout cela fascinait mon esprit. Je vécus dans un état constant d'ivresse les longs jours d'attente qui précédèrent le départ. Ce délire, renouvelé chaque jour par les magnificences de la nature en Savoie, en Suisse, sur le lac de Genève, sur les glaciers du Simplon, au lac de Côme, à Milan et à Florence, ne retomba qu'à mon retour.”

The following extracts from a short poem, written towards the end of the author's life, in connection with the memory of loved ones departed, and amid the scenes of the dying year, when all inanimate Nature seems to mourn the loss of her departed beauty, appeal to feelings of another kind :—

— “ Voilà les feuilles sans sève
Qui tombent sur le gazon ;
Voilà le vent qui s'élève
Et gemit dans le vallon ;
Voilà l'errante hirondelle
Qui rase du bout de l'aile
L'eau dormante des marais ;
Voilà l'enfant des chaumières
Qui glane sur les bruyères
Le bois tombé des forêts.
L'onde n' a plus le murmure
Dont elle enchantait les bois ;
Sous des rameaux sans verdure
Les oiseaux n'ont plus de voix ;

La brebis sur les collines
Ne trouve plus le gazon,
Son agneau laisse aux épines
Les débris de sa toison :
La flûte aux accords champêtres
Ne rejouis plus les hêtres
Des airs de joie ou d'amours ;
Toute herbe aux champs est glanée
Ainsi finit une année,
Ainsi finissent nos jours !”

John Keble bore some resemblance to Lamartine, for both were remarkable for ideality, elevation of thought, and deeply religious sentiments. The joyous tone of the following extracts contrasts forcibly with the sad, but touching strains of the French poet :—

“ How can I leave thee all unsung
While my heart owns thy dear control ;
And heaven and love have o’er thee flung
The softest moonlight of the soul ?”

“ For not the breath of mortal praise
Thine artless beauty dares profane ;
For thee wild nature wakes her lays,
And thy soul feels the blessed strain.
The song that breaks the grove’s repose,
The shower-drop nestling in the rose,
The brooklet’s morning melody,
To these with soft and solemn tone
Thy spirit stirs in unison,
Owning the music of its native sky.
And when in some fair golden hour
Thy heart-strings shall give back the sigh
Of Love’s wild harp, no earthly bower
Shall lend such hues as bloom to die.
But earnest of the second spring,
Their amaranth wreaths shall angels bring :
And preluding the choir of heaven,
Soft Eden gales shall sweep the lyre,
And starlike points of guiltless fire,
From God’s own altar-flame, to gem thy brow be given.”

These lines, forming part of “*Nunquam Audituræ*,” were written when Keble was only 21 ; the following extract from his later poetry, perhaps surpasses them in beauty, and even flow of metre :—

“ But there’s a sweeter flower than e’er
Blushed on the rosy spray,
A brighter star, a richer bloom—
Than e’er did western heaven illumine
At close of summer day.

“ ’Tis love, the last best gift of heaven ;
Love, gentle, holy, pure ;
But tenderer than a dove’s soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.”

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

WHATEVER may be a pressing need of the day, certainly an adequate supply of authors is not one. Writers abound on every side. On the other hand, supereminent genius is not especially conspicuous, as compared with other times. Yet talent is by no means wanting to the age. We purpose in the present paper, then, to say a few words upon the works of some of our leading writers of biography and fiction. We begin with Carlyle.

According to our view, Carlyle belongs to the ideal class of minds. Though not, perhaps, a poet, he is eminently a philosopher. If we mistake not, his teaching culminates in the climax reached in "*Sartor Resartus*," where he says truly that the highest duty of man is to love God. Occasionally, in the airy heights of his speculations, he reaches regions where we can no longer follow him. In these misty flights to somewhat misty latitudes, he not only leaves the reader far behind, but he seems also to lose himself in clouds and obscurities. As we look back on this effort of genius ("*Sartor Resartus*"), we cannot but feel somewhat of compassion for the mighty intellect we see wandering amid darkness and doubt on questions most vital to the welfare of the soul. But no one can mistake the fact that it is a genius who wanders there. Nor can we deny the presence of sincerity of motive, nor elevation of thought and expression. But in his life of John Sterling, we have no difficulty in keeping pace with our author, for here he dwells among the facts of real life. To the student of literature, as well as to all those familiar with the Saxon style of Carlyle, this biography must prove very interesting. John Sterling's father was the famous *Thunderer* of the *Times*, and largely instrumental in the success which the leading journal has achieved. And John Sterling, and his friend, Frederic Maurice, were, for a time, joint proprietors of the *Athenæum*, in the youthful days of that undertaking. These two facts would of themselves lend an interest to the work, were it unworthy of notice on other account. In the early portion of the book, Edward Sterling, the father, enters on the stage, a remarkable and unmistakable figure. The outlines of his character are drawn in a masterly manner. At p. 19, we are told :—

"In fact the Sterling household was still fluctuating ; the problem of a task for Edward Sterling's powers, and of anchorage for his affairs in any sense, was ruthlessly struggling to solve itself, but was still a good way from being solved."

Our author likens this Captain Edward Sterling, located upon the hill of Welsh Llanblethian, to Prometheus chained on Caucasus, and continues :—

“Edward Sterling, I can well understand, was a man to tug at the chains that held him idle in those, the prime of his years; and to ask restlessly, yet not in anger and remorse, so much as in hope, locomotive speculation, and ever-new adventure and attempt. Is there no task no nearer my own natural size then?”

In 1812, Captain Sterling commences a series of letters to the *Times*, and thus began his very successful connection with that paper. The daily life of the original *Thunderer* is unfolded before us concisely, but graphically. The life of John Sterling himself was one of great vicissitude, trial, and suffering. But he soon discovered an aptitude for letters among the features of his character; for, at p. 38, we learn :—

“Of all forms of public life, in the Talking Era, it was clear that only one completely suited Sterling—the anarchic, nomadic, entirely aerial, and unconditioned one, called Literature. The true Canaan and Mount Zion of a Talking Era must ever be Literature: the ‘Parliamentum,’ or Talking Apparatus, which talks by books and printed papers.”

The *Athenæum*, then recently founded, was purchased by John Sterling and Frederic Maurice; “and so, under free auspices, themselves their own captains, Maurice and he spread sail for this new voyage of adventure into all the world.” But although “writings showing a superior brilliancy and height of aim” appeared about this time (end of the year, 1828), yet the undertaking, for lack of commercial success, had to be transferred to other hands.

John Sterling, notwithstanding his romantic life, necessitated by delicate health, and frequent attacks of severe illness, appears to have borne up bravely against his trials, and accomplished a considerable amount of work, good in its way, during the intervals he was able to snatch for literary occupation.

Mrs. Oliphant is an author of great skill and considerable power. As far as our experience of her works, she excels more as a biographer than as a novelist. Though by no means wanting in ideality, she is, perhaps, hardly equal in this respect to Madame Craven. But in breadth of view, in elevation of thought, in the power of reasoning, and seizing an opponent’s motives, she has few equals among her own sex. These qualities are particularly conspicuous in her admirable *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*. Seldom, indeed, have we had the good fortune to come across a biography which has afforded us so much pleasure, and has opened up so many channels of thought in connection with the great problems of the day. Montalembert will be known to posterity as one of the greatest men of modern France. He is one of those men of genius whose figures become more glorious, and more brilliant, the farther we recede

from them. It is too early yet, while his contemporaries still live, and the memory of recent contests is fresh and vivid, to form a complete and adequate judgment of the great French leader and his public career. Thus, after a careful study of his life, we cannot but think that the nobility of soul, genius, and disinterestedness, which characterised the champion of religion and liberty, will stand out in brighter colours as time flows onwards, and that future generations will not fail to recognise more completely the talents and virtues of the immortal author of the "Monks of the West."

Mrs. Oliphant has given to the English-speaking world a truthful picture of this great figure. It was a difficult task for a Protestant to realise the motives of a fervent Catholic like Montalembert, yet Mrs. Oliphant has done her duty to her subject worthily and well. Discarding prejudice, she has vindicated the character of the great Catholic champion from the aspersions with which it had been assailed.

The various lights and shades, the height and grandeur, the breadth and depth, and other beautiful features of her subject, are truthfully rendered by the pen of the skilful authoress. Her interesting pages bring prominently into relief the French leader, pure, noble, disinterested; the orator, full of fire and eloquence; the charming and talented author; the constant friend; and the man, virtuous and honourable at home, spending his life in the service of God and his country.

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was the son of a French emigrant noble and the daughter of an English gentleman of the name of James Forbes. The Montalemberts sprang from Poitou, a noble and chivalrous race, soldiers from their first appearance on the historic page. A crusader of the family had centuries ago inscribed on the shield of the race the cognisance of the cross. Hence the felicity of that famous *mot* uttered by the great orator on a memorable occasion—"We are the sons of the Crusaders, and we will never retreat before the sons of Voltaire." The grandfather of Charles de Montalembert had been driven out of France by the Revolution, and Mrs. Oliphant brings him before the reader as a reflection of the tragic scenes through which he had passed, as the representative of a fallen cause. On the other hand, James Forbes, his contemporary, and Charles's maternal grandfather, calm, prosperous, and orderly, is a character of a different kind. Coming from a distant branch of the Irish family of Granard, he himself was a thorough Englishman by birth and education. An author of some repute, a great traveller, a minute observer, and learned in natural science, his reputation as an English *savant* procured his release from prison, after a short detention by Napoleon, in the year 1803. Charles, the heir of both races, was born in Mr. Forbes's

house in London, in the year 1810. These were anxious times for the French emigrants, and in consequence, the child, at fifteen months' old, was entrusted to its grandfather's keeping. Our authoress presents us with a beautiful picture of the affection of the old man for the child :—

“The child thus given to Mr. Forbes in his old age seems to have become at once the object of that adoring love, a sentiment at once more tender and more absorbing than simple paternity, which so often passing over the head of one generation, links age and infancy together in the most beautiful of connections. The well-filled library at Stanmore became at once the scene of one of the most touching little dramas of domestic affection. There were but two actors in it ; and, as usual in all the deepest of human sentiments, one only was active, the other passive. The old man among his books, with all the treasures of his well-spent life around him, woke up in the stillness of his solitude at sight of the bright-eyed baby in the corner, trained to play quietly, lest it should disturb him, and lifting wondering blue eyes from time to time to the tranquil aged figure which filled up its little world. The grandfather was stirred into a tender enthusiasm by the presence of the child, for whom his own many experiences, his information, his varied acquirements, might form an inheritance as real, and, perhaps, not less important, than his worldly possessions.”

The death of Mr. Forbes put an abrupt termination to this first chapter of Montalembert's life, thus spent in the companionship and under the loving care of the grandfather.

The loss of this beloved friend and guardian made a deep impression upon the boy of nine years old. It was his first sorrow, and one which to the last he never forgot. This early training had a decidedly happy effect upon the character of the man. The example of intellectual labour, order, and perseverance, thus early set before him, was never forgotten. At thirteen, we find him deploring the loss of valuable time, and the interruption of his education. “He whom Grandfather Forbes had trained to such a serious sense of duty, was compelled now to see his precious days melting away in visits, in amusements, in walks and drives, and pleasure-making, at once uncongenial to his tastes, and distracting to his early-developed sense of duty.” No wonder, then, that he records in his diary about this time, “Day lost, like so many others :” nor that he deplores “the unfortunate and ceaseless gaieties which keep drawing him away from the business of education. Mrs. Oliphant tells us :—

“By himself he reads, and keeps a chronicle of his reading, making up, as best he can, for the want of aid in those private studies, and with a *naïve* and delightful conscientiousness, writing down his opinion of all the authors he reads, new and old, delivering judgment upon Sallust and Tacitus, upon Shakespeare and Racine and Corneille, with a delicious simplicity.”

The routine of his studies while at college was an incredibly severe one, and such as few constitutions could have long endured

without giving way under the severe strain upon their mental faculties. During his college career, the hard-working student formed some ardent friendships, and one especially with M. Leon Cornudet. Their mutual attachment, and union of sentiment, is evidenced by a remarkable act of self-consecration to the cause of "God and Freedom," suggested by Montalembert, and solemnly completed by the two friends, the future champion being then seventeen years of age. "God and Liberty," he wrote in his journal, "these are the two motive-powers of my existence; to reconcile these two perfections shall be the aim of my life." The man who offers himself up for the attainment of so beautiful an ideal merits our highest praise, and is worthy of our most lively sympathy, even in his mistakes. Here we have a key to the whole of Montalembert's life, for we find him either thinking, working, writing, or speaking for the Church, or for the freedom of his country or fellow-men. Even while still at college, he foresaw the difficulties in store for him in public life. According to his views, the clergy did not understand the spirit of the times. "What shall I do? What will become of me? how shall I reconcile my ardent patriotism with my attachment to religion?" he asks, as he beholds the great problem of his life unfolded thus early before him.

We are obliged to pass over without notice large portions of Mrs. Oliphant's excellent work, such as the journey of the young nobleman to Ireland, his reception by, and opinion of, Daniel O'Connell, as well as those chapters wherein she develops the effect of O'Connell's movement upon the Catholics of the Continent, and especially in regard to M. de la Mennais and Montalembert himself. It is not, indeed, that these chapters are wanting in skill, or that they fail to interest us, but the limits of this short article force us to be brief. We hasten, then, into the midst of things, and come at once to Montalembert's connection with Lamennais and Lacordaire—forming as it does one of the principal episodes of his life. We are introduced to Lamennais as "the most illustrious ecclesiastic of his time," though, perhaps, it would be more just to style him the most brilliant figure of the time among the clergy of France. A Breton by birth, he inherited in the highest degree the characteristics of his race, dogged determination, pride, and melancholy. Endowed with extraordinary talent, circumstances combined to render his training unfortunate; he lost his mother at an early age, and being too much his own master in his studies, he eagerly drank in the poison of that infidel philosophy which has been the fruitful source of so many revolutions. Thus was this flower of genius warped in its earliest growth. Thanks to J. J. Rousseau, he deferred his first communion till the age of twenty-two. He then chose the Catholic faith, and surrendered himself completely to the

Church. But he made an unhappy mistake in allowing himself to be prevailed upon to enter the priesthood, for which, it is abundantly evident, he was by no means fitted. After his ordination, he declared, "I am, and henceforth cannot be otherwise, than extraordinarily unhappy."

Yet, when once a priest, he struggled bravely against the gloom which oppressed him, and, in the years that followed, Lamennais worked zealously for the Church; he did her good service with his powerful pen; and, on his first visit to Rome, he was received with great honour by Pope Leo XII.; in fine, in the year 1830, he was still a recognised champion of Catholicity. Lamennais seems to have been the first to conceive the idea of applying the principle of liberty to the Church; and it is a lamentable fact, that the idea, so grand and noble in itself, should have been ultimately pushed to such extremes by this brilliant mind, and should thus have entailed upon its author the censures of Rome, the loss of his faith, and the snapping rudely asunder of the bonds which linked him to his intimate friends and associates.

Mrs. Oliphant graphically pictures the irreligious aspect of France after the revolution of 1830. We have only space for the following extract, in which she sums up the situation:—

"Everything was free, except religion; nor does it seem to have occurred to the generality of men that the Church had any right to ask the freedom which every other institution had secured."

While these wrongs of the Church were moving the "Master" and his disciples—Lamennais and his friends—to consider the means for the establishment of a journal to advocate the Catholic cause, Jean Baptiste Henri Lacordaire, lately ordained priest, was about to embark for America, in order to devote himself to the conversion of the heathen. A letter, however, was put into his hands from the Abbé Gerbet, which induced him to remain in France, and join himself to the little band of disciples surrounding the "Master."

Lacordaire was at this time twenty-eight years of age, that is, eight years older than Montalembert. He had the good fortune to be trained in his early years by an excellent mother by whom the seeds of faith were effectually planted in his soul. But at the Lyceum the boy went with the stream; the irreligious atmosphere of the place clouded the pure light of faith within him, and the cold shades of doubt chilled his whole being. How he was brought back to the faith of his childhood shall he told in his own words:—

"I had grown up for nine years in incredulity, when I heard the voice of God recalling me to Himself. If I search the depths of my memory for the logical causes of my conversion, I find none but the historical and social evi-

dences of Christianity. These evidences impressed themselves on me from the time at which my age allowed me to get rid of the doubts which I had drawn in with the very air that I breathed in the University."

Henceforth, Lacordaire devoted himself to religion with all the heroism, fire, and enthusiasm, which were features of the character of this extraordinary man, now about to become the associate and life-long friend of Montalembert.

Such were the two very remarkable men, who, coming from different quarters of the horizon, met and agreed to march together under the same flag of "God and Freedom," towards the same end—the enfranchisement of religion. When Lacordaire learned that Lamennais had adopted this device, and was about to claim for the Church her share in the freedom of the country, he was overwhelmed with joy. They determined to establish the celebrated *Avenir*. The conception of this scheme must be assigned to Lamennais, and there is on its very face a want of prudence and modesty, remarkable enough, when we recollect that this was a work to be started and carried on for God and the Church above all:—

"They threw prudence to the winds when they establish this bold scheme of resistance—their bold assertion of liberty. Their work was not veiled under any pretence of humility or pious meekness. It was boldly announced as a work (at once Catholic and rational, from which might be expected the enfranchisement of religion, the reconciliation of differing minds, and, in consequence, the renewal of society.'"

The *Avenir* appeared for the first time just as Montalembert returned from his visit to Ireland, in October, 1830. He hastened to make the acquaintance of Lamennais, and thus began that intimate connection of these great men which was so remarkable an incident in the lives of all three. Our subject thus describes his friend Lacordaire as he appeared at their first interview:—

"Born to love and to struggle, he already bore the seal of the double royalty of soul and mind. He appeared to me charming and terrible—a type of enthusiasm for everything good, and of virtue armed to defend truth. I saw in him one of the elect, predestined to all that youth most loves and adores—genius and glory."

Our authoress places before us in a few bold strokes of the pencil the following characteristic picture of the *Avenir*:—

"The *Avenir* indeed, throughout all its short career, is more like a spiritual Quixote than an ordinary newspaper. It goes against every ill deed and every ill doer in its way with a rush and a fury which make the sober spectator giddy, flinging itself at the head of its adversary, rejecting all thoughts of expediency, maintaining a cause as superlative as that of any sacred majesty or Utopian Republic, the cause of the Absolute Best in a world full of compromises. The rights it claimed for the Church, and the impossible sacrifices which it promised in her name, raised for it enemies on every side, thick and many. The Church and the world equally erected themselves

against so generous, yet so rash a champion ; for if the world was determined not to grant the absolute rights thus claimed, the Church was as little disposed to follow the beck of its self-appointed leaders, and to give up even the poor remnant of revenue that was left to her, her morsel of bread, at its call."

The issue of the *Avenir* was suspended in November, 1831, while the three friends proceeded to Rome to lay their views before Pope Gregory XVI., and to obtain, as they fondly hoped, his Holiness's approval and encouragement for their enterprise. But the bitterest disappointment awaited them. The Pope received them graciously, but alluded not to the business for which they had come. Subsequently, Lamennais was informed that his Holiness did justice to their good intentions, but that they had treated supremely delicate questions without the moderation which was desirable ; that these questions should be examined, but that in the meantime they might return to their own country, where they would be told at the proper moment what the decision was. The haughty spirit of Lamennais could ill afford such a rebuff, and instead of obeying the admonition of the Pope, he remained in Rome, and demanded an immediate decision. Lacordaire submitted, and after remonstrating to no effect with Lamennais, set out to return to France. Montalembert, deeply attached to their common master, remained behind with him :—" Thus the pilgrim band was torn asunder ; the two elders in direct and declared opposition (to each other), the youngest of all still more torn asunder than they, agreeing with one by the reason, and with the other by the heart."

Lamennais waited some months to no purpose, but, before leaving the Eternal City, he announced his intention of resuming the *Avenir* on his return to Paris. After this somewhat defiant proceeding, he turned his steps to Germany. The three friends met by accident at Munich, and it was here that the Encyclical of Gregory XVI., condemning both his principles and his undertaking, was placed in the hands of Lamennais. He at first took the matter quietly, and even signed an act of submission, together with the other two friends, which was accepted as satisfactory by the Pope. Ultimately, however, " when Lamennais had regained his solitude of La Chesnaie, and read at his leisure that Encyclical which he had accepted so hastily, other sentiments, less submissive, arose in his mind." Henceforth, the proceedings of this shipwrecked genius were such as only served to pain and alarm his former friends, and to sever himself more and more completely from them.

The accomplished biographer of Montalembert, in a chapter on " Catholic Submission," has taken great pains to justify him and his friend Lacordaire on the ground of reason and common sense ; and, in our opinion, she has shown great skill, fairness, and critical acumen, in treating this somewhat difficult subject. To a Catholic,

the submission of Lacordaire and Montalembert, only appears a matter of course, but to a Protestant it is far otherwise. That two men of genius should consent to forsake their favourite occupations, to turn their backs upon an undertaking they had hitherto cherished, to keep silence upon topics which had hitherto filled their minds and employed their pens—all this in the fulness of the nineteenth century, and at the bidding of a Pope!—this it is which our authoress thinks so wonderful, and which she has laboured so well to explain :—

“Had they anything to gain by it? she asks. No; on the contrary, their lives were torn from their habitual places, and all was for a time chaos around them. Were they fools or bigots incapable of judging what they were about to do? No; on the contrary, one of them, at least, was the very impersonation at once of genius and good sense; and in the other enthusiasm was already tempered by a keenness of mental vision, sometimes almost harsh in its vivacity. What, then, was the cause?

“They were men of good judgment and vigorous imagination both—neither of them likely to escape from those obstinate questionings of the mind with which every man is more or less assailed, when he has taken a decided step in any new direction, or changed his course of action. Had they done it unadvisedly, on some hasty impulse which seemed to promise harmony and reunion, it would have been less remarkable. But they do not seem to have had any thought of this. They did it simply because it appeared to them their duty; their best way of serving God, their most honourable course towards men.

“To both of them the one thing needful, the absolutely indispensable influence for men, was that of Religion. Fervent in their love of free institutions, and in their hatred of tyranny, they were yet influenced beyond all other motives by an anxious wish to convert, to purify, to save the souls, and amend the lives of their countrymen. . . . To his life's end there never was a movement for constitutional and popular freedom which did not secure the instant interest of Montalembert, which did not swell his voice, and light up his eyes with sympathy; but above all this, and still more precious, he held the progress of religion, not refusing an honest and warm admiration to the piety even which he considered to be built upon a wrong foundation. He had that rare candour of soul which permits a man to perceive the qualities he loves, even in his opponent. Thus, almost in any form, religion was dear to him—dearer than everything else; and the spread of what he believed to be true religion was his highest and most cherished mission in this world.”

In these paragraphs, and in much more which we must leave the reader to seek out for himself, Mrs. Oliphant forcibly demonstrates that the idea that their submission was either dishonourable, weak, or servile, could never have occurred to men of such virtue, genius, and independence of mind, as Henri Lacordaire and Count Charles de Montalembert.

We have gone so fully into this episode of the *Avenir*, that we have no space left to notice the remarkable public life of the great Catholic leader of France. It must suffice to say, that in the remainder of her “*Memoir*,” Mrs. Oliphant has succeeded in giving

the world a charming biography, a faithful history, a work well fitted to attract and interest every intelligent reader.

Turning now to the realms of fiction, we observe that in the story of "*May*," the excellencies of this talented authoress (Mrs. Oliphant), do not stand out so prominently to view as in the *Memoir* we have noticed at such length. There are portions of the two first volumes of this novel wherein the interest of the reader is scarcely sustained. Still, these are only minor defects, for, considered as a whole, the plot is a deeply-interesting one, founded, as it would appear to be, on one of those facts of real life so often stranger than fiction. The limits of this paper prevent us from giving even an outline of the chain of incidents of this well-woven story: we must, then, content ourselves with a word or two on such incidents as appear most worthy of remark.

In our opinion, the circumstances of the revelation of Isabell's mother to May are well conceived for the purpose of elucidating the delicate feminine sensibility of the heroine's character. Her consternation on this trying occasion, and the depression and disgust during several days which succeeded it, aid to give us a deeper insight into the depths of May's pure and guileless soul; and now at length, we begin to feel an interest in her fortunes.

As we proceed onwards, the heroine's feeling of human sympathy, and her much-tried sisterly affection, stand out in stronger relief; the subsidence of her mind in a flood of pity and tenderness, the clearing away of her confusion, and the stilling of her angry impulses by an overflow of feeling for the dying wife of her dead brother, are also fine incidents. Here we remark a species of double discovery. May, on the one hand, discovers her brother's wife, and thus solves the mystery wrapped up in the letter found in Tom Heriot's writing-case; and the dying Isabell, on the other hand, discovers that her kind lady-visitor was no other than the sister of her lamented husband, upon whose imprudence and untimely death the whole story hangs. The character of May is full of elevation and beauty, and contrasts admirably with the proud Verna or the vain Matilda. Fanshawe, too, is a life-like character—one of those generous good-for-nothings, so capable of becoming good for much, by contact with a superior will and energy.

With some exceptions, the sentiments of the various characters are appropriate and natural; and the language, notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of the Scotch dialect, must be pronounced, on the whole, flowing, graceful, and excellent.

Comparing George Eliot's "*Middlemarch*," to Madame Craven's "*Fleur Ange*," we notice that the real predominates in the one, and the ideal in the other.

George Eliot's characters are generally drawn from life, and

this it is which invests her work with deep and sustained interest. Nothing overdrawn, or merely fanciful, mars the character of one of the actors in the drama she places before the reader.

Looking back on the long chain of circumstances which make up the plot of "*Middlemarch*," we find them well-devised, and naturally woven together. Two striking scenes out of the first three books are calculated to impress the reader. The one, where Rosamond begins to taste the bitterness of real disappointment as Lydgate rises to depart—tears rush to her eyes; Lydgate beholds in that touch of nature the truth of her love; his heart melts, and he loves in return. And again, the death-bed scene of the old money-worshipping Featherstone. He dies clutching his keys in one hand, and his gold in the other.

In the remaining five books, we remark particularly how truthfully George Eliot depicts the sorrows and trials of married life in the case of Lydgate and Rosamond, and in the various temptations which follow in the train of money difficulties. Dorothea coming to aid them when suffering so acutely from the unjust suspicions attaching to Lydgate in connection with the hypocrite Bulstrode, as well as from the coolness and misunderstanding existing between husband and wife, is a well-designed incident, exhibiting the elevation, strength of will, and rectitude, of which some lofty and generous natures are capable. The development of Dorothea's love for Will Ladislaw is natural enough; so are the early history and later acts of the canting Bulstrode. But Fred Viney's change of life, and the circumstances which follow, especially in connection with Mr. Farebrother, seem to us the least natural and life-like of any part of the story. The ending, too, leaves the impression that the authoress had come to a sudden resolution to close the story, instead of continuing it to its legitimate conclusion.

In regard to the characters, we may add that Dorothea—though not so ideal and beautiful as *Fleur Ange*—is, nevertheless, a noble, high-souled, and generous woman. Pure-minded and compassionate, such characters are real benefactors to the human race. The better side of Will Ladislaw's mind is developed in the later books. The minor actors of the story are very life-like. The sentiments are generally suitable to the plot and the characters. The language is excellent, and betokens a wide range of reading and varied experience.

Madame Craven, on the other hand, excels in the ideal, and thus she leads the mind into higher regions, and, by the beautiful sentiments placed before it, she succeeds in creating a more charming atmosphere around her story, and leaving more exalted images in the memory than the more matter-of-fact authoress of "*Middlemarch*." Especially do we notice this in comparing the endings o

the two stories. In “*Middlemarch*,” the ending winds up abruptly ; many events are crowded into the concluding chapter ; and while we confess our regret in closing the book, we are not without a certain vague feeling of dissatisfaction with the concluding features of the story. But “*Fleur Ange*” leaves us nothing to desire in this respect. The recollection of the virtues and heroism of the heroine, and the beauty of the closing sentence, pointing to the hope of a future life, where everything that “our poor hearts desire and seek, and long for in vain in this world, shall be given as in full measure, heaped up and running over,”—this, and much more, leaves a sense of pleasure and satisfaction with the reader’s mind, which nothing more common-place and matter-of-fact could possibly attain. Thus it is that the ideal writer fulfils her true function, when she lifts the mind to something greater, more lofty, and more beautiful, than we see every day in the aims and acts of the majority of men. This charming story is concluded with a beautiful and ever-memorable sentiment of *Eugenie de la Ferronays* :—

“Life can never be altogether happy because it is not Heaven ; nor altogether miserable, because it is the road to Heaven.”

J. P.

A RONDEAU.

MY lady’s sleep is long this frozen night,
For sure my lady slumbers, since the light
Shows so long such still shadow on her blind ;
She little heeds the howling of the wind,
Heeds little the snow which makes the world one white.

My lady dreams, it may be : would she might
Dream but of me ! Yet no ! my face would fright,—
My face with letters of woe’s fingers lined—
My lady’s sleep !

No ; but may many a fruitful fancy, and bright
As her own fair self, fill her curtained sight,
And my sad face be clean gone out of mind,
Which has no hope to haunt, in love’s despite
My lady’s sleep.

JAMES MEW.

DAME NATURE'S EVENING PARTY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

It so fell out, that once upon a time, Dame Nature determined to give an evening party; for you know all her neighbours were entertaining, and she did not like to seem inhospitable among so many merry-makers. So she resolved to invite everyone to a grand ball; and, remembering what our fond mothers so often tell us, when we are inclined to mend a hole in our gloves or a rent in our dress "just anyhow," that, "if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," Mrs. Nature decided to be very lavish in her expenditure, and to make her party a very grand one indeed.

The ball-room was so very spacious and so magnificent, that it is worthy of a long description all to itself. But some of you don't appreciate descriptions, so you skimmers may skim this paragraph, and try whether the succeeding one be more interesting. (Serve you right if it is not.)

The scene of the festivities was an immense hall, longer, broader, loftier, than any hall you have ever seen or heard of. The floor was ever-varying in hue, though mostly of different shades of a tender green—so springy, so smooth, you danced involuntarily when you beheld it. Here and there were lovely alcoves, enticingly cool, with silvery springs bubbling up in the centre, and fragrant shrubs waving in the scented air. Everything beautiful was collected from every clime to make this hall bewilderingly delicious. Fantastic pillars of glittering ice shone from beds of feathery snow; and grottos of softly tinted corals, with a dazzling floor of mother-of-pearl, twined about with weird-looking seaweeds, tempted the weary waltzer to stay awhile and rest. But the ceiling of this vast hall was the most exquisite portion of it. To the west was a glorious golden lamp, half hid by a crystal sea, that reflected its burnished rays with intense brilliancy. Around the lamp hovered clouds of rosy white or golden vapour, which gently merged off into the palest, softest blue. Around the lamp the blue was exceedingly faint, but it darkened gradually towards the eastern end of the dome, for the roof was dome-shaped. As it darkened tiny silver lamps could just be distinguished, growing brighter and more discernible as the blue deepened. Quite in the east was a silver crescent, just rising over a purple veil, that curtained the entrance to the hall. The music was supplied by a band of winged performers, who flitted through the balmy air, pouring forth sweeter strains than you ever danced to.

Here begins the paragraph that those who skim descriptions had better recommence at, for I mean, now, to begin telling you all about the ball—who danced, who flirted, who fainted, and what they had for supper, best part of the whole concern, I daresay some of you think. The performance was opened by a grand quadrille. They did not *all* dance in it; only the swells, you know, who remembered the figures perfectly. An engaged pair, looking very interesting, were at the top, Mr. Thunder and Miss Lightening. The young lady was a dreadful flirt, and rather a fast girl in fact, her *fiancée* growled horribly at her impulsive ways. She said, she was frightened of him, and was always trying to get away from him; but her mamma said it was a good match, so she wisely returned to her old love after every escapade. He forgave her with some sullen muttering, but she put up with him and only flared up occasionally. Even now the gentleman looked rather black, but she smiled so playfully, that he had not it in his heart to grow really cross. Once though he muttered ominously, when without any warning, the hair-brained, gad-about, asked a spruce, young Fir, to button her glove, as their *vis-a-vis* was East Wind, Esq., a sarcastic, cutting, unamiable sort of a fellow, with the lachrymose Miss Sleet for his partner. The belle of the room, however, was Miss Rainbow, arrayed with extraordinary loveliness. The Honourable April Shower had quite lost his heart to her, and dangled after her the whole evening, rather to her chaperone's, Mrs. Cloudy's, alarm.

The quadrille went off grandly, without any mistakes; the only mishap was a rent in the fair Miss Rainbow's train, carelessly made by a lumbering fellow, November Fog, a loafer about town. The waltz that succeeded was entered into heartily by almost all present. The two that excited most admiration, from the perfection of their style, were Sir South Wind, a fascinating, gentlemanly, winning, young Guardsman, and the pensive, beautiful, Lady Lilly Vale; but really they flirted most shockingly. However, it was so pretty, so gentle, that I am inclined to think it was the genuine thing—regular making love, and not heartless coquetting. Certainly the young baronet whispered very soft things to her, as they floated round, and then she would raise her innocent little face, and glancing bashfully at him for a second, the fair, lovely head would droop so provokingly, he was fain to say something more, just to gain another of those gentle smiles. Once, when Miss Rainbow had declined another round with the Honourable April Shower, he dropped quite unexpectedly on Lady Lilly; but she would not lift up her eyes to meet his uncertain glances; so quite piqued, he got introduced to her Grace the Duchess Rose, who condescendingly danced the Lancers with him.

Miss Lightning's behaviour shocked the dowagers very much, and rather scandalised Dame Nature, who almost wished she had not asked her. She was evidently smitten with several of the tallest and handsomest of the large family of Tree. On one occasion, poor Mr. Thunder found her positively esconced in an alcove, with that objectionable young, Spruce Fir. In sulky rage, he demanded, "What she meant by it."

"Nothing at all," she answered, and returned forthwith to his arms. He did not know what to make of her.

Pretty Miss Snow was very much admired. She was delicately dressed in swansdown, and her tall partner, dark Mr. North Wind, made an admirable contrast to her frail beauty. But he was rather a gusty old chap after all, and, on one occasion, abruptly handed her over to his brother South, whereupon she melted into tears. Unfortunately, for the peace of the assembly, old General Volcano was in rather a bad temper, and spluttered and fumed most fearfully, merely because his son and heir, young Lava, waltzed three times running with both of the red-haired, twin sisters, Vesuvia and Etna. That disagreeable old Mrs. Earthquake was also there. She came trembling all over with palsy from head to foot in such a way, that several could not help saying (as civilly as they could, of course) that they thought it a great pity that she had come at all. Her only remark was, that General Volcano and she were such old and intimate friends, that she rarely denied herself the gratification of being in his company; and yet she only sat in a corner, muttering and grumbling and shaking her finger at everybody in a very offensive manner. Another individual was somewhat like a wet blanket thrown over the general mirth, I mean a juvenile curate of very *high* tendencies, the Rev. Mr. Water Spout. Why he appeared at all no one knows, but we supposed the real attraction was a very charming widow, Mrs. Glittering Gold, who was possessed of a very handsome fortune, left her by her late spouse. Once the young ecclesiastic attacked General Volcano most obstinately, and threatened to "quench him entirely." However, the tough old soldier was too much of a match for him, for he turned so fiery, and grumbled so ominously, that the poor curate really fancied he might be going to evaporate him, and he beat a retreat as speedily as possible. It was very amusing to stand as spectator and watch the giddy throng whirling round and round in the mazes of the waltz. As the evening wore on, symptoms of fatigue were visible upon some of the faces of the revellers; but they knew where to find refreshment. They all filed off to supper. The repast was spread in a vast ante-chamber. The ceiling was of a pale silvery grey, warmed into faint rose and golden, by the sunny glow of a pendant lamp. The tempting viands were spread on a

dazzling crystal board, and the rarest flowers lent their aid to beautify it. The air was perfumed, and a gentle murmuring music, like the sighing of the waves of the sea, rose and fell upon the ear. All was proceeding "as merry as a marriage-bell," when a dark shadow threw the lamp's soft glimmering into gloom, and a distant muttering drowned the tender strains of music, that were enchanting all. Some put a bold face on the matter, and called out "Hear, hear;" when it became known that Mr. Thunder was going to make a speech. Few, however, could repress a smile, when he informed them he wished to say a few words on "Women's Rights" (Miss Lightning looked engrossed with the ice of which she was partaking.)

"Ladies and gentleman," he began, and was just going on saying "He thought ladies had *no* right to behave so flightily, and be so fast; you never knew where you had them, like *someone* he knew," &c.; when the Honourable April Shower, seeing the drift he was sliding into, arose, and, with a winning smile, that distracted some of his fair admirers, reminded his esteemed friend, Mr. Thunder, "That they were met that evening for the purpose of enjoyment, and that they must not offend their hostess, herself a lady, by discussing any of the defects, incident to circumstances, that ladies *might* be guilty of; though, for *his* part, he had never met one that was not *perfect* (admiring glances from the feminine portion of the assembly); and that, feeling sure Mr Thunder must understand his motives in interrupting him as he had done, he would conclude by proposing a toast, which he felt assured that, Mr. T. at their head, they would join him in drinking. Gentlemen, I propose the health of The Ladies!"

Miss Lightning having at this moment darted to the side of her beloved in the most affectionate manner, Mr. Thunder did, as Mr. April Shower had foreseen, rose to his feet, and, in a voice that shook the very building to its foundations, exclaimed—"The Ladies!"

Those of his sex started up like one man, and the air rang again with a cheer that deafened the fair ones, in whose honour it was.

Dame Nature, herself, rose to return thanks. "My friends," she began, in her motherly voice, "though ladies do not generally make speeches, I cannot help rising to tell you what pleasure it has given me to see you all here to-night, and to thank the gentlemen, always our best friends, dear daughters, for the hearty way in which they have signified their appreciation of us. Were I a younger woman, I could not conclude as I am going to do—the appreciation—gentleman is mutual."

She sat down amidst a buzz of applause, and the harmony of all

parties was so cemented by her simple words, that not once again did Miss Lightning incur the frowns of her *fiancée*, and gentle Lady Lilly bestowed such a smile on Sir South Wind, that he utterly lost his heart.

It was morning ere they separated and all acknowledged the jolliest dance that season had been, Dame Nature's Evening Party.

TASSO AT THE CAPITOL.

“O ROUSE thee from the chill of past despair,
“Nor let it brood upon my glorious brow,
“No aching thoughts should dare to haunt thee now;
“The laurel crown is wreathed for thee to wear.
“The people wait their idol, as of yore;
“Shall not thy soul its bloom of rapture bear,
“When Fame stoops o'er thee with enchanting smile,
“Not waiting to be wooed?” And never more,
May aspiration thrill or hope beguile
A heart all hurt and ruined at the core
By life's deceiving and ambitious wile;
Too late the glittering crown for fading eyes,
He heeds not if ye praise him or revile,
But drags his weary chain thus far, and dies!

LEGENDS OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS OF BOHEMIA.

THE Giant Mountains of Bohemia were, in ages gone by, the supposed *locale* of a magician who was a giant, and who, Proteus-like, was able to assume any form he pleased.

Rübezahl—a nick-name which this gnome had acquired—is represented as being a very extraordinary character, not devoted entirely to doing evil, nor to doing good, but extremely capricious in all his actions and feelings; fond of fun, often gentle, and capable of generous deeds, but sometimes rough and ill-natured. He chiefly dwelt in his extensive domains in the subterranean world, but occasionally rose to visit his possessions on the Riesengebirge, or Giant Mountains. Much astonished was Rübezahl, after a long absence underground, to find when gazing from the peaks of the Riesengebirge, that the surrounding country was quite changed. He no longer beheld gloomy forests, and pathless wildernesses, but fertile fields, covered with golden corn, fruitful trees, and peaceful villages. So pleased was he with the novelty of the scene, that the Lord of the Mountains was seized with a desire to become acquainted with mankind, and to learn something of their manners and customs.

How he carried out this resolution the following legends will relate. They have been handed down from generation to generation, and have probably been altered much from the original wild simplicity which doubtless characterised them in former days. The name and fame of this Prince of the Gnomes still lives among the mountainous districts of Bohemia, and the version of the Legends here given was gathered by the author on the spot.

THE MAGICIAN AND THE PRINCESS.

Rübezahl, the legendary hero of the Bohemian mountains, having made up his mind to acquaint himself with the manners and customs of the human race, set about attempting to gratify his wishes. But at first he was unsuccessful; disappointment, however, only made him the more eager to carry out his designs, and he bethought him that it would be advisable to take some disguise which might enable him to mix among mankind as one of themselves; he therefore assumed the form of a handsome young man.

Sallying forth one bright, sunny morning, he reached a magnificent castle belonging to a powerful and wealthy prince. While examining the exterior of the building, he heard the sound of merry

laughter proceeding from the gardens of the castle. His curiosity was awakened, and making his way through the hedges and bushes, he glided noiselessly to the spot from whence the sounds came, and there beheld, near a waterfall which poured its silvery stream into a tasteful basin, seven maidens, who seemed very happy, amusing themselves with various games.

For a long time the magician of the mountains contemplated, unobserved, their joyous sport, and he admired the beauty of the maidens ; but he was particularly struck with the charming Emma, the prince's daughter, who surpassed in loveliness all her companions, and everything beautiful he had hitherto beheld. The longer he stood there, watching their games, the more intense became his admiration of Emma, until he began to fancy that he could not live if she were not to be his.

However, an unaccountable and invincible timidity prevented him from seizing on the charming girl, and carrying her off by force, and she and her companions shortly afterwards disappeared without the lord of the mountains having been able to rouse himself to prevent her going.

From that hour he haunted the gardens of the castle, always expecting the return of the beautiful Emma. It was long before she came, but one very sultry summer's day she and her maidens again sought the cool shade around the waterfall. Her surprise was great on finding the place entirely altered ; the rough stones looked as if of marble and alabaster ; the waters fell no longer rushing in a single stream from the side of the steep mountain, but flowed, its course broken several times, gently murmuring into a wide marble basin, in the centre of which a jet d'eau rose in the air, sprinkling its refreshing drops first on one side, then on the other. Daisies, primroses, and forget-me-nots, blossomed on the border of the basin ; hedges of wild roses mingled with jasmine, and other sweet flowers formed, at a little distance, a lovely enclosure. On one side of the cascade stood the entrance to a charming grotto, the walls and vaulted roof of which were covered with minerals and rock-crystals in mosaics, all so bright and glittering that they almost blinded the eye. In different niches in the wall delicious fruits were placed, as if to tempt the appetite.

The princess stood long gazing around her, lost in silent astonishment, not knowing whether she might trust her own eyes, and venture into this enchanting spot, or if she should turn and fly from it. But curiosity overcame her fears, and she could not withstand the desire to examine everything nearer, and to taste the splendid fruit which appeared to be placed there for her.

Having amused herself until she was tired, she felt a longing to bathe in the clear water which surrounded the fountain ; so ordering

her maidens to keep watch, and lightly clad, she stepped into the bath. Scarcely, however, had she touched the water, than she sank apparently into an endless depth, though the deceptive pyrites, which, shining at the bottom, led to the belief that there was no danger.

Before the maidens, who rushed to her assistance, could seize the golden hair of their fair mistress, the greedy flood had closed over her. The timid group of frightened girls uttered loud lamentations when they beheld their mistress disappear; they wrung their snow-white hands, in vain imploring the Naiads to have pity on them, as they ran in deep distress along the margin of the marble basin, regardless of the water sprinkled over them by the fountain. Still none of them ventured to jump in after the princess, except her favourite Brinhild, who did not hesitate to spring into the deep, faithless stream, expecting to meet with the same fate as her beloved mistress. But she floated like a light cork upon the surface of the water, and, notwithstanding all her efforts, she could not dive under it.

There was nothing to be done but to communicate the sad event to the prince, her father. Mourning and lamenting, the trembling damsels met the prince as he was returning from the woods with his huntsmen. The prince was plunged into the deepest sorrow and dismay at the dreadful intelligence, and hiding his face with his purple mantle, he wept and sighed over the loss of his beloved daughter. When he became a little more composed, he hastened to the spot to inspect the waterfall himself. But the enchanting scene had disappeared, and unadorned nature was there in all its former wildness; there was no grotto, no marble basin, no fountain, and no hedge of roses and jasmine. The good prince never suspected that his daughter had been carried off by some knight-errant, for such escapades were not then in fashion; therefore he did not endeavour to wring from the girls any confession respecting the sudden disappearance of the princess more worthy of belief than the plain truth; on the contrary, he accepted their statement, and concluded that Odin or Thor, or some other god, was mixed up in this mysterious event, and he must comfort himself as best he could for this terrible loss.

Meanwhile, Emma was neither drowned nor badly off. The mountain magician, having contrived to separate her from her companions, and hide her from them, conveyed her along a subterranean passage to a splendid palace, with which her father's residence could not be compared.

When the princess, who had fainted, recovered her senses, she found herself reclining upon a luxurious sofa, robed in a garment of rose-coloured velvet, confined at the waist by a girdle of sky-blue

silk. A very handsome young man knelt at her feet, and offered her his hand in marriage.

Blushing deeply, Emma listened to him, but as she could not accept the flattering offer, having been already a long time engaged to the Bohemian Prince Ratibor, she quickly perceived that dissimulation was necessary in her unpleasant position, so she begged for time to consider his proposal, without annihilating at once the hopes of the mountain's lord.

The delighted gnome then told her who he was, and of the underground regions which he governed; he led her through the chambers and halls of the castle, and showed her all they contained of splendour and riches. Charming pleasure-grounds surrounded the castle on three sides, the bright flowers and cool shades of which seemed particularly to please the princess. The trees were laden with purple and red fruits, or with golden apples, and the bushes were filled with singing birds. But Emma walked listlessly by his side, while he tried in vain to cheer her, and call a smile to her lovely lips. But he was not discouraged.

"Mankind," he said to himself, "are social creatures like bees and ants, and this beautiful mortal is pining for society. Even husbands and wives weary of being always alone. To whom can this poor girl communicate her feelings? with whom consult about the adornment of her person?"

He hastened instantly to the fields, pulled out of the ground a dozen carrots, placed them in a pretty covered basket, and brought them to the charming Emma, whom he found in a shady bower, plucking the leaves from a rose in her sad solitude.

"Most beautiful of the daughters of earth!" said the gnome to her; "banish sorrow from your soul, and open your heart to your sincere friend. You shall be no longer sad in my dwelling. This basket contains everything you can desire to make your present abode agreeable to you. Take this wand, and by merely touching the vegetables in the basket with it, you can give to them any form you please."

So saying, he left the princess, who, having uncovered the basket, did not waste a moment in making use of the magic wand.

"Brinhild," she cried, "dear Brinhild, appear!" And Brinhild presently lay at her feet, clung to her mistress's knees, shed tears of joy, and embraced her just as she used to do. The deception was so complete, that Emma was lost in astonishment, and could not make out whether the real Brinhild had been brought there by magic art, or if her eyes were deluded by some unknown power.

However, she quite gave herself up to the pleasure of having her favourite companion with her, and she wandered hand in hand with her friend round the garden, to let her admire its charming

situation, picking for her the golden apples from the trees. Then she conducted her through all the apartments of the palace, even to the chamber where her wardrobe was kept. There they found so much to examine and admire, that they did not leave it until sunset; every veil, and sash, and ornament, was looked at or tried on. Brinhild showed so much taste in the arrangement of a lady's toilet, that if, by nature, she was nothing but a carrot, no one could deny that she was the gem of her species.

The watchful gnome was delighted with what he fancied was his penetration in regard to the female heart, and rejoiced in the progress he was making in the study of human beings. The beautiful Emma, now more cheerful, appeared to him more lovely and amiable than ever. She did not fail to animate the whole stock of her carrots by means of her magic wand, giving them the forms of the maidens who had been her attendants at her father's palace; and as there were two carrots left, she turned one into a cat, and the other into a pretty little lap-dog. Then she arranged her household, assigning to each of the maidens her respective occupation, and never was noble lady so well served. The domestics obeyed her slightest word, carried out her commands without a sign of contradiction, and even anticipated her wishes. For some weeks she enjoyed, without alloy, the pleasures of society; dancing, singing, playing on the guitar, went on from morning till night, until after a time, the princess observed that she alone looked as fresh as an opening rosebud, whereas her beloved Brinhild and the other girls resembled faded flowers. However, they all declared that they felt quite well, and that the generous gnome stinted them in nothing. Nevertheless, they evidently fell off; day by day they became less and less animated and active, and all the fire of youth seemed to be quenched in them.

One bright morning, as the princess, invigorated by healthy sleep, entered the drawing-room, she started back when a set of shrivelled old women, scarcely able to support themselves, each suffering from a hollow cough, came trembling towards her, walking by the aid of sticks and crutches. The playful lap-dog lay sprawling upon the ground, and the fawning cat had scarcely strength to crawl.

Horror-struck, the princess hurried from the room to escape from the disagreeable spectacle before her. She went out on the balcony, and loudly called the gnome, who, with an air of timidity, immediately made his appearance.

"Ill-natured spirit!" she exclaimed, angrily, "why do you begrudge me the only pleasure I have in my melancholy life—the society of those who seem like my former companions? Is my imprisonment here not enough to distress me, that you must turn

your palace into a hospital? Give back to my maidens youth and good health, or look for nothing from me but hatred and scorn."

"Most beautiful of the daughters of earth!" replied the magician, "do not be angry at what has happened. Everything that lies in my power is at your disposal, but do not demand impossibilities from me. The powers of Nature obey me, still I can do nothing against their immutable laws. As long as vegetable vigour remained in the carrots, the magic wand could change their plant-life according to your pleasure; but their sap is now exhausted, and their being is approaching its end. Let this, however, not distress you, my beloved; a newly-filled basket shall soon replace the former one, and from its contents you can call forth all the forms you desire to see. Return to Nature her gifts which have so agreeably entertained you, and on the large grass-plot in the garden, you will find the means of obtaining better society."

The gnome then withdrew, and Emma took her bright wand in her hand, touched with it the wrinkled female figures, gathered the shrivelled carrots together, and, flinging them away, never gave them another thought.

Then over the light green grass she tripped to look for the newly-filled basket, but nowhere could she find it. She wandered up and down the garden, looking everywhere, even under every rose-bush, but in vain, no basket appeared. At the grapery the magician approached her, evidently so much embarrassed, that she could perceive his discomfiture afar.

"You have deceived me!" she exclaimed. "Where is the basket? I have been searching for it during the last hour in vain."

"Lovely mistress of my heart!" replied the lord of the mountains, "pray pardon me my thoughtlessness. I promised more than I could give. I have searched the whole country round to find carrots, but they have long since been gathered, and are withering in damp cellars. Down yonder in the valley it is winter. Your bright presence alone has chained the spring to these rocks, and under the tread of your feet, flowers spring up. I beseech you to wait patiently three changes of the moon, then you shall never fail to have your puppets to amuse you."

Before the gnome had finished his speech, Emma had discontentedly turned her back upon him, and she immediately betook herself to her own chambers without deigning him any answer.

He at once proceeded to the nearest market-place within his dominions, and, dressed as a farmer, he bought a donkey, and heavy sacks of seeds, with which he loaded it. Field upon field he had sown with these seeds; then he placed one of his subterranean subjects, a gnome, as watchman of the seeds, ordering him to kindle

a fire underground, so as to force the growth of the carrots by warmth, as pine-apples are forced in a hot-house. The carrots sprung up famously, giving promise in a short period of a large supply.

Emma went every day to the fields where the carrots were growing, and appeared more pleased with them than with the golden apples, which seemed to have been transplanted from the garden of the Hesperides for her use. Nevertheless, her melancholy continued, and it cast a shade over her eyes as blue as corn-flowers. She passed most of her time in the gloomy fir woods on the banks of a rivulet, whose waters, glancing like diamonds, and clear as crystal, carried down to the valley beneath the flowers she flung into them.

The magician of the mountains could not fail to perceive that, strive as he might, by a thousand little attentions, to steal into the lovely Emma's heart, he could not gain her love. But he persevered with extraordinary patience in his attempts to please her, and trusted, by fulfilling all her wishes, to overcome her cold feelings. However, this novice in the study of mankind had not the most remote idea of the real reason of Emma's indifference to him. He took it for granted that her heart was free, and herself disengaged. It never entered his mind that there might be a rival in the case.

This, however, was an unlucky mistake, for, as we have before mentioned, the young Bohemian Prince Ratibor had already won the fair Emma's affections, and their wedding was soon to have taken place, when the lovely bride so suddenly disappeared.

The dreadful intelligence of this unfortunate event had a terrible effect upon poor Prince Ratibor. He was plunged into despair, and, leaving his home, he wandered about in solitary, gloomy forests, avoiding his fellow-creatures, and bemoaning his loss to the rocks and the trees.

Meanwhile, the faithful Emma sighed over her secret sorrow in her elegant prison, but she kept her feelings so completely to herself that the gnome could not guess what was passing in her mind. She had long been reflecting if it would be possible to deceive him, and to make her escape from her tiresome imprisonment. After many a sleepless night, she at length bethought her of a plan which might succeed if she could carry it out.

Spring had returned in the valleys, and the magician ordered the underground fires to be discontinued, for the carrots were almost ripe. Emma took a great interest in their growth, and every day rooted up one or two, to which she gave all manner of pleasing forms, apparently merely to amuse herself, but she had a deeper design.

One day she turned a small carrot into a bee, in order to send it forth to bring her news of her beloved.

“ Fly towards the east, dear bee,” she said, “ to Ratibor, the prince of the country, and softly hum into his ear that Emma still lives, and lives for him, but that she is a slave to the prince of the gnomes, the mighty magician who dwells in the mountains. Do not forget a word of this message, but bring me back the assurance of his continued love.”

The bee instantly flew from the finger of her mistress in the direction indicated to her, but scarcely had she commenced her flight, when a greedy swallow pounced upon her, and, to Emma’s great horror, devoured her, thereby preventing her message from being delivered. Then the princess created, by means of her magic wand, a cricket, taught it the same sentence and greeting, and said to it—

“ Jump, little cricket, away over the mountains to Ratibor, the prince of the country, and chirp into his ear that his faithful Emma demands deliverance from her bondage by his strong arm.”

The cricket jumped away as quickly as it could to execute the commission it had received ; but a long-legged stork, that happened to be walking on the very road the cricket had taken, seized it with his sharp beak, and buried it within the depths of his wide craw.

These two unsuccessful attempts did not discourage the determined Emma from trying again, and she gave the third carrot the form of a magpie.

“ Fly, clever bird,” she said, “ from tree to tree, until you reach Prince Ratibor, my intended ; tell him of my imprisonment here, and ask him to wait for me with horses and servants, three days from this, at the confines of the mountains of Maien Valley, there to receive the fugitive who will dare all to escape from her bonds, and who requires his protection.”

The magpie obeyed, and fluttered from one resting-place to another, while the anxious Emma followed his course with her eyes as long as she could.

The sorrowing Ratibor still wandered in the woods, giving himself up to his melancholy thoughts. The return of spring, and all nature unfolding itself again, had increased his grief. He was sitting beneath a shady oak, thinking of the princess as he sighed forth her name aloud. Echo instantly repeated “ Emma,” but at the same time an unknown voice pronounced his own name. He listened, but seeing no one, he concluded that he was mistaken. The same call was, however, now repeated, when, on looking up, he beheld a magpie flying from branch to branch, and found that the bird had been taught to utter his name.

“ Poor prattler !” he exclaimed, “ who has taught you to pronounce the name that belongs to an unhappy being, who only wishes to lose his memory, and be exterminated from this earth ?”

So saying, he angrily seized a stone, and was about to hurl it at the bird, when it uttered the name "Emma."

This talisman rendered the prince's arm powerless, and the magpie rapidly repeated the sentence taught to him. No sooner had Prince Ratibor heard this joyful message, than the great sorrow which had clouded his soul, and had deprived him of all energy, was cleared away like a heavy mist before the sun's bright rays; then he shook off his melancholy and his listlessness, and eagerly inquired about the fate of his dear Emma; but all the chattering magpie could do, was to repeat mechanically his lesson over and over before he flew away.

As if with winged feet, Ratibor hastened back to his palace, ordered his followers to prepare quickly for the journey, and departed with them full of hope, and trusting to succeed in delivering the princess from her thralldom.

Emma, in the meantime, had exercised all her ingenuity in preparing everything to carry out her plan. She ceased to torment the patient magician with repelling coldness; she looked more kindly on him, and her manner became less distant. The lord of the mountains was enchanted; he renewed his entreaties for her hand, and the princess no longer refused his offer. However, she requested the delay of one day more, to which the elated prince of the gnomes willingly agreed.

The following morning, soon after sunrise, the beautiful Emma appeared dressed as a bride, laden with all the ornaments she had found in her jewel-case. Her fair hair was tied in a knot, and surrounded by a wreath of myrtles. The hem of her robe glittered with jewels; and as the gnome, who had been waiting impatiently for her on the wide terrace in the garden, came to meet her, she modestly covered her face with her veil. She was more kind to him than she had ever been before, and said that she only required one more proof of his love and fidelity, before bestowing on him her heart and her hand. The deluded magician promised to do anything that Emma might demand, and on his knees begged the favour of her to tell him what she wished.

"Very well," said the cunning damsel. "What I request of you to do is, to go and count all the carrots in the field; my marriage must not be without witnesses; I wish to animate some of the carrots so that they may act as my bridesmaids; but be careful not to deceive me in miscalculating even by one, for this is the trial by which I will test your love."

Unwillingly as the lord of the mountains left his bride at that moment, he obeyed her without hesitation, setting about his task at once, and with so much eagerness, that he soon summed up the whole number; but in order to be perfectly sure, he counted the

carrots over again, when he found, to his annoyance, an error in the adding-up, which obliged him to go through the reckoning for the third time. But on this occasion he found a further difference in the figures, which obliged him to begin his work over again.

He was scarcely out of sight, when Emma commenced the necessary preparation for her flight from the magician's palace. She had kept a well-grown, juicy carrot, in readiness; this she turned into a spirited horse, entirely caparisoned, then springing into the saddle, she dashed through the groves and over the heaths of the mountain, her enchanted steed carrying her, without once stumbling, down to Maïen Valley, where she found her beloved Ratibor anxiously waiting to receive her.

The busy gnome, meanwhile, had become so absorbed in his counting, that he knew nothing of what was going on around. After a great deal of trouble, he at length succeeded in ascertaining the exact number of carrots in the field, counting in the large and small ones. In high spirits he returned to the palace to give an account of his mission to the mistress of his heart, and to convince her, by the fulfilment of her commands, that he would be the most obliging and attentive of husbands. Well pleased with himself, he proceeded to the grass-plot, but he did not find her there; he then ran through all the shady alleys, and looked into all the bowers, without finding the object of his search. Much disappointed, he repaired to the palace, wandered through the empty halls, looked into the various chambers, and into every nook and corner, crying aloud the dear name of Emma, only to be answered by an echo. Not a word from her charming mouth, not a syllable to break the deep silence which reigned around! It was very strange! What could have become of her? A thought suddenly struck him; he instantly threw off the form he had assumed of a handsome, young man, and as a gigantic phantom, rising high in the air, he beheld the beloved fugitive in the distance, just as the fleet steed had carried her across the boundary of his dominion. The angry spirit seized a couple of clouds that were playfully floating onwards, and rolling them together in his fury hurled a flash of lightning after the fugitives. But it only struck and split an oak-tree which had stood on the confines of his domain for a thousand years. Beyond the boundary-line the magician's vengeance was powerless.

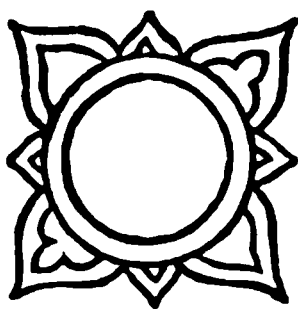
Bewailing his unhappy fate to the four winds of heaven, the disappointed magician returned in despair to his palace. He glided through all its chambers, filling them with sighs and groans; then he once more visited the garden; but that enchanting spot had no longer any charm for him. A single little foot-print discovered on a gravel walk occupied his attention much more than all the golden apples in the trees, or the bright flowers which were springing up on

every side, perfuming the balmy air. Ere long his fury broke out again, he uttered the most fearful oaths, and loudly swore to relinquish all efforts to learn more of mankind, and thenceforth to take no more notice of their deceiving race.

Arrived at this conclusion, he stamped three times upon the ground, and the whole magic palace, with all its splendour, vanished, leaving no trace behind. He commanded the earth to open, and descending down the abyss to the opposite boundary of his domains, to the caverns and rivers in the centre of the earth, he carried along with him his anger and hatred to mankind,

While all this was going on among the mountains, Prince Ratibor was engaged conveying his charming bride to a place of safety, back to the palace of her father. There the marriage was celebrated, and he shared with Emma the throne when the city of Ratibor was built, which still, to this day, bears his name.

The strange adventure which the princess had had in the Riesengebirge, her daring flight and fortunate escape, became one of the legends of the country, being handed down from generation to generation. She was the cause of the nickname bestowed on the magician of *Rübezahl* (counter of carrots), which, much to his annoyance, he has borne to the present day, and doubtless will bear as long as a remnant of his kingdom remains. It, however, will not be destroyed until the whole universe passes away !



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

BY J. H. LAWRENCE-ARCHER.

"THE rose blossoms and the year begins," according to the well-known legend on the ancient vial,¹ and to celebrate this auspicious event the Chinese itinerant florists frequent all the thoroughfares of the towns and villages with baskets full of dwarf pink roses, to say nothing of purple lilies (*Amaryllis*?) and delicate saffron crocuses. Moreover, where Nature seems timid Art steps in and contributes her brilliant rice-paper flowers, amongst which the *Chrysanthemum* is most felicitously imitated. Indeed, the Chinese mind seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the graces of this, to us, child of uncongenial November; for in their ancient "progressive lessons in drawing" there are invariably woodcuts explanatory of the various positions of its radiating petals—hence, however faulty in perspective drawing, they are perhaps inimitable in their representations of this favourite flower.

On the 10th of February business at Hong-Kong seems to be suspended, and the most industrious of the native population abandon their ordinary pursuits to welcome in festivity the advent of spring.

It being the Celestial New Year's Day, therefore, long before daylight there has been an incessant beating of sonorous gongs, accompanied by discharges of "crackers" and other fireworks. These amusements are kept up all day long; and it must be admitted that the personal dignity of the governing class sometimes succumbs to these noisy explosions amongst one's feet in the principal thoroughfares.

But although the *rose*, as is her right, is nominally the floral queen of the day, her sovereignty yields to a very peculiar and beautiful flower, or rather shrub (*Enkianthus Reticulatus*), a branch of which was courteously presented to us by our comprador.² This flower is called *Dechounga*, and seems to be held in as high, if not a higher, estimation than the mistletoe amongst ourselves, for not only does it adorn the festal chambers, but it is even deemed worthy to be placed on the tombs of ancestors.

Its pale pinkish bells, dripping with rich nectaries, cluster round grey stems, each tiny peal being surmounted with a tuft of delicate lanceolate leaves—fresh, red, and glossy—much in the style of the

¹ Davis's China.² Steward or butler.

Mezereon, although in other respects the two plants are widely dissimilar.

There is a still earlier blooming shrub with pink starry blossoms, called *Ham-tchu-fa*; but it does not appear to be such a favourite as the above.

The *Narcissus poetica* is another flower of the season, and shares an equal popularity, and baskets full of it are hawked about the streets and are eagerly purchased, even by the poor.

It is not alone in Europe, as we may see, that the New Year has its social votaries. Here in Hong-Kong the lynx-eyed old grey-beard is abroad, junketing hand in hand with his son or grandson, purchasing toys, and, for the nonce, casting care to the winds, and "going in" for sweatmeats.

The boys in the streets have taken to *shuttlecock*, but not *battledore*, for by a dexterous use of the soles of their shoes, they manage to play the game admirably, and send the feathery toy flying high into the air.

Others—perhaps the victims of antiquated regulations—parade the streets in long blue gowns, much like our Christchurch boys, and mark, by the decorum of their manner, sons of the upper classes.

As may be supposed, the pastrycooks are not idle on so auspicious an anniversary. The doors of the eating-houses display increased rows of the popular dried wild-duck, which, stretched as they are on skewers, resemble finnon haddocks rather than members of the great family of the *Anatidæ*. There is everywhere unusual bustle, and coolies with trays like reversed card-tables, the legs being uppermost, are to be seen bearing to intending feasts the *classical roast pig*, unctuous and brown, and covered with floral rosettes.

Tailors, too, and toy makers seem to be plying a brisk trade, and are indeed the only two classes, besides the cooks, that seem not to have followed the example of other trades. But tailors especially are everywhere remarkable men. Neither the cutting satire nor pointed epigram which would drive a French statesman almost to suicide, have any other effect on them than to inspire the most jealous care of their personal honour, and the highest *esprit de corps*. Chinese tailors are not behind their brethren elsewhere in these sentiments, and are generally amongst the most independent of their social class, notwithstanding the stories of servile imitation so often reported against them.

The decline of day brings with it no cessation of noise, and this continues until a late hour, but gradually, as the people retire within doors, festivities assume another aspect, and at night Hong-Kong, as seen from the opposite shores of Kowloon, with its numerous and

brilliant illuminations, presents the effect, as it were, of myriads of fireflies swarming up the black mountain side, or as though some constellation had started from its sphere and fallen on the rocky shore.

At the season of the year histrionic amusements are, of course, not to be overlooked. And, accordingly, after many unsuccessful efforts, we succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of a theatre, or "sing-song;" but it was no easy matter to do so at night; for, like many of our own *establishments*, it was ingeniously secreted in a mass of dingy houses in an obscure back street.

On our way we passed many shops, prettily illuminated with a surprising variety of painted paper lamps, which glowed with birds, flowers, and vermilion letters, and lit up the long pendant "signs" (like knife-boards) rich in gilding, but certainly inconvenient in narrow streets on a windy day.

A current of human faces, representing, as usual, every variety of nationality, was surging steadily up to the doors of the *sing-song*, while occasionally *eddies* swept into suspicious-looking houses on the way, where, through an open door, one might observe European sailors dancing to the fiddle of a *negro* messmate; for the solitary specimens of the latter race, generally to be found on board.o'-ship, take very much the part of Caliban when ashore.

But before proceeding further, it should be noticed that the entrances to many of these suspicious-looking houses in this unfashionable locality, are very peculiar and suggestive. Thus, amid a profusion of rich carving and gilding, intermixed with red and gold paper ornaments, and representation of birds and flowers, there is generally a large picture, exactly facing the entrance, and sometimes concealing the interior, of the Chinese *Aphrodite*, who is invariably portrayed with a mariner's compass in one hand, and in the other the mystic *pa quâ*, or symbol of universal nature.¹

By an ingenious arrangement of these pictorial screens, the effect of magnitude is often imparted to a dwelling of the meanest proportions. But the Chinese are eminently skilful and tasteful in such contrivances; and from the plants of a garden to the folding of an ordinary shop parcel we recognise the *genius* of puzzles.

But to return. Perceiving a dingy light in one of the upper windows of a dark and obscure block of houses, we soon found that it was at this point that the crowd was gradually absorbed, and now our own turn came. At the entrance, under the flickering light of a small lamp, a Chinese box-keeper issued his *tickets* at a dollar a piece; but it struck us forcibly, from the appearance of the bystanders, that this *tariff* was improvised specially for our admission.

¹ This is the original of the hieroglyphics of the celebrated Earl of Essex's *Oraculum*, reproduced in what is called "Napoleon's Book of Fate."

Ascending a dimly-lighted and *unclean* staircase, we were speedily ushered into "the house"—a large room with a stage at one end, directly in front of which were the stalls fitted up with wicker arm-chairs, and duly railed off to prevent the intrusion of the less aristocratic—or, at any rate, the less cleanly—portion of the audience.

There was no *proscenium* to the stage; and in place of a *float*, two bamboo candelabra,¹ with earthenware saucers unctuous with some offensive combustible material, cast a smoky glare around.

For the accommodation of the performers there was the usual dramatic table, flanked by chairs, such as we are accustomed to see, cleverly and simultaneously carried off by the brisk *dummy* in green and red livery. *Behind* this table were the orchestra, half-a-dozen musicians, causing a terrific din with their shrill fifes and deep-toned gongs. There was no attempt whatever at scenery; and the stage assistants seemed to move about, even during exciting scenes, with the most admirable disregard of the feelings of the spectators.

Two youthful actors impersonated, with the most inflated airs, mandarins of the highest quality, and who must be supposed to have passed an infinite number of those competitive examinations (which, by the way, we seem to have borrowed from the Chinese) that are the only passports to official rank. A third, whose *rôle* was an ill-used young wife, seemed to take with wonderful submission the heavy burdens with which a cruel husband loaded her, and who did not scruple, despite her tears, to apply his heavy Tartar boots to her aching sides. On one occasion she dexterously avoided an attempt made on her life with a brilliant red and blue sword, and elicited by her agility several rounds of applause.

Allowing for the inferiority of the play itself and the scenic accessories, it must be admitted that the characters were well sustained. There was no hesitation in the dialogue, and no want of expression in either the action or the looks of the performers. But a Chinese play is too simple to please modern taste; and the introduction of a chorus, to carry on the story, reminds one of those ancient dramas, which, delightful as they are to the *reader*, have so few attractions for the spectator.

With the play ended the divertisements of the first, and, probably, the only New Year's Day the writer will ever spend in

¹ The red and white *rocket* candles of China have this peculiarity, that the candle is, in truth, merely a cylindrical envelope of hardened whey and paste filled with common tallow, through the centre of which is passed a thin stick, bound round with cotton, and which serves as a wick. Such candles are susceptible of the most beautiful ornamentation, and are in themselves attractive objects.

these regions of the "day-spring." The *hand* that *transcribed* his notes of the voyage thither is gone, and with it the intent which might have stimulated a more ambitious effort— "*anni lahuntur!*"

Anglo-Chinese statistics are exceedingly interesting to those who put faith in the Pythagorean doctrine that the government of the universe is dependent on the combination of numerical figures; and it must be instructive to hear, according to returns published a short time since, that the value of the Chinese mercantile marine is estimated at the highly suggestive figures, "9999" of some sort of coin.

There can be little doubt that these Orientals have given us some useful hints in naval architecture—as, for instance, the compartment principle, and the sharp bows, with broad quarters, besides others, more or less original. But it is remarkable how seldom, in popular representations of Chinese vessels, we see the real rakish craft of the Southern waters, and which, in tacking and "putting about," spin round on their centre, in obedience to a seemingly disproportionate rudder, with a rapidity quite startling, and attributable to their being destitute of keel, an eccentricity which, however, does not appear in the least to affect their stability.

When a squadron of these semi-piratical vessels is manœuvring off the coast of Kowloon, they wheel and skim along the waters like a flight of birds, and afford an interesting spectacle. But the seafaring is a fine race in Southern China; and from infancy they learn to consider that their true element is the water, hence the rapidity and precision of their movements in the management of their peculiar vessels.

The Chinese boatmen sleep on a very remarkable kind of pillow, which, although, not exactly such as a Sybarite would choose, is, nevertheless, physiologically conducive to the object in view. It is made of bamboo, and, in size and shape, resembles those little brass-bound trunks in which we deposit envelopes; the convex lid, as it were, supporting the back of the neck, and allowing the head to fall well back. But one must have been working all day to court the curtained sleep in such a fashion, for he could not possibly toss about on such a pillow, and to all appearance must either enter the land of dreams at once, or not at all.

But we have no intention of repeating oft-told tales, and describing the lithe boatwomen with their little crab-like infants, bound to their backs in an embroidered square red cloth, or the economy of labour exemplified in the wheel for drawing in nets, or the ill-usage of these poor and industrious people by a mixed¹ and ignorant police, imperfectly acquainted with the language.

¹ The police of Hong-Kong are taken from the mixed European and Indian immigrants, as well as from the native classes.

There, however, occurs a festival on the twelfth of June, which is sufficiently curious to excuse a few remarks. This is the *fête* of the Bamboo, held by the whole seafaring population, who, on the occasion, abandon themselves to unrestrained enjoyment, exploding crackers, eating chow-chow, and only staying a few moments *en passant* to pay their limited respects at Confucian shrines.

But the principal attraction of the day is boat-racing, not in ordinary *shampans*, but in long narrow *proas*, called by strangers "snake boats," and which display at the bows the richly-gilt head of the Imperial Dragon. Each boat is manned by twelve rowers, stripped to the waist. Their captain is the coxwain, and discharges his functions in a holiday costume, while number "14" sits at the bows beating madly on a kettle-drum under the flutter of gorgeously embroidered silken banners and streamers, to the intense gratification of the vast concourse assembled on the beach to witness the race. The principal banner, however, is displayed at the stern, and is distinguished by a sprig of the bamboo blossom affixed to the top of the staff, the silken banner itself being carried up the latter in a narrow strip, like the feathering of a quill.

These sports are in honour of the useful "giant grass," without which it is impossible to conceive how a Chinese could exist. On the present occasion the evening was calm and beautiful, and the effect of the long ornamental boats was almost classical, propelled by vigorous thews and sinews, and almost enveloped in the silvery spray raised around them by the violent exertions of the scullers, as they clave their way through the now golden-tinged waters of sunset to the incessant beating of drums and their own wild cries.

The absence of ill-humour, and the perfect harmony with which these exciting proceedings were carried on, impressed us with a favourable opinion of the social system of these semi-pirates; for there are few villages which do not contain a certain portion of their families, and we do not seem much to disturb their confraternities on shore; indeed, notorious pirates may be seen purchasing cannon and ammunition at the Hong-Kong auctions, and laying in stores for an "expedition;" and there almost seems to be a tacit understanding on the subject, the pirates clearing out of harbour, and, after a fair start being given, in the course of a week or so the gun-boats following in pursuit, and making the work of retribution not altogether unprofitable.

The promontory, or almost peninsula of Kowloon, including the town of that name, beautifully secluded on the opposite side of a low range of hills, deeply cut up with ravines, affords natural facilities for organising piratical expeditions; and the spectators of

the boat races just described, had most of them, issued from such haunts, and seemed to enjoy such harmless pastimes, not under the vine and fig-tree, but under the lovely blossoms of the tree jasmine (the *frangipani* of our perfumers), which fill the air with delicious odours.

As it grew dark, we observed men standing at the sterns of their junks and shampan, with a torch in one hand and a lighted paper in the other, which, when wrapped in flame, they cast to the winds and the waves.

But far more striking than any of these scenes is the view across the Straits from Kowloon, on a sunny day, when the ships of war happen to be thundering forth a salute, and the sound of each gun comes booming over the water, while clouds of white smoke are rolled forth on the blue surface, and curl gracefully up the rocky heights, a thousand echoes repeating every discharge.

Nor is the gallant display of noble ships, adorned with flags, marred by the violent contrast of the *Yellow Frigate*, or hospital ship, laying lazily at its moorings, like a monster pumpkin afloat. It was on such a day as this that we bade farewell to the "flowery land,"—a gentle ripple under the bows, and the gallant ship was fairly under weigh.

At the same moment a two-masted Chinese junk, which had served us while in harbour, as a tender, paid us the compliment of setting sail, and, gliding lightly ahead, with all her streamers flying, and amid rapid discharges of *chin-chan* crackers, and at length, when etiquette permitted her, hove to, we returned the compliment with one parting gun.

Once fairly started a crowd of reflections arises; and few there are, probably, who can say that books give any but an imperfect idea of the inexhaustible interest of that strange land.

A Reminiscence of Spa.

A REMINISCENCE OF SPA.

BY A VOLUNTEER.

I BELONG to a crack volunteer regiment. Our fellows have named it the "Dare Devils," or "D.D.'s," in anticipation of the desperate deeds of daring valour with which we mean to astonish the world if an enemy should ever be rash enough to give us the chance by an attempt to invade our tight little island.

As time rolls on, and the seasons wheel round for the display of our prowess at Brighton, Wimbledon, or elsewhere, recollections naturally crowd thick upon me of the stirring events by flood and field which have signalised the chequered military career of the Volunteer force, in all of which, I am proud to say, honourable mention has been made of the "D.D.'s."

The incident I am about to relate is connected, though not in a military point of view, with one of the many proud days of our volunteer life, that of the invitation of our Belgian brethren to assist at their *Tir National*, at Liege, in 1869. In September of that year a few picked men, of whom I was one, went over to Belgium to represent our regiment. The weather, which rarely favours the volunteers, but as a rule throws cold water on all our proceedings, on that occasion stormed and raged with its wildest fury. The stoutest hearts and the strongest frames succumbed to the effects of that stormy passage, and we arrived at Antwerp in a pitiable plight. But *les bons Belges* had assembled in crowds to greet us with loving cup and friendly speeches; so we plucked up our spirits, and, for the honour of our country, landed like men, marched to the station, and long before Liege was in sight the "D.D.'s" were themselves again.

Some of us were pretty well fleeced at the picturesque old city of Liege. Of course it was all in a friendly way, and I merely glance at the fact as I pass on because it, in a measure, bears on my story; for two of my comrades—young men not overburdened with cash—on discovering that the necessaries of life were at famine prices in Liege, placed in my hands five pounds, which they had intended to spend in amusing themselves, as a reserve for the expenses of the journey home. I have the reputation of being a steady, careful fellow, therefore my pockets they considered safer than their own, and, indeed, as safe as the Bank. For myself, I was unusually flush my governor, in a generous fit of insanity—which he labours under but too seldom—having given me twenty pounds for the extra expenses of that expedition.

It may be remembered that after their reception at Liege the volunteers were to receive an ovation at Spa, and that the gambling tables were to be closed during our stay, that we might not be led into temptation. This delicate attention was resented by many of our set, as an insulting reminder that, although individually, every man of us was reputed a British lion, yet, collectively, and in fact, we were nothing but a set of poor devils. I looked upon it as depriving one or more of us of the chance of making a fortune by an easy and rapid process. I had never seen a "*green table*," but I had read of the novice's reputed luck at those gambling places, and I determined to frustrate the amiable intentions of the authorities at Spa and win a good round sum—if I could. Accordingly, I took the first opportunity of giving my comrades the slip, and one evening, after having carried off the honours at the *Tir-*under pretext of a splitting headache, I left them and made good my escape to Spa. It was raining in torrents when the train stopped at the station, close to a long, gutter-like road, where I took the first omnibus I met with, that of the Hotel des Pays Bas. The waiter who showed me to my room carried with him a choice selection of guide-books, with which, he told me, it was his privilege to supply "*Messieurs les Anglais*," and that all Guides not bought of him would be found to be false guides. I took the one he most commended—of course, that of highest price. "The beauties of Spa" were described in a page or two; the rest being a treatise on gambling, for the benefit of ignoramuses like myself. It was the very thing I wanted. I sat up half the night to study gambling systematically. The next morning I set off betimes to make the usual round of the Fountains, returning early to my studies. The *table d'hôte* was at half-past four, and immediately after I left for the *salon de jeu*.

I had changed my uniform for a plain suit before leaving Liege, not wishing to forestall any of the honours of the reception that awaited my comrades. I confess that a sort of dizziness seized me as I entered the *salon*, and I thought of the contrast between the amount of money I had then in my pocket and that which I fully expected to carry away. My usual *sang-froid* and steadiness of nerve, perhaps, also forsook me at that trying moment when I was about to lay down the first stake I had ever laid on the *tapis vert*.

I was separating my friend's five-pound note from my own four fives, when a man whom I had not before observed, a foreigner, that is to say, not an Englishman, with a large, bushy black beard, and wearing an elaborately-braided military frock, jogged my elbow, and nodding with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, said, in broken English, "Pardon, sare; you must change your *billets—permettez*, I do dat for you, and make you pay noting but

tanks. I love de Engleesh, sare ; *grande nation ! noble fellar, ces volontaires !*"

"Sir !" I answered fiercely, wondering whether my martial bearing had betrayed me.

"*Tout-a-fait soldat, sare volontaire !*" he cried, giving me a blow in the side. "Ah, moosh courage ! bold as Engleesh bulldog ! I see dat—*pas de chance ces* German mans, sare. If he come to *Londres*, volontaire shall knock his Got-tam head off, and drown his *corps* in dat noble farder Tames !"

"That's just what the 'D.D.'s' would do," I thought.

Very adroitly he took from me two of my notes, giving me five Belgian ones in exchange.

"Tank you, sare ; you have change," he said.

I approached the table ; he kept close to me.

"Now, sare, fifty on *couleur* and you vin."

Mechanically, as it were, I did as the fellow told me. I won !

"Ah !" he exclaimed, "*bon commencement !*" Now, sare, you shall vin moosh. I shall stay at you *dos*, to see you are not sheet."

"*Monsieur*," I began, "*Monsieur—je suis—je suis—bien—merci*. I mean, don't trouble yourself."

"Ah, *mon ami*, no troub ; *au contraire, grand plaisir*. Play den—*encore* fifty."

Scarcely knowing why, I obeyed him, though I longed to kick him out of the room. Again I won ! He clapped me on the back crying out—

"Dare, brave volontaire, put dat money in you *poche*—all de vinnings. I have pin de *carte* for you, so no more *couleur* for de present time, but hunderd franc for *l'inverse*."

With all the *hauteur* I could command—which, indeed, was not much, for I had a strange difficulty in uttering my words, which I attributed to fatigue and the bad wine—I had drunk a bottle at dinner—I said, "You will oblige me, sir, by leaving me." But he was not so easily shaken off, and fierce looks had no effect.

"You not offend me by dese bad words," he answered. "I love de Engleesh moosh, and am you great *ami*. Now, sare, de hunderd franc."

I put two notes on the spot he pointed out. I won ! He laughed gleefully, whistled, and capered about, calling out : "Into de *poche* vid de vinnings. Fifty more to vin. Now change for de Engleesh note !" Again fortune favoured me.

He drew out his *porte-feuille* and offered me five more Belgian notes. I refused them, as I had already so many ; but he thrust them into my hands, and, in an excited tone, demanded *my* notes. As I had won so much under his direction I gave them, hoping

also by that means to get quit of him. He put the notes carefully away, then, drawing me aside, said—

“*Cher volontaire*, I see *elaiement* dat you not like de *conseil* and de company of you *grand ami*. I shall go, den. But you are novice, *mon ami*; and ven I am left you shall lose. I tell, you, den, *jouez de somme* you please on de *couleur*, and you shall vin tree time. *A demain!*” He gave me a hugging embrace, which I resented, fiercely. “*Demain!* I come again.” He disappeared; and, with a feeling of relief, I turned again towards the table.

“Who is that man?” I inquired; but, apparently, I was not understood, for the persons I had spoken to only laughed and turned away. However, I thought I would follow my friend’s parting counsel, and laid one of his notes on the table. For the first time I lost. I was about to put down a second note when there was a call to point out the person who had played the first. I was instantly surrounded and held fast. Not knowing the cause of this treatment, I made an effort to free myself, and very soon did so. “Don’t touch an Englishman, and a ‘D.D.’!” I exclaimed; “and let no imp in these infernal regions think to frighten *me!*” Two or three Englishmen came forward. One of them urged me to be quiet until the matter was explained. “And what is the the matter?” I asked.

“The note you threw on the table,” he answered, “is either a forged or a flash one.”

“It was given me by a man who changed my English notes for French and Belgian ones!” I said. “Here are four others!” and I tossed them across the table. They were all alike, worthless! “Confound the fellow!” I exclaimed. “However, I have other notes, won at this table, therefore, I suppose good.” I felt in my pocket for them, they were gone! My pocket-book, containing my friends’ money, had also disappeared! My watch and chain too were missing! I became furious, and in the plainest of English told the *croupier* and the whole set what I thought of them; but I was merely laughed at. Then my story was not believed. I described the fellow who had robbed me. “A regular *habituè*,” was the rejoinder. “*He* rob and cheat you?—impossible!”

The police were then called to carry me off to prison. I resisted, kicked, and struck out right and left, and threatened to publish their infamous conduct to the world in a letter to the *Times*.

But in vain the threat! They even laughed derisively! pointed at me, hissed and hooted! I was so choked with rage that it deprived me of the power of utterance. My indignation seemed, as were, to suffocate me from inability to give expression to it. Two men tightly grasped my wrists and threw me down. A hand was placed over my mouth, and I felt that those ruffians were on

the point of overpowering me. By a desperate effort I shook them off, rose to my feet, and, in a voice of thunder, the pent-up fury I had so strangely been suffering from, burst forth in these words: "To the rescue!—Dare Devils!—to the rescue!"

Two well-known voices responded to the call. "Here we are, my boy!" They were those of the friends I had left at Liege. "Why, Jephson," they cried, "what the devil's the matter with you?"

I stared at them with surprise. "That villian must be caught!" I said.

They burst into a loud laugh, and I then perceived that a waiter, who had attended at dinner, was standing by, with an impertinent grin on his countenance, while several strange faces were gazing curiously at me. I was also a good deal surprised to find that I was in the smoking-room of the hotel.

"You've been dreaming, old fellow," said Williams, "dropping asleep over your guide-book. Scott and I came over to Spa to look after you. We arrived only half-an-hour ago, and found you sleeping here. We were told you had been riding round the country all day, so we agreed to let you take your nap out. But you've been making such an awful row for the last five minutes, that I gave you a gentle jog to quiet you, when you roared out—'To the rescue?' and awoke yourself with the effort."

I was not convinced. I felt in my pockets—the money was safe! so was my watch! There was a general laugh. I could not join in it; for, in a distant corner of the room, just visible through a cloud of smoke, with his eyes fixed on me, and apparently much amused at what was going on, sat the bearded and braided foreigner! I started up and advanced a step or two towards him. He laughed loudly—

"Ah, *sare volontarie*," he exclaimed, "you do me de honour to tink of me in you *rêves*?"

It was his voice! Suddenly I remembered that he had sat opposite to me at the *table d'hôte*, and had talked incessantly. I snatched up my book and cigar-case and rushed out of the room. My companions followed, and I took a stroll with them to shake off the effects of the vivid impression which my mind still retained of the reality of the scene from which I had just awakened. For that evening I had had enough of "the tables." The next day they were closed to us. Thus vanished also the vain hopes I had cherished in my waking dreams.

A WANDERER'S CHRISTMAS.

DEEP stillness slumbers over all
The tropic brake from earth to sky ;
Through the dead night no leaf doth fall
From any tree that lifts its tall
And shapely-tufted stem on high.

The heavy-tangled trailers creep
About the river-bordering trees,
And drop their knotted branches deep
Down to the stream whose waters sweep
Round large leaves trembling with no breeze..

Here, in this strange untrodden land,
Where nothing known comes to my sight—
Here, feeling forest odours fann'd
Upon my cheek, alone I stand,
And think that this is Christmas-night.

There lie my fellow-wanderers, now
In sleep the wanderer knows alone
Who feels heaven's breath upon his brow,
Whose shelter is the forest bough,
Whose lullaby each forest tone.

In midst of many a dusky race
For days unnumbered we had been,
And knew in no discovered place
We e'er could look upon a face
That in a past day we had seen.

Strange faces all, and to our eyes,
At least not lovely, strange of hue,
But dwellers in a land whence rise
Glories of growth, plants under skies
Of heavy, overhanging blue.

Through all the wild luxuriance
Of nature we had wandered on,
Until this morn we saw by chance

The lily-shadowed river glance
Through the thick brake where we had gone.

A dull stream sluggish on its way ;
But by its marge in all delight
We said, " We shall not farther stray ;
Here shall we spend our Christmas-day,
And here shall drink our Christmas-night."

So in the grateful plaintain shade
We made as merry as we could ;
And all the day that tangled glade
Of brakewood rung till eve did fade,
In song and laughter, of our mood.

But when day droopt and the large sun
Fired the broad floating leaves with red,
We brought the last spoil of our gun,
And when the hot, calm day was done
Our Christmas banquet here we spread.

Beneath strange stars we drank to those
Who in the far-off Northern Home
We knew remembered, through their snows,
The wandered ones ; then from us rose
Songs that roam not though all things roam.

In that untrodden land we sung
The songs we knew that they would sing ;
And in each pause around us rung
Dim echoes in our native tongue,
Like distant spirits answering.

We paused ; then to our hearts the tone
Of each loved voice came pure and clear
As by our heart it had been known
In the past days ; nor voice alone
Came, but their very souls were near.

We clasp'd again the tender hand
Which ours so oft had held and prest,
We seemed in all our love to stand
With them on the forsaken land,
And for the hour the dream was blest.

Then did we name their names ; to all
We drank ; we pictured them once more
Among the hollies of the hall
And glistening berries of the wall,
With the dear gladness known before.

The dusky men that with us came,
The Kaffirs of our company,
We feasted, teaching them to frame
The syllables of each English name
We drank to in our Christmas glee.

Till midnight came we sat and told
Tales that by Christmas fires we heard ;
And, thinking how we used to hold
Our breath in hearing them of old,
A tear sprang from a memory stirred.

Then one by one all dropt to rest ;
But I, a watcher, here alone,
Let my thought wander unrepent,
For dreams of joy come to my breast,
And sweetest visions it has known.

Into the starry North I gaze,
And lo, I seem to be again
Upon the land of former days,
And walking in familiar ways,
And with old friends in talk as then.

They sit around their Christmas cheer—
I know well each accustomed form ;
The laughter and the song I hear ;
The logs within burn bright and clear,
Without snow falls and roars the storm.

And now they lift full glass and drink
To us beneath the brighter beams,
And for a while they pause and think
“ *Where are they now?* . . . Thus visions link
Themselves into a chain of dreams.

But lo, the branches of the brake
Crackle beneath a heavy tread ;
From visions of the Home I wake
And see a river-horse forsake
The forest for the river-bed.

He sees me now in wonderment;
A Christmas story's monster this;—
And pauses with his huge head bent
An instant, then departs content
With that unwieldly gait of his.

And now I hear him plunge and sway
The waters with his clumsy might;
The bordering leaf shakes in the spray
Beside me, and I look and say,
“Can this indeed be Christmas-night?”

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



FAIRY FENELLA.

CHAPTER XXII. (*continued.*)

“WHERE is Josephine?” Lucy asked, as soon as she was seated on the dining-room sofa, with her mother’s hand in hers.

“She went home this morning. I could not persuade her to wait and welcome you ; but she intends coming over to-morrow. I know not what crotchet she took into her head about hurrying home. She is a very pleasant companion, Lucy : you have no idea how attentive she has been to me.”

Josephine had been taking care of Mrs. Fitzpatrick during the three months of Lucy’s sojourn in Dublin, and besides winning golden opinions from both master and mistress of Finn Hill, by her obliging and cheerful companionship, had used her opportunities so well, that Dr. Corrie had proposed to her a few days before.

Feeling proudly that she had not wasted her time, she turned her back upon the scene of her conquest, and resought the bosom of her affectionate family at the Lodge, whither we shall take the liberty of following her. She marched triumphantly into the drawing-room, where her mother, aunt, and sisters were assembled. Mrs. Drummond told her she supposed she was come back for good, and she was glad to have her at home again.

“Thank you, mamma : ” I have been petted at a great rate by Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, so I am glad to hear you are prepared to make much of me. Are Harriet and Reby glad to get me back, I wonder ? They seem to be quite overcome by their feelings ?”

“Oh, we must put up with you, I suppose, ” said Reby.

“Have you learned to make yourself useful at Finn Hill ?” inquired her aunt ; “for if so, I shall be glad if you’ll help me with those sheets and table-cloths.”

“Sheets and table-cloths ! ” cried Josephine, examining Aunt Harriet’s cumbrous needlework with an affectation of seeing such things for the first time in her life,—“sheets and table-cloths, curtains and pillow-cases ; I shall want articles of that kind for my new house, of course.”

The girls all stared at her with wide-open eyes.

“What can you mean, Josephine ? ” they asked.

“But the trousseau has to be provided first. Won’t you all help me to choose it, and make it up ? ”

"The trousseau, girl! What nonsense are you talking?" cried Aunt Harriet.

"No nonsense whatever. People want trousseaux when they are going to get married, don't they? and I am going to be married. I am very sorry for you all, but it is my duty to break to you that you won't have me much longer."

She had drawn a low chair before the fire, and sat with her feet on the fender, looking saucily at her mother and sisters, who were grouped around her.

"It must be Mr. Steward," said Kate, under her breath.

Aunt Harriet got up and came over to the fire.

"Now tell me what you mean. To whom are you going to be married?"

"To Dr. Corrie."

It was as though a shell had fallen in the midst of the company. Nothing but a shower of disjointed exclamations was heard for some moments; and Mrs. Drummond, after raising her voice with the others, gave way to a few tears.

"Well," said Aunt Harriet, at length, drawing a long breath, "I did think the Doctor was a sensible old man. An old grandfather like that to be thinking of matrimony."

"Old grandfathers often do marry young wives, Harriet."

"Surely you cannot like him, Josephine; it is so unnatural," said her mother, looking very anxious and disturbed.

"It was the best I could do, mamma," replied her ingenuous daughter; "you and Harriet would not do anything for me, so I was obliged to look out for myself. I am perfectly satisfied: I think I have done remarkably well."

"Such an old creature! I'd rather never marry than marry him," cried Kate and Sophy in a breath.

"Most likely you never will marry, dears," said Josephine, quietly.

"It was sly of you: how, in the name of wonder, did you keep it so quiet?" asked her aunt.

"I did not try to hide anything. I just let things take their course. You know, he has been in constant attendance on Mrs. Fitzpatrick all the time I was there."

"You poor, foolish girl!" sighed Mrs. Drummond.

"Oh, thank you, mamma: you may keep your pity for some one who wants it. I don't."

"Do you like him, my dear!"

"No mamma; I don't care much about him; but he likes and admires me, which is more to the purpose. I am going to marry him because he has plenty of money, and because I am sick and tired of Ballyshandra."

"A candid confession, at any rate. It would be a charity to tell the poor old man why you accepted him. I think I'll do it," said Reby, maliciously.

"He wouldn't believe a word against me, so your trouble would be quite thrown away. He thinks me a young woman of domestic character and quiet, innocent tastes; gentle, sweet-tempered, without any will of my own. You all know that he's right there, don't you?"

"But you will still live in Ballyshandra, Josephine," said the younger sisters, wonderingly.

"Not I, my dears! You surely don't imagine that I intend to stay here? No, indeed! I may consent to spend a month among you all each summer; but Dr. Corrie is a rich man, and I mean him to take a house in London or Dublin for the winter; and we shall travel in France or Germany all spring and autumn. He shall take me into society. Of course he will be proud of his handsome wife's success."

"You are a sad, heartless girl, Josephine."

"No, mamma, dear; I am only talking common sense. You ought to be glad that I am able to provide for myself. My days of *ennui* will soon be over. I intend Dr. Corrie to give up his profession. He may amuse himself with his scientific coteries, while I have my balls, operas, and theatres. I shall be the best-dressed person in society, and my little parties the most sought after. Now, girls, if you had only played your cards well, I should have had you with me in turn. Who knows what I may do yet, if you treat me well the next month."

Thus she rattled on to horrify her mother and aunt yet further. Mrs. Drummond's hands lay idle on her lap: a quiet tear was stealing down her cheek, and she was gazing wistfully at her daughter.

"Ah, Josephine," said she, "that was not the way I felt towards your father."

"Well, mamma, if you had procured any society for me, perhaps I, too, might have had a chance of loving some one: but as it is, I must either remain here all my life, or marry Dr. Corrie. I choose the latter without the least hesitation."

Aunt Harriet did not look sentimental: her face was becoming longer and harder as she understood the ins and outs of the affair.

"If the unfortunate old man knew you one-half as well as I do, he'd keep clear of you," said she.

"But he does not know me, Harriet, I am happy to say. I mean to reveal myself to him by slow degrees: it would hardly be quite kind to overwhelm him with all my talent at once. By the way, he is coming here to-morrow to tell you that he is about to

rob you of your Josephine. It might be as well not to shed too many tears before him."

Lucy was in her own room next morning when Josephine went over to see her. Using the privilege of old friendship, she made her way upstairs and joined her there. She did not thoroughly like the task of telling Lucy her news, and was anxious to get it over quickly; so she rushed into the subject as soon as the preliminary kind speeches on both sides had been gone through.

Lucy was surprised, but, at the same time, sincerely pleased.

"Oh, Josephine," she cried, "he is a good, kind man; I am so glad you love him. You *do* love him, dear?" she concluded, seeing Josephine's embarrassed expression.

It was the same question that her mother had asked the day before, but Josephine was not inclined to answer it in the same way. If she felt real reverence for any human being it was for Lucy, and she could not endure to tell her the naked truth and lose her good opinion; so she hesitated until her friend asked once more—

"Do you love him, Josephine?"

"Well, Lucy, dear, there is a great difference in our ages, you know; but I like and respect him very much, and I mean to make him a good wife."

"Is it fair to marry any man without very great regard for him?" returned Lucy, gravely.

"As to that, Lucy, hundreds of happy marriages take place upon no firmer basis than esteem. He likes and admires me, but I was not his first choice. You are aware that he would never have given me a thought, could he but have won you."

"He never asked me, Josephine, I assure you."

"Now, Lucy, do you think me, blind? I know he wanted to marry you. I watched you, both, and found it out long before you did."

"Why are you going to marry him?" asked Lucy, fixing her honest eyes on Josephine's face.

"Because—because—I am thirty-three years old, and my hair is beginning to turn grey," raising her massive black braids to let Lucy see certain silver threads just above her ear; "and I am unhappy at home, and want some change."

"But you will be kind to him, Josephine," pleaded Lucy.

"Yes, certainly, I shall try to be a pleasant companion to him, and I shall consult his tastes. Perhaps, after all, I like him as well as he likes me."

"You know I wish you both to be happy, dear Josephine: both are my old friends whom I have cared for all my life. How soon is it to be?"

"In a month, which reminds me that I am beginning prepara

tions to-day, and must hurry home. You will tell your father and mother."

"Oh, no, Josephine! Please stay to luncheon, and tell them yourself."

A prevision of how her father would torment her about Dr. Corrie's marriage flashed across her, and rather disturbed the pleasure she was beginning to feel in his happiness.

"Then you can drive with us as far as St. John's, for we are going this afternoon to see the baby."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ROMAN EAGLE.

A MORE charming young mother than Fenella was never seen. She was tenfold lovelier than when Lucy saw her last. Reclining in an easy chair, with her baby on her lap, her tiny foot resting on a cushion, which was almost hidden by the folds of her dress—her splendid hair beautifully arranged, and adorned with a tasteful, though unnecessary cap of white lace and violet ribbon, she made a fair picture.

James received Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Lucy at the hall door and ushered them, with immense pride, into the presence chamber of of his two treasures.

Fenella welcomed her cousin very affectionately, being genuinely delighted to get her back again.

"I have missed you in a hundred ways, dear," said she, with the pretty, helpless air of gentle dependence, that James had found so irresistible.

Lucy returned the lovely young mother's kisses, and then held out her arms for the child.

"Now, Lucy, tell me candidly what you think of him!" cried Fenella, resigning the white bundle; and James, who was leaning over his wife's chair, asked the same question with his eyes.

Lucy looked smilingly from one to the other, holding Gerald to her breast the while. He was a fine, well-grown infant, a splendid armful, with unformed features that might promise anything, and innocent blue eyes.

His nurse let her face sink down to touch his soft cheek, and a tear, that his parents were not meant to see, rested upon it, when she looked up again. A deep well of affection, for the little creature, gushed up within her heart, and she said to herself, "Here is something belonging to James that I may love without sin."

"Will you let me make him love me?" asked she of both parents, neglecting to give the praise they expected.

"Surely, of course you may," they replied laughing.

"But as much as I wish? You will never be jealous of his love for me?" she persisted.

"Nonsense, Lucy! He is to be your property: you are his godmother, you know," said James.

"And you are to educate him," interrupted Fenella; "indeed James makes me a little jealous, by saying he hopes you will make Gerald exactly like yourself."

"That is impossible: his sex precludes the possibility of it," said Lucy, reflectively. "Had he been a girl, now——" and then the absurdity of what they were saying struck all three, and they laughed.

"A boy," proceeded Lucy, dandling her godson, "should be full of life and energy—mischievous, courageous, even a little headstrong and self-asserting, because he will have to bear a part in the struggle of life: he must have the physical and mental energy that will enable him to rise above all rebuffs and disappointments."

"Enough! enough, Lucy!" cried James, laughing, with the hearty abandonment of his early days. "I see, I was completely mistaken in you! Why, Fenella, this is no fit godmother or instructress for your son! She will encourage him to be mischievous, headstrong, and selfish——"

"No, no, James; I said self-asserting, not selfish; there is a wide difference between the two words. Every man who succeeds in life must be more or less self-asserting: don't you perceive what I mean?"

But James was delighted to begin an argument with her once more, so he pretended that he thought her in the wrong, and they were talking fast, while Fenella lay back and listened smiling, when the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Oliver was announced.

"Darling, Mary, I meant to go on to you from this," said Lucy, going to meet her friend with Gerald still in her arms; and very warm embraces were exchanged between them.

Mrs. Oliver declared she had an idea of Lucy's probable whereabouts that afternoon, and had resolved on also attending Gerald's levee. She examined her favourite with eyes that seemed to ask a great many questions; and at length, when James and Fenella were occupied with Mrs. Fitzpatrick, she succeeded in drawing her over to the window and putting her thoughts into words.

"Tell me, Lucy, are you happy now?"

"Yes, dear Mary, I have *not* lost my all."

"It is over then, dear? That—that—you know what I mean," and the kind lady's eyes were full of sympathy. (She would never outlive her interest in a love affair.)

"Yes, Mary, thank God," said Lucy, looking in her loving face, though she coloured high as she remembered a certain con-

versation which took place at the Glebe, little more than the year before.

"I have come home to work hard," said she, employing the very words she had already used to James.

"We have missed you, Lucy; he was very glad to hear you were come home. Your papa told him of the Dublin parties, but he said he was sure we should find you quite unspoiled."

"It is very kind of Mr. Oliver to think so well of me, Mary, dear," said she, smiling. True to the creed of her youth, she still believed her good rector's approbation to be one of the best earthly possessions, and himself to be the wisest and most upright of men. And she was not so far wrong in esteeming Mr. Oliver as nearly perfect as a man and a clergyman can be, and in perceiving something loveable in his very foibles.

Her conversation with Mrs. Oliver was interrupted by James, who was bent on taking her to St. John's, to show her the various improvements he had made in his church.

A message was brought her from McFrederic at the same moment, to beg that she would stop and see him and his wife on her way home.

"Cool and easy impudence of Mr. McFrederic, I must say," remarked James, indignantly; "but you always spoiled the people, Lucy."

"Never mind, James; I'll go and see the church first."

"Don't encourage James, Lucy," whispered Mrs. Oliver, mysteriously: *he* thinks he is behaving very foolishly about the church."

Wondering what her friend could mean, Lucy preceded James into the church; but she was enlightened as soon as she stood within the building. He had boasted to Mr. Oliver that he would make St. John's the prettiest church in Ireland, and he had kept his word. No church, even in Dublin, could vie with St. John's in order or beauty. In thorough proportion, and built of white granite, the small edifice furnished a good foundation for ornamental projects, and these had been liberally, though not lavishly, carried out.

Every object that met Lucy's eyes was in perfect taste and keeping, and she could not cavil at a single thing.

"Well!" whispered her companion, scanning her face—"well, Lucy?"

"Beautiful, James! Quite beautiful!" and she turned breathlessly from the painted window to the massive carved oak reredos—from the organ to the carved pulpit and benches, and then to the diamond-shaped panes of ruby-coloured glass in the side windows, that softened the sunshine ere it reached the floor.

"You must try the organ. I went over to London to choose it: Benedict went with me to the warehouse. It is the best of its size that can be made. I ordered the reredos at the same time—ninety guineas, and very cheap at that."

"Ninety guineas!" echoed Lucy, her countenance falling.

"Yes; but that was ridiculously cheap. Just look into the carving, and observe the delicacy of those leaves and flowers. Pulpit and reading desk cost the same; and this lectern, which arrived only three weeks ago, came to fifty guineas."

"James, two questions occur to me."

"Ask them, Lucy."

"What do your people say to these fine things? and how did you prevail upon them to subscribe for them?"

James looked at her with a curious expression.

"The people, honest folk, are great donkeys, sometimes, you know; but I mean to teach them a little sense by degrees. They are like children, Lucy, and it would not do to mind all their fancies. But you don't suppose I was so foolish as to ask them for subscriptions. No, indeed! I have presented the church with the window, organ, lectern and carvings. Don't however, imagine that I trample ruthlessly on your dear friends' prejudices. It was in deference to them that I contented myself with that simple pattern on the window, instead of having one with figures."

"You bought them all!" exclaimed Lucy, disregarding the latter part of his speech. "Why, James, they must have swallowed up half a year's income. How you must have economised to manage it!"

"We shall save it by-and-bye, never fear," he replied, but he looked disturbed, and somewhat ashamed of himself.

"Dear James, you never mean to say that you have touched your capital?" cried she, quite aghast.

"I consulted Fenella about it, Lucy, and she thought we might venture upon the outlay. We both admired the carvings so much. I believe she has already laid by something towards paying back the sum we borrowed from our principal."

Lucy knew how it had been. James had gratified his impulse on the spur of the moment, just as he always used to do; and his wife, knowing little of the value of money, had encouraged him to the top of his bent. She remembered how angry Mr. Oliver and her father had always made her by declaring that James had no steadfastness.

Was *she* beginning to see his faults? She felt it would have been his plain duty to resist all temptation to unnecessary expense now that he had a wife and child depending upon him; and she

feared Fenella was neither clever nor practical enough to teach him prudence.

With a sharp unreasoning pang she recollected that her disapproval of his doings would not now have power to pain, or sway him, as of old. She knew he still liked her to think well of him ; but the time was when her good opinion was as necessary to his mental, as fresh air to his physical well-being. But she also knew that it was not her business to exhort him ; besides the mischief was done already, and no words of hers could mend it ; so she turned to her other question.

“There’s no harm in painted glass, or carvings, James, or in candles either, for that matter : these outward things do not touch doctrine ; and I feel sure you have not swerved, by a hair’s breath, from ‘the faith once delivered to the saints?’”

She asked this question very earnestly, all her soul in the anxious eyes she fixed upon him.

He was slightly offended at the doubt implied in her words, and replied that his teaching had never undergone any change : his views were identical with Mr. Oliver’s.

“He never blamed me for anything but having my church better furnished than other churches.”

“And that merely lest you should be misunderstood by our Orangemen, James. Well, I reserve my judgment, and meanwhile I admit that you have made your church perfect. I cannot try the organ to-day, on account of my visit to McFrederic. Will you ask mamma to take me up on her way home, and I shall walk on to the Bray now, so as not to delay her?”

“Now, Lucy, that is quite unfair. I had more to say to you than I am able to remember. You are my property, or rather *our* property, Fenella’s and mine : please to make that generally understood.

“No, James, I am not your exclusive property. I belong to the whole parish. You and Fenella and Gerald have indeed a large share of my heart, but there must be room in it for every creature in Ballyshandra ; the poor, and sick, and miserable have a right to me as well as you.”

“I must not contradict you, Lucy ; you need no schooling of mine. God forbid I should try to rob the poor ; but I am very glad we have a settled place in your heart.”

He stopped, for they had reached Tubber Brae, and a few hundred yards along a little lane would take Lucy to the McFrederic’s door. He clasped her hand, looking at her with a great deal of respect and affection, and then he left her, and walked rapidly down the Brae.

He had not given her his best love, yet he gave her what was **very valuable** in her eyes.

She watched him out of sight, thinking how she used to stand hopeless and miserable in that spot.

“It is not ordained that all should have happiness for themselves on earth,” thought she: “some are born into this world to help and comfort others. May I be one of them! May I alleviate much misery—dry many tears—bind up many wounds—feed and warm the hungry and the cold! I do not forget my old anguish, but oh! Father in heaven, I thank Thee, I thank Thee, that I suffer no longer!”

Nothing was more certain than that Mr. and Mrs. McFrederic looked upon her as belonging to them. The old farmer received her at his hall door, and ushered her into the “room,” where his wife almost embraced her in her joy. The friendship was of ancient date, and poor Joe’s death had considerably cemented it.

Of course there were kind inquiries to be made on both sides. Lucy had to ask about the farm and the dairy, and the good man’s rheumatism, and to tell of her foreign tour and residence in Dublin; and then McFrederic began, in a mysterious tone, to say how badly she had been missed, and how the parish was fairly lost without her.

“What do you mean, McFrederic?” she inquired, both flattered and puzzled.

“Næthing, dear,” interrupted Mrs. McFrederic, hastily, “but that your bonnie, kindly face is welcome amang us ance mair.”

“Whisht, woman, will you, an’ let me speak,” said her husband, suppressing her with the weight of his ‘awful rule and right supremacy.’ “’Tis right you should know, Miss Lucy,” he continued, the wicked doings that’s shaming us good Protestants in the face of the Romans at we’er very doors,” and he pointed his thumb scornfully in the direction of St. John’s. “Maybe them that’s at the bottom o’ the mischief would mind you, though they’re too proud to heed his reverence, Mr. Oliver, let alone poor, ignorant folk like us.”

Lucy understood it all, and she cast about in her mind how she should exculpate her dear James.

“Wicked doings?” asked she, innocently, “what do you mean?”

“Mr. Galbrath has filled the church full of Popish rubbish, Miss; if those is not wicked doings, I dinna know what is. Half the congregation’s left him: some goes to Ballyshandra, an’ others across the hills to meeting; an’ he’ll soon be preaching to the empty pews, as sure as they call me Jack McFrederic.”

“I am very sorry to hear that, Mr. McFrederic; but indeed there’s nothing popish in the stained window, or in those carved screens. I’m sure you hear what is good and right at St John’s.”

"An' who can listen to the sermon wi' such abominations staring him in the face, I'd like to know?" returned the old man in a high key. "I hae' nae fault to the doctrine—Mr. Galbraith's orthodox enough; but I'll nae darken his doors as long as thon abomination o' desolation is set up fornenst we'er eyes."

"What in the world do you mean, McFrederic?"

"What suld I mean but thon Roman Eagle, thon abomination o' desolation, spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, that's set up in the holy place. Sure, you mind what the Lord said about the Roman Eagle, Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, Mr. McFrederic, you mean the brass lectern!" cried she laughing, though she felt vexed with the stupidity both of James and his people. "That thing is neither more nor less than a reading-desk: why it is shaped like an eagle is more than I can tell you, but doubtless Mr. Galbraith has a reason for that also."

"Let him that seeth the abomination flee unto the mountains," continued McFrederic, his cracked voice rising higher and higher in his angry energy. "I seen it, an' I just went up the mountain road to Clara meeting-house, au' I took thon woman along wi' me. She'd ha' stayed in the church to pleasure the family at Finn Hill; but I wouldna peril my immortal soul to please any family."

"Listen to me, Mr. McFrederic. The eagle spoken of by our Lord was the standard of the Roman army: it had nothing to do with the Pope, for the very sufficient reason that there was no Pope in those days. The men who made and carried the eagle were all heathen. Christianity was in its infancy, and there were no Roman Catholics for hundreds of years after. The abomination in the holy place meant the standard of the conquering Roman army, set up in the Temple after Jerusalem was taken."

Thus discoursed our wise Lucy, but could she, think you, convince Mr. McFrederic? Not she! No! nor could fifty others as wise as she have done so! He had taken it into his head that the brass eagle was in some way connected with the arch-enemy of all good Ulster Protestants, viz. the Pope; and he totally disbelieved Lucy's explanation.

The end of it was that she left him declaring he would never re-enter St. John's Church, unless the lectern were removed.

Mrs. McFrederic followed her to the door to whisper,

"I hope, dear, you won't be offended wi' the good man. I fleeced him to haud his tongue, but he wouldna heed me; he said he'd tell you, for if any one could work wi' Mr. Galbraith, it would be you."

"I am not offended, dear Mrs. McFrederic."

"I'm glad of it, Miss Lucy, for you an' me loves other for the

sake o' them that's gone," and she went back to the farmhouse with her apron at her eyes.

Lucy was very sorry it had come to a trial of strength between James and his people. She knew her hero's obstinacy, which he called firmness; and she knew the ingrained prejudices of the congregation—the dogged resolution with which they would struggle against innovation: and she wished both parties could see the things they contended about from her point of view, and acknowledge them to be but trivial bones of contention.

She soon after had an opportunity of giving James a piece of her mind. He set his heart upon dressing his choir boys in white surplices; and Fenella, being now too much occupied with the baby to do her husband's needlework, and besides that not being clever at cutting out and planning, he came to Finn Hill with a roll of white muslin under his arm, resolved to obtain Lucy's help.

They had a long consultation in the book room, and Lucy managed to give the lecture she had been preparing for some days; but her prudent advice fell useless on his ear, because she could not refuse to do as he wished. She was as incapable of denying him anything as ever; and while she told him how imprudent she thought him, and warned him that the surplices would frighten away the remainder of his flock, she was searching for scissors and thimble, and proceeding to measure and cut out the said objectionable garments.

SHAKESPEARE HEROINES.

I.

MIRANDA.

“Admired Miranda
Indeed the top of admiration !”

TEMPEST.

QUEEN of the fairy isle, whose charmed youth
In happy girlish fantasies was spent ;
While full above thee, in life's firmament,
Shone with unclouded ray the sun of truth.
Thrice happy was the shipwrecked prince, forsooth,
Who added to his regal diadem,
As diamond pure, that stainless island-gem,
Thy virgin love ; 'gainst which the blackened tooth
Of envy never scandal dared to raise.
How can we prize the spotless soul aright
O'er which the influence of evil sprite
Is impotent ? In what a golden haze,
With what bright sequence of sunshiny days
Passes that life whose lot 'tis to entwine
Its destinies with one so pure as thine—
Miranda, far above all earthly blame or praise !

MAURICE DAVIES

OUU NEW DESPOTS, OR THE PROPERTY OF THE STATE.

WE were a noble people and we were a mighty nation,
And some of us were very high and some of lowly station ;
And all, we thought, had private rights, the little and the great,
But this is a mistake—they're all belonging to the State.

In olden days we fought the fight to beat the Despot down,
And we won our Bill of Rights, our Magna Charta, from the Crown ;
But now this Bill of Rights is all considered too pri—vate,
For new Despots claim the Charta as belonging to the State.

We thought we had some liberty—but this is not a truth,
We are not free in our old age, we are not free in youth ;
New Despots claim our freedom, from the little and the great,
For our liberties, they say, are all belonging to the State.

These Despots they rule over us by night and so by day,
They say that nothing is our own, but made the State to pay :
They call it all the Public Fund, as nothing is pri—vate,
So the land and all the houses are belonging to the State.

Some generous men they give their wealth to benefit their kind,
They build a school to teach the rules to form the youthful mind ;
But our Despots, they despise the rules, so the wealth they confiscate,
For the money and the rules are all belonging to the State.

The rich man builds a palace and there he hopes to dwell,
And the farmer has his rick-yards and the corn he grows to sell ;
And the poor man has his little plot ; but 'tis not his pri—vate,
For the palace and the plot are all belonging to the State.

We used to think that when we bought a thing it was our own,
A cabbage, or a jewel, or a Sunday mutton bone ;
But our Despots say 'tis a mistake—the little and the great,
The cabbage and the jewel are belonging to the State.

The banker gives from hoarded wealth, the widow gives her mite,
And the lord of land with open hand he gives to left and right ;
But our Despots say this is all wrong—'tis not their own pri—vate,
For the riches and the mite are all belonging to the State.

In olden times our house it was the castle of our right,
And so we read the people's law by our old English light ;
But this light it is put out to-day—our house is not pri—vate,
For the housemaids and their brooms are all belonging to the State.

Our tailors have their needles, and our grocers have their rice,
And their wives they have their ribbons, and they make themselves
so nice ;

But our Despots claim to have them all, for nothing is pri—vate,
So the ribbons and the needles are belonging to the State.

The lady wears her diamonds, the peasant wears her hat,
The workman wears his breeches, and his wife she has her cat ;
They think these are their own, but no—for nothing is pri—vate,
The breeches and the cat are both belonging to the State.

Our sons go to the army, and our boys go off to sea,
And our wives and daughters stay with us to fill our homes with
glee ;

But our Despots claim our women too, for nothing is pri—vate,
So all our wives and daughters are belonging to the State.

We used to think in days gone by our souls they were our own,
But out of this old-fashioned view of things we're lately grown ;
Our Despots say 'tis a mistake, that nothing is pri—vate,
So all our souls and bodies are belonging to the State.

In ancient times we once were brave, and did not fear a foe,
And England's heart was true to her, and would not brook a blow ;
But times are changed, our Despots say, we have no heart pri—vate,
And so our hearts are gone, for they're belonging to the State.

Then farewell to our Liberties, and farewell to our Rights,
We are no longer Freedom's sons, we are but slavish wights ;
Our Despots lay their hands on all, and all they confiscate,
For all our Rights, they tell us, are belonging to the State.

G. T. L.



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE.

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE THOROLDS OF BREWOOD.

GEOFFREY AYLEWORTH, the rich relative of Teresa's father, lived near Warrington in the middle of the last century. He was then a man well advanced in years and childless, so that the hopes Walter Ayleworth had entertained of being his heir were not unreasonable; still, though Geoffrey had tipped his young kinsman when at school, invited him, in his riper years, to shoot over his estate, and informed him that his house was always open to him, he had given no intimation as to the ultimate disposal of his property.

A sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs carried off old Ayleworth in a few days, and then Walter, to his utter dismay, found himself, not the heir, but one of the legatees; the legacy being a hundred pounds, to buy a mourning-ring. His cousin had left the whole of his property to his wife.

There was not much mourning in Walter Ayleworth's heart, only rage and disappointment and grief, while, instead of trying, now that he knew the prize had passed from him, to build up his own fortunes, he still pursued the shadow that had already eluded him, and clung to the vain, foolish hope that Mrs. Ayleworth would, from a spirit of justice, constitute him her heir.

There was one thing he had not reckoned on, the chance of his cousin's widow marrying again. She was still young and good-looking, and, moreover, the sole mistress of an ample fortune.

Only a few months after her husband's death, Mrs. Ayleworth chose to have her portrait taken, and an artist came down from London to execute the work. Other work he accomplished, too, than that of portraying the lady's features, for he took her heart by storm and won it, and before the snows of another winter had fallen on the old man's grave, his widow had become the wife of the painter—the latter relinquishing his own name of Jones, and taking that of Ayleworth.

This was a final blow to Walter Ayleworth's hopes, and a blow from which, as we have already stated, he never rallied, but sunk into a sort of apathy and gloomy indifference, and an utter disregard as to the future of his children.

Mrs. Ayleworth had one child by her second marriage—a daughter—who subsequently married a Colonel Thorold, the owner of Brewood Park, near Chester. They had one son, Piers, whom we have already introduced to our readers.

Colonel Thorold belonged to a very ancient family, and the quaint old Manor-House, hidden amongst the beeches and elms in the park dated back to the reign of Elizabeth, but the broad acres had dwindled away in the course of centuries. The Thorolds' professed the old faith, and fines and confiscations, during the time when the penal laws held their sway, had tended to help the diminution. Then the Thorolds had been Cavaliers, and the Commonwealth had robbed them of a large slice of their property, which Charles the Second either could not, or would not, restore.

Colonel Thorold's father had been out in '45, and powerful interest alone saved the old Manor-House and the adjacent park, so that the gallant Colonel's possessions were but a tithe of those which the artist's daughter brought with her on her marriage. However, it had not been for her great wealth that Colonel Thorold wooed Monica Ayleworth, but purely for love, and their union was a most happy one. He was a man of high principle, and of great worth and honour, and finding dispositions similar to his own in his wife, he did not hesitate to confide to her the certain degree of sympathy which he felt for Walter Ayleworth and his family, and his wish that the large estate of Ayleworth, near Warrington, should descend to them, failing her own heirs.

Colonel Thorold loved his old ancestral home so much that he could scarce ever be induced to leave it, and he died in the old Manor-House when his son Piers was about twelve years of age. Until then Mrs. Thorold had never known what affliction was, and therefore its first attack seemed the keener. In time, however, she appeared to recover her usual vivacity and cheerfulness; but she spent more time in her little oratory, and though she did not often allude to her loss, those who knew her best knew how

often her thoughts wandered to the vault in the old parish church, where, beneath the crumbling old monument, and amidst the dust of his ancestors, the brave soldier slept his last long sleep. Other anxieties, too, grew upon Mrs. Thorold; she had the joys of maternity and its cares as well.

Piers Thorold was a clever, impulsive boy, warm and ardent in his affections, generous and disinterested, but of so fiery and uncontrollable a disposition that his sudden gusts of passions were like temporary fits of madness. As he passed into manhood, he seemed to acquire more control over his fierce and wild temper, and Mrs. Thorold hoped, and indeed fancied, that an entire reformation had taken place. But the fire was not totally extinguished; the embers still smouldered, and it wanted but little to fan them into a flame.

At eighteen years of age Piers went to France, availing himself, in common with others, of the peace of Amiens, to visit a country where the capital especially offered such fascination to English youth. Here he spent nearly a year, a year which he often wished he could have blotted out of his life; a year which he always looked back upon with grief and remorse. Brought up under the care of a tutor in the old Manor-House, Piers had seen but little of the world; and now let loose, and emancipated from the perhaps too rigid fetters which his mother had imposed on his youth, he plunged into a career of vice and dissipation, which revolted him in a few months, and left an after consequence most sinister in its results. This was his intimacy with a certain Emile de Vaucour, the younger son of a noble French family, but a most depraved, selfish, and unprincipled man.

With him Piers visited some of the worst and vilest haunts of the great city; from him he learned to challenge all religion, and to espouse infidelity, and with him he frequented, night after night, the gaming-table. Here, however, he conceived his first suspicion of Vaucour, on a certain night, when an unfortunate young Englishman staked and lost all he possessed to the Frenchman, and whose corpse was found in the Seine the next morning. Piers had a strong inward conviction that Vancour had not played fairly, but he had no positive proof of this, and he shunned an open quarrel, as he was himself deeply in debt to him, added to which, his vile associate still exercised a certain power and fascination over him.

The declaration of renewed war at the end of a few months between England and France, once more drove back the English to their native shores, at least, all such as were happy enough to get there, for many were condemned to languish in weary captivity in French prisons, through the arbitrary decree of the Corsican hero!

However, Piers made his escape, and he was in heart glad to return to his native country, and thus to break off his intimacy with Vaucour. He was not naturally fond of indulging in the vices to which human nature is addicted. He had soon become satiated, and looked forward with pleasure to seeing once more the green glades of the park, and the turrets and pinnacles of the old Manor-House. But in the cup of his happiness now there were many drops of bitterness.

He was returning to his home, not the gay-hearted, lively youth who knew real vice only by name, and who had nothing dishonourable or shameful to conceal from the world, but a man, with the freshness of early manhood upon him, but that freshness tarnished and sullied—a man in whose heart there lurked recollections of scenes and orgies which he would fain have blotted out from his mind, a man with secrets now, which must be kept, at all hazards, from his mother. Some of his debts Piers was compelled to acknowledge to her, but the major part he kept concealed, and still more closely did he hold back any revelations of the life he had been leading in Paris.

Some hints Mrs. Thorold had had of her son's intimacy with Vaucour, and of the character of the latter, and she had tried to draw a confession from him, with something too much of harshness and authority. Then Piers fell into one of his violent accesses of passion, and the mother yielded, and pressed him no further; but between the two there was not the undivided, entire love there had been before. Piers thought his mother unduly arbitrary, and kept his secrets still more closely from her; and she, perhaps, too rigid in her virtue, made no allowance for the violent passions of youth, and could hardly bring herself to forgive the sinner, when she contrasted his wild career, as soon as he became his own master, with the conscientious, pure, and good life of her dead husband.

Piers had always had a leaning towards a military life, but at the solicitation of his mother he relinquished the idea of joining the regular army, and obtained a commission in the Lancashire Militia. At two-and-twenty, handsome, accomplished, a general favourite wherever he went, and the heir to vast wealth, there seemed nothing to check the happiness of Piers Thorold, and truly there was but one little cloud on the horizon, and that was his connection with Emile de Vaucour.

CHAPTER VI.

A DRAFT ON THE BANKER.

A SMALL group were gathered together one bleak evening in December, in the drawing-room of the banker's house in Watergate Street. The persons composing it were Mr. Norris and his wife, Mrs. Thorold and her son Piers, and Teresa Ayleworth. The dinner hour was over, and the brightly-lighted room, with its blazing fire, its warmth and elegance, brought with it a feeling of luxuriant repose, contrasting with the mournful sound of the gusts of wind sweeping round the house, and the torrents of rain beating against the window-panes.

But amongst the little party assembled in the drawing-room there was a slight appearance of restraint, a lack of the usual hearty cheerfulness and pleasure, which characterised the meetings of those attached old friends, the banker and his wife and Mrs. Thorold. This arose from the manner of old Mr. Norris himself. He seemed abstracted, and his mind appeared unpleasantly preoccupied. He answered in monosyllables, and often at random. He only took one solitary glass of port in the dining-room, and even neglected his favorite filberts. In the drawing-room he sat stiffly upright in a high-backed chair, and looked gloomily at the fire.

"Now, Oliver Norris," said Mrs. Thorold, in a laughing tone, as she sat opposite her old friend shading her face with a hand screen—a tall, elegant-looking woman, still wearing her widow's weeds, a woman with bright blue eyes and fair hair, and a pleasant face, though sometimes it wore a look a little too austere and inflexible—"I want you to give me an explanation of your looks; it is too bad to invite friends, such as ourselves, and then to be so gloomy and wretched, without confiding to us the cause of your misery. Has the bank stopped payment? You ought to be in the highest good humour to-night: here Piers has brought you from Bristol the best accounts of Lieutenant Norris, of his health and happiness, and yet you do not give us the shadow of a smile. What an unconscionable man you are!"

Mrs. Thorold spoke all this in a bantering tone. Had she imagined the banker to have any serious cause for disquiet or apprehension, she would have framed her remarks far differently; but she knew full well that one of Oliver Norris's failings was to take occasionally a very gloomy view of things in general, and to fret over what was, perchance, a matter of no great moment.

"Ah, indeed," said the banker, with something like a groan, "if all the accounts I have received of Lieutenant Norris were as

favourable as those brought by Piers, I should have nothing to complain of; but, my dear madam," he added, drawing a paper from his pocket as he spoke, "you will allow that tailors' bills as long as your arm are not the most agreeable or flattering accounts to reach the eye of a father."

"I am glad you have broached the subject, my dear Monica," observed Mrs. Norris, a pretty old lady, with the blue-grey eyes and oval face of her countrywomen in the Emerald Isle. "We need have no reserves with old friends like yourself and Piers; and as to Teresa, why she is almost one of the family. Oliver has had a letter from Robert, enclosing a tailor's bill which he wishes his father to settle. It is a long bill, certainly. Of course, Robert has been extravagant, I admit that; but then he is young, and one must allow for the follies of youth; we were young ourselves once. You know, my dear," she added, appealing to her husband, "you wore velvet coats and lace ruffles yourself in your early days, and I know you were reckoned one of the finest beaux in Chester."

Whether this little recollection on the part of the astute old lady had the effect of mollifying the banker, we are not certain, but he relaxed into something like a smile, and said—

"Mother-like, you see, she will find excuses for her son."

"What surprises me is, that Robert should have incurred a long tailor's bill of all things in the world," remarked Mrs. Thorold, in a tone of surprise; "he is so indifferent to his personal appearance. When did you ever see him," she added, appealing to her son and Teresa, "in a coat worth looking at? Bob is a dear, good soul, but he is a shocking sloven. I have scolded him myself for his untidy appearance."

Teresa looked confused, and made no answer; but Piers, who seemed studying the fire, after a short pause, said—

"Oh, but mother, Robert has turned over a new leaf; he is quite a buck now."

"Well, then, I am sure, Mr. Norris, you ought to rejoice," said Mrs. Thorold, emphatically, "for Robert has been always shockingly ill-dressed. Dear me, if you only knew what Piers spends on his dress," added the lady, looking reproachfully at her son, "and I have never complained."

"Well, but my dear friend," said the banker; "there is a slight difference between the son of a banker, though he may be a rich man, and the owner of the broad acres of Ayleworth."

"The malady is not quite of recent growth," remarked Piers, with assumed gravity; "as long ago as last summer, I remember seeing him dressed one morning like a buck of the first water. I think he told me afterwards that he had met you on the walls," he added, turning to Teresa.

“Yes,” replied the latter, after a moment’s hesitation; “I remember. I thought he looked nicer than usual.”

“You see,” said Piers, rising and seating himself beside the banker, “your son is now plunged into the vortex of fashion; he is in great request at all the balls and concerts held in the Assembly Room at Princes Street. He is courted and caressed by the fair sex, and he admires them in return. He waits upon them indefatigably, and, of course, he must appear in suitable costume.”

“Fine doings, truly!” growled Mr. Norris; “nice occupation for young officers! dancing attendance upon a parcel of frippery women, instead of making themselves proficient in their military duties.”

“He is certainly appearing in a new character,” said Mrs. Thorold.

“May I glance at some of the items?” asked Piers.

“Oh, yes,” replied the banker, placing the bill in his young friend’s hand; “but, of course, you will find out that the outlay has been all proper and necessary; that you are only astonished at the small amount of the bill, and that you wonder it isn’t £100 instead of £50.”

“Oh, no; but there are extenuating circumstances, which I will explain anon,” he added, with a smile. “‘Lieutenant Norris to Dietrichsen and Clark, Tailors, No. 12, Rathbone Place, London,’” began Piers, reading from the paper with affected solemnity. “Well, my dear sir,” he added, “you may console yourself in one way,—your son has gone to no ignoble traders, to no mere novice, for the adornment of his outward man—your money will go into the pockets of the most accomplished members of the honourable fraternity of tailors.”

“Fine comfort, truly!” answered Mr. Norris. “If my bank was broken into, and my strong boxes plundered, should I derive any comfort from the fact of its being the work of a first-class burglar.”

“If you were a true philosopher, you would,” replied Piers, gaily. “Regimental coat, fine super-scarlet, blue facings, ditto buttons, and epaulettes,” he continued, once more referring to the paper. “Those are necessities—buff kerseymere vest, ditto breeches—pair white silk-ribbed stockings, seventeen shillings. Those were for the last ball at the Assembly Room. Well, what would you have? he was going to dance with Miss Flora Dundas, daughter of the Chief of Glenalmond; and being a Scotch lady, she admires fine legs. But, by Jove! the buck has gone in largely for coats. Extra green coat, gilt buttons, super blue ditto, ditto; then here is a brown coat, and a blue top coat, £8 8s.; but what can you object? it is lined with silk from top to bottom! Buck-

leather breeches! Thereby hangs a tale." Here Piers stopped, and handed the bill back to Mr. Norris.

"Well, pray let us have the tale," said Mrs. Norris; "though the subject is a curious one, I must confess."

"About a fortnight since," replied Thorold, "I went rather early in the morning to pay Robert a visit. I knocked at his door two or three times, and got no answer, though I heard Bob talking in a loud eager voice, and certain exclamations from another person; at last, I opened the door and advanced into the room, the lieutenant being so absorbed that he never perceived me. There he was with his servant, John Popplewell, who was an old sailor, I must tell you, and is now a private in our regiment. There was John puffing and panting and straining, and there was his master assisting, as far as he could, in the laborious operation of intruding his legs into the nether habiliments which figure in the bill as 'buck-leather breeches.' I shall never forget the sight! You know how fond Bob is of a huge fire—the temperature of the room would have suited a Salamander; and Robert and his valet were perspiring copiously between the heat and their violent exertions. The saying, 'Pull devil, pull baker,' was very applicable, only in this case it was Pull master, pull man. 'Take care, Popplewell! if you jerk like that I shall be over,' shouts my friend. 'Ease the larboard leg a bit, sir,' says John, and Bob first kicked out his left leg and then his right, just as if he were swimming. 'I'm most afeard this here canvas will split,' and John looked dubiously at the top of the breeches. 'Hold on, now, sir; let's have another try; pull, ahoy!' and the result of the 'pull ahoy,' was that Bob measured his length on the floor, when I hastened to the rescue."

"And you don't mean seriously to say that Robert was going to wear these breeches!" exclaimed the banker, who had joined in the general laugh.

"Fashion, my dear sir," replied Thorold, shrugging his shoulders; "the tighter they are the more perfect. However, Bob succeeded in getting into them; but I must confess that I always watch the clouds in trepidation when he wears these breeches, for if he were to get wet, his legs would be flayed before he could free himself from them. These leathers fit him like another skin."

"I think you must be exaggerating, Mr. Thorold," said Teresa. "I really cannot fancy Robert in the character of a beau; he is too much of a scholar to care about dress."

"That is a reproof to me," said Piers, looking earnestly at Teresa—so earnestly that it brought a slight blush to her cheek. "I know," he continued, "that Miss Ayleworth is above the weakness of her sex, and attaches no value to purple and fine linen; but a large majority of ladies hold nothing in a greater esteem than

magnificence of apparel, and as Robert is now completely under the thrall of a certain fair enslaver——”

“Why, zounds!” interrupted the banker, interchanging glances with his wife, and then looking significantly at Teresa; “you don’t mean to say the young dog is really paying particular attention to any lady?”

Piers made no direct reply, but throwing himself back in his chair, laughingly sung the following stanzas of a very old ballad:—

“The froggie would a wooing ride;
Humble dum, humble dum;
Sword and buckler by his side,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.
When he was upon his high horse set,
Humble dum, humble dum,
His boots they shone as black as jet,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.”

“Why, where did you get that version of the old ballad?” asked Mrs. Norris, in some surprise, when she had done laughing. “I have never heard it since I left Ireland.”

“My old Irish nurse, Norah McDermott, taught it me,” replied Thorold.

“Well, but come, what about this lady?” urged the banker; “pray, does Robert tell you all his love affairs?”

Teresa turned her head away from the fire, so that her face was in shadow, but Mrs. Thorold, who was seated near her, saw how the colour had mounted to the very roots of her hair, and what a pained expression her face wore.

“I should hope,” exclaimed the widow, speaking rather indignantly, “that Robert is too much of a gentleman to have done such a thing, and as to his paying particular attentions to any lady, it is all rubbish. Why, he has always been falling in love ever since he got out of petticoats. Perhaps, after all,” added Mrs. Thorold, in a gentler tone, “he has left some true love here in Chester, and he will soon weary of his wanderings, and return to her.”

“Well, I don’t know the sex as well as you do, mother,” said Thorold, laughing; “but I shouldn’t fancy any of Bob’s conquests would put any faith in such a rover. I would not advise them to do so. All that I can say is, if no one else sees anything particular in his attentions to Miss Flora Dundas, that young lady’s papa does; and, by Jove! I think the laird of Glenalmond will make him tie himself up this time.”

Teresa laughed, and looked so free and unconcerned now, that Mrs. Thorold gave a sigh of relief, while her son proceeded to discuss the matter more fully.

"My dear sir, he goes everywhere with her on her walks, to assist her with his arm, for you know Bristol is like Rome without the Pope, being built on seven hills. They take romantic walks by moonlight, with only the old lady as a third, and she is as deaf as a post. They spend hours at the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, in College Green, founded in King Stephen's time, and he explains all the antiquities to her, and she is, or pretends to be, very much interested in this dry discourse—a proof to me that she, too, is in love. He attends her constantly at the Assembly Room, even submits to play, and you know how dearly he loves cards, and loses his money nightly to the lady of Glenalmond, who is a tigress at whist. I should tell you, the other day I met him coming out of the Pump Room at Clifton, with the fair Miss Dundas; he had been imbibing any quantity of sulphureous water to oblige her; and afterwards they went rambling up and down to the sound of soft music from the band stationed there, amongst a tribe of other fashionables. You know what a supreme contempt Bob has for anything of the kind. Now, I think you must admit, my dear Mr. Norris, that putting all these things together, the probabilities are in favour of Bob's becoming a Benedict."

"I shall have something to say to that, Mr. Piers," answered the banker, looking rather sorrowfully at Teresa. "I had some one in my eye, and if he did not like my choice, I may not like his."

"Nay, Mr. Norris," interposed Teresa, hastily, "Robert may not be to blame; the lady you thought of may not have cared——" here Teresa paused abruptly, and seemed too confused to proceed.

"May not have cared for him, you were going to say, my dear," answered the old banker. "Well, perhaps, she might not," he added, looking gravely and kindly at Teresa, as she sat with her head bent down, "however, I hope she will meet with a good husband, though it is not to be my Robert. Confound it, too!" he continued, "why must the boy go and fall in love with a Scotch-woman, the daughter of a Highland chief, I suppose, whose possessions consist of bare rocks and peat-bogs, and whose revenue goes to maintain a lot of bare-legged gillies."

"I don't think the laird of Glenalmond is a millionaire," replied Thorold, smiling, "and then he has nine other bairns; but Miss Dundas has a reversion coming to her—to be sure the life is a very tough one—the old lady is seventy, but the average of a Glenalmond is a hundred."

"I didn't know you were so mercenary, Mr. Norris," said Mrs. Thorold, in a bantering tone.

"Oh, no, I am not," replied the banker. "But," he added, "I'll pay no more tailor's bills, and if Robert marries this Miss

Dundas, I'll allow him £400 a-year and no more, and for the rest he must look to his wife's reversion."

CHAPTER VII.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

IN times past, when Chester was a prosperous and wealthy port, and merchants from Bristol and Dublin and all parts resorted to its fairs, Watergate Street was the chief street of the city. In it resided the Stanleys and other grandees. But now its great attraction is that it affords fine and striking specimens of ancient dwellings.

Substantial dingy-looking brick buildings of irregular architecture are interspersed, here and there, with picturesque old façades. These, with their overhanging and irregular gables and curiously carved timbers, thrust themselves into the street, each story of the edifice, as if in defiance of all the laws of gravitation, projecting further outwards than the story below it.

But a peculiar feature of the streets of Chester are the covered piazzas, which run along the fronts of the first floors of the houses, and are formed by ranges of pillars which support the pile of building above. These piazzas, called "The Rows," are approached by steps from the street below, and afford a sheltered promenade for the townspeople, and give access to the dusky and dismal shops and rooms—dusky and dismal, at that period, were even the best shops in the Rows; no elegant plate-glass windows then adorned them, few, indeed, could boast of glass windows at all, for most of them were open to the Rows, very much like the present butchers' and fishmongers' shops.

In two or three of these same dusky shops in Eastgate Street, Mrs. Norris had contrived to pass away the greater portion of a warm sunny afternoon in spring, much to the inward vexation and chagrin of her son, who, though he had been transformed into a beau, felt no earthly interest in the occupation his mother was so zealously engaged in, namely shopping. So while she discussed within the dim recesses of these shops, lined with elegant wares, the respective merits of figured Chinese silk, point lace, with shell scalloped edge, and winged ruffs, and full puffed sleeves, Robert solaced himself in the Row, studying the ancient buildings, falling into conversation with an old woman, from whom he picked up stray crumbs of antiquarian information, and hovering over a book-stall, where he soon became deeply engrossed in the yellow pages of an old, worn-looking volume, when he was disturbed by his mother.

"Dear me, Robert, what time do you think we shall get to Brewood, if you are to stand here all the afternoon, reading?"

"Why, mother, I have been waiting for you!" exclaimed Robert, rather indignantly, as he offered the good lady his arm, and led her down the nearest flight of steps into the street beneath, where their carriage was waiting, a sombre-looking yellow chariot, the box mounted by a coachman wearing a stupendous wig.

"Oh, nonsense, my dear!" answered his mother; "I merely did a little shopping because I knew you would spend at least an hour over those books. We shall be later than I wished to be at Brewood. I half promised to dine there to-day; but they dine early since Monica's illness, so we shall just have a chat. It is very nice, you and Piers having your leave of absence at the same time, because if you weary of the old people, each can find a good companion in the other."

"Nay, mother, you are in a fault-finding mood this afternoon," said Robert, smiling; "it will be a long day before I weary of you, and as to Piers——"

"To be sure, I was wrong there," replied the old lady; "Piers is not likely to be dull, and then Monica is so thoroughly satisfied with the turn things have taken."

"I hardly understand you," said Robert; "but I can see you are not yet satisfied about my dear Flora."

"Oh, I am sure there is nothing I object to in Miss Dundas," replied the old lady, pursing up her lips, and looking not as amiable as was her wont. "I daresay she is a most accomplished and amiable young lady; but your father and myself would certainly have preferred that you should have waited a little longer before taking upon yourself the duties and responsibilities of a husband. However, you were always very impetuous in your attachments, and in this case your marriage has been settled in a great hurry; but as the day is fixed there is no more to be said about it."

Mrs. Norris said no more, and sat watching the country scenery they were passing through. The old city in the distance, encircled with its time-honoured moss-grown walls, the red freestone tower of St. Werburgh, and the green slopes beneath, laid out now in gardens, but, in past centuries, the Kale yards of the monks of St. Werburgh; the broad waters of the Dee rolling through green meadows and fields, yellow with the golden buttercup, and a pleasant perfume stealing through the open windows of the chariot from the hedges white with the sweet-smelling hawthorn blossoms.

"And how is Teresa?" asked Robert, breaking a silence which had lasted some few minutes, and which was unpleasant to him, as he knew that his mother was grieving over his delinquency in choosing a wife for himself without consulting her.

Perhaps there was a little intonation of pity in Robert's voice ; he had prospered so well in his present love affair that he could afford to be tender, even to the woman who had rejected him.

"Teresa? why Teresa is the happiest of women," replied the old lady, rather shortly ; "she has no reversion coming to her, certainly, but she is a fortune in herself."

Robert saw that his mother was not to be so speedily mollified as usual, and so thought it best to hold his peace, especially as he understood the sneer about reversions, couched in her last words ; but he inwardly marvelled what his mother meant by calling Teresa the happiest of women. He knew she had spent lately, during Mrs. Thorold's rather severe illness, much of her time at the Manor-House ; but still unremitting attention to an invalid did not come up to his ideas of perfect happiness. He was still puzzling over this problem, when the chariot drove up, under the dark shadow of a broad avenue of beeches, to the old Manor-House, a rambling, irregular building, with grey, rough cast walls and latticed windows.

In the drawing-room they found Teresa arranging some fresh-cut flowers in a vase. It was a pleasant picture, that long, irregularly-shaped room, with its low ceiling of polished oak, and its oak-pannelled walls ; the deep roomy recesses in which the windows were placed flooded with sunlight, except where the foliage of the trees chequered its rays, while the lustre of mirrors, rich colouring, and gilding in the modern appurtenances of this room, contrasted well with the tale of bygone ages told by that carved oaken ceiling and those pannelled walls.

Teresa herself had never looked prettier or to better advantage. Her dress was of fine French cambric, trimmed at the bottom with lace and needlework, and her fair throat and neck were partially shaded by a half-handkerchief of French net, richly embroidered with a beautiful border of wild roses and violets—Teresa's own handiwork, we will remark, for she excelled in the use of the needle.

"My dear Monica is better, I know," said Mrs. Norris, as she embraced Teresa with much warmth ; "I can see it in your face."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Thorold is much better," replied Teresa, as she returned her friend's embrace.

"I say, are there any more of those favours to be disposed of," exclaimed Thorold, in a merry tone, he having followed Mrs. Norris and her son into the room. "If so, Robert and I would be glad of a few."

"You may salute me, if you please," said Mrs. Norris, gaily, "but that's not what you want, I know ; however, about your mother, Piers," added the old lady, in a more serious tone, "she is really better?"

"She has eaten the breast of a chicken," said Piers, "and after that a jelly; she has scolded me for an hour, and now she is enjoying a quiet nap; so I think we may argue from these symptoms that she is progressing favourably, and that the *Chester Courant* will no longer be called upon to insert in its columns the melancholy fact that Mrs. Thorold, of Brewood Park, is confined to her room by a severe attack of rheumatic gout—for that, I believe, is the last version of my mother's illness; though why they should have transformed gastric fever into gout, I can't conceive."

"Well, I could not have heard better news," exclaimed Mrs. Norris; "I concluded when no message came this morning, that Monica was better."

"I called in Watergate Street this forenoon," said Piers; "but both you and Bob were out. I had spent the whole morning on the walls, engaged in a labour of love," he added, gazing with a smile at Teresa.

Robert Norris looked up in some amazement at this last remark.

"Yes," said Teresa, blushing as she spoke, and averting her eyes from Norris; "he knows my favourite haunt, the Water Tower, and he has taken such a beautiful sketch of it! See here, is it not perfect?" she added, placing, as she spoke, a small drawing in Mrs. Norris's hands. "Look at the portcullis and the crumbling walls and buttresses! and there is Bruera's Hall hill yonder, where the Roundhead batteries were placed!"

"I see now, why you declined to go and sketch in Derbyshire," observed Norris, with an attempt at gaiety, which proved a lamentable failure. It is to be feared he was not thinking much of Flora Dundas just then.

"Of course I was much more agreeably employed," answered Thorold.

"I am going to order a cup of tea for you, Mrs. Norris," said Teresa, flitting from the room, seemingly glad to make her escape.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Piers, "if I did not know that Miss Flora Dundas holds you in her bonds, I should consider it my duty, knowing your amorous propensities, to warn you off poaching on my preserves, as that would result in a disagreeable little performance at five in the morning, on the banks of the Dee—pistols at six paces!"

"There would have been no need of the caution," answered Norris, rather tartly. "You know the old song—

'If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.'

The entrance of Teresa, followed by a servant bearing the tea equipage, put a stop to the conversation.

After tea, as Mrs. Thorold had awoke from her sleep, Mrs. Norris went up to see her, and the three young people were left alone. Robert now saw his friend in a new character, a most courteous and loving suitor; and Teresa, in spite of her maiden bashfulness and natural timidity, could hardly hide the joyful emotions of her heart, which showed themselves in every look and action.

Later on in the evening, as Teresa walked before him down the avenue with his mother, he overheard her low, murmured words,

“ I am so very happy, my dear friend, and my happiness seems the greater, because joy of any kind is so new to me; only, sometimes I have a painful presentiment that something will come to darken the colours in this bright picture. I fear in those desponding hours that I shall have to suffer again, that this great bliss is but a dream, and that the awakening will be a sad and bitter one.”

“ I do not believe in presentiments,” answered Mrs. Norris, gaily; “ you must shake off these vapours. I did not know you were so superstitious.”

Neither Mrs. Norris or her son were romantic, so they took no further heed of these words at that time; but, later on, Mrs. Norris often recurred in thought to that soft spring evening when Teresa stood at the iron gates of the park, the gladness dying out of her face like the waning light in the west, and some coming sorrow foreshadowed as darkly in her pensive features, as was then the dusky foliage of the beeches of the broad avenue leading to the Manor-House.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADJUTANT REUBEN OKEY.

PIERS THOROLD was a very early riser, and an indefatigable pedestrian. In the summer time he frequently rose at four or five o'clock, and would often walk several miles before breakfast.

Bristol, where his regiment was then stationed, offered both to himself and his friend Norris, who shared his taste for early rising and long walks, particular inducements to persevere in their old habits; the scenery around the town was so beautiful, the walks so varied and picturesque. Thorold filled his portfolio with sketches, and Norris his pockets—capacious leathern pockets we will remark, made in a suspicious-looking coat—with stones and minerals; the coat he called his geologising jacket. They often returned from these morning excursions only just in time to snatch a hurried breakfast, and to be ready for the morning parade. One cloudless summer morning, Thorold had strolled out at five o'clock—and making his way to the banks of the Avon, he wandered on in the

direction of Clifton; through pleasant meadows, where the mowers were at work, sweeping down showers of the yellow, sweet-scented hay. Under broad spreading trees, where the birds were singing and fluttering in and out amongst the green foliage, by his side flowed the broad waters of the Avon, and in the distance the mists of early morning rolled upwards, as the sun shone out in full splendour, and disclosed the lofty heights of the Welsh mountains.

When he reached Clifton, Thorold spent some time in the neighbourhood of the pump-room, jotting down with the rough, bold readiness of a master hand, certain points in the romantic scenery which surrounded him at that strikingly beautiful spot, where the Avon flows between stupendous cliffs, which seem as though they had been rent asunder by the shock of an earthquake.

When Thorold returned to Bristol he had but just time to betake himself to the parade-ground; and after the morning exercise was over he left the ground in company with Adjutant Reuben Okey, whose name we have mentioned before, and of whom we shall speak more fully now.

Thorold and Okey repaired to the lodgings in the barracks occupied by the latter; and Mrs. Okey at once set about frying ham and eggs and making coffee, on hearing that her visitor had not yet taken his breakfast. While Thorold discusses his neatly served repast, we will say a few words about Adjutant Okey and his wife.

The adjutant had not long held his present rank, so short a time, indeed, that good Mrs. Okey, fearing lest his rise in the social scale should be ignored by strangers, always spoke of him as "my gentleman," or "my ensign."

Okey was the son of a small farmer on the Brewood estate. The family had been tenants of the Thorolds for more than two centuries, and great attachment and esteem had the owners of the thatched farmhouse always felt for the squires of Brewood. Okey was some years older than Piers Thorold, and many were the services he had lavished in his boyhood on the little heir of Brewood. He scaled the loftiest trees to add to his collection of birds' eggs; he taught him to scamper fearlessly over the estate mounted on his shaggy Shetland pony; and, in short, Okey had been a most devoted vassal to his young chief.

At the age of nineteen Okey enlisted, and thus he and Piers became entirely separated for the first time.

After some years of service, Okey's regiment, in 1801, was sent with the army, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, against the French in Egypt. He was at the battle of Alexandria, the result of which fills a bright page of English history, though the

glory of that decisive victory over the French was dimmed by the fall of brave Abercombie.

After General Hutchinson, who then succeeded to the command, had compelled the French generals, Baillard and Menou, to capitulate and surrender up Cairo and Alexandria, Okey's regiment returned home. He was then a sergeant, having been promoted on account of his steadiness, and because he had received some little education. This had been imparted to him, in a great measure, by Mrs. Thorold on the Sunday afternoons, when she did not disdain to collect together such youths and maidens as could not attend school during the week, and give them, with the aid of her son's tutor, some little instruction. Okey then could read, write, and cast accounts, which was no small matter, at that time, for a person in his class of life.

When Okey's regiment returned from Egypt, it was sent to Scotland, so that some years elapsed before he again revisited his native place. When at length the regiment was ordered to England, he became the possessor of £500, by the death of an uncle, who had left him a legacy to that amount. Okey then bought his discharge, and married the daughter of a Scotch farmer, whose acquaintance he had made whilst in Scotland.

It was with the greatest pleasure that he again met Piers Thorold, and the latter, though now a fashionable and dashing young spark of two or three and twenty, did not scorn to renew his intimacy with the honest soldier. Time and absence had not changed Okey's respectful attachment, on the one hand, or the young squire's warm friendship on the other. True, Okey found Thorold somewhat altered as to his principles and morals, and he would shake his head sorrowfully, and say to his wife in gloomy confidence, "I knew how it would be when Madam Thorold wrote me that the young master had gone to France, after the peace of Amiens; no good ever comes of learning *parlez-vous*."

Okey, like a veritable John Bull, held all foreigners, the French especially, in some contempt and much aversion, a characteristic of his from which Thorold drew much amusement.

Okey's first resolve after his marriage was to settle on a small farm; but as he was in the army when his father died, the old farm had passed into other hands, and now there were none to let on the Brewood estate; so that for a time, he relinquished the idea of farming, and remained comparatively idle, except when a few young military aspirants, like Robert Norris, engaged him to give them lessons in drill, to prepare them either for the regulars or the militia.

After Piers Thorold entered the Lancashires, Okey felt drawn towards his old profession; and being still a young and active man,

Piers exerted his interest with Colonel Tonge, and got him made a sergeant.

Only a few weeks previous to the opening of this chapter, the adjutant of the regiment had resigned ; and Colonel Tonge, having found Okey so well versed in his knowledge of drill, so fairly educated, and so universally liked and respected by the officers, determined to give him the vacant adjutancy, and applied to the Lord Lieutenant for an ensign's commission for him.

"I am going to walk to Stapleton this forenoon, Okey," said Thorold, as he rose from the breakfast-table ; "will you come with me ? Norris is there on guard to-day, you know, and he will introduce us to some of your friends, the French."

"I will come with you, certainly, captain, if you wish it," replied Okey ; "but as to the French monsieurs, I would rather they were all back with Boney than here."

"I suppose, Mrs. Okey, you have made friends with Mrs. Norris, your countrywoman," said Thorold.

"Yes, to be sure, I have had a little conversation with her," answered Mrs. Okey, a tall, large-made woman, with a florid, good-humoured face and a loud voice. "You see the laird and his lady met my gentleman at the house where Captain Norris lodges, and they took to him at once—as who would not ? for I'll say before him, there's ne'er a better man ever trod in shoe-leather. Well, then, they chanced to hear of his wife having been one Janet MacPherson before her marriage, and how she came from Skye. One thing led to another, and the laird and lady came here next day to these very rooms, and very free and kind people they are, for all the laird is the head of an old Scotch family, and they were pleased to say they were glad their daughter would see a countrywoman sometimes after she were married. She's a winsome young lady, sir, though I fear me, she is but delicate—anyway, your friend has gotten a sweet young bride."

"I'll not gainsay you, there, Mrs. Okey," answered Thorold, shaking hands with his hostess as he prepared to take his departure. "Don't expect your husband home before evening."

"No one ever knows when you or Mr. Norris will get back when you go out," answered Mrs. Okey, laughing ; "so I suppose, as my gentleman is going with you, I may expect him when I see him."

Thorold and Okey, walking at a smart pace, soon got over the ground that lay between them and Stapleton, the French prison. They took the road to Gloucester, which passed by Stapleton, a little village on the Frome.

There is generally a stillness and repose in country life about noonday, and so it was here. The hamlet seemed deserted ; a little

bluish smoke curled up from the thatched roofs, and a few fowls pecked about on the high road; other sign of life there was none. Still, in the midst of this quietude, there came, now and then, a confused sound, a distant murmur, as Thorold and Okey drew nearer to a spacious enclosure, surrounded by very high brick walls, beyond the village. This resolved itself into a buzz of voices; and on approaching still nearer, they could distinguish cries as though things were being offered for sale, and hammering, knocking, and noises of all kinds.

This vast enclosure was the prison of four thousand Frenchmen; and, when passing the sentinels, Thorold and Okey were admitted within its precincts, and saw its streets of huts, the latter declared that it would look like a town were it not for its great, high, gloomy walls, and the absence of any females. Norris soon joined his friends, and they proceeded to walk through the enclosure.

Some of the huts were like regular workshops; and on benches, outside the doors, different fancy articles were exposed for sale,—straw hats, bonnets, slippers, lace, and all sorts of toys. Norris purchased for his wife a writing-desk made of wood, skilfully and artistically overlaid, outside and inside, with coloured straws, depicting a harbour, with vessels sailing in and out, and houses and figures on the quay! Thorold bought for Teresa a small crucifix, beautifully carved, though the material was but bone, while Okey possessed himself of a gorgeous pair of slippers for his better-half.

“You see, Okey, the French are a very ingenious, industrious people,” observed Thorold; “with all your prejudice you can’t deny that. Look here at this bench, that’s a tailor at work; don’t you admire the cut of the coat he is fashioning? Why, I’ll swear he would make buck-leather breeches as good as those that Norris here had from that prince of tailors in Rathbone Place. There’s another fellow, a shoemaker, making top-boots. Why, some of these prisoners have even made a billiard-table for their own use, and they have got up quite a splendid band of music.”

“I am not going to deny that they are very clever and sharp; but,” added Okey, starting off to another subject, “they are awful gamblers, I have heard tell; and what’s the use of their earning money if they are to go and lose it again directly?”

“Okey, you are very discursive,” answered Thorold; “besides, the French are not the only gamblers. Why, our card parties in the Assembly Room might come under the head of gambling. Even at whist money changes hands.”

Norris gave a slight groan as he remembered how many guineas of his had passed into the pocket of the lady of Glenalmond. Perhaps to change the conversation, he observed,

“There has been a great row in the prison this morning.”

"What was the matter?" inquired Thorold, in some surprise.

"Why, you see," replied Norris, "no less a person arrived here, yesterday, than the Governor of Vigo; his name has been frequently mentioned in the public papers."

"Yes, for sure," observed Okey; "and they do say that he practised the most horrid cruelties on the Spaniards."

"All lies, my dear fellow!" replied Thorold. "If you were fighting against the Spaniards, they would accuse you of killing and eating a child for breakfast, now and then, by way of a change."

"I should just like any monsieur (all foreigners were monsieurs with Okey) to make any such a charge against me, that's all," exclaimed the adjutant, indignantly.

"Well, I believe myself the man was falsely accused," continued Norris; "however, he had to capitulate to the English, and he was sent over prisoner to this country; then, for some slight irregularity here, he was charged with having broken his parole, and so he was transferred to this place. About two hundred men from the French regiments under his command had just preceded him here, and they spread a report that the Governor had traitorously delivered up his men at the surrender of Vigo. Such a row as there was, when he arrived here yesterday, you never heard. Hundreds, or rather thousands of the prisoners surrounded him, hooting and hissing and howling. The Governor took refuge in a coffee-house, one of these huts you see about, and it was with some difficulty that our soldiers rescued him. Of course, he was put in another part of the prison."

"Well, the tumult has been appeased, I suppose," said Thorold, "for they seem all very jolly to-day—bands of music playing, officers marching about in grand uniform, and all sorts of games and entertainments going on."

"That's the very thing," observed Okey. "Did you ever see sensible Christian beings amusing themselves like these monsieurs are doing? I've seen a merry-go-round at Chester fair, but it does look unsoldierlike to see these men, mounted upon wooden horses, spinning round like a parcel of giddy young lads and lassies."

"There speaks the son of Joshua Okey," said Thorold, laughing, "who wouldn't tolerate fiddling or dancing, and who read and expounded the Bible every evening, till he even read poor Reuben to sleep, in spite of all his wrestlings with Somnus. But, Bob," he added, addressing Norris, "how was the quarrel appeased?"

"Oh, the Governor sent a friend amongst the men," replied Norris, "who succeeded in convincing them that their former commander had been wrongfully accused; and this morning he came to one of the huts, escorted with the fullest band of music the

prisoners could furnish. All the French officers were there waiting to receive him, and I believe they are going to have a grand dinner, at least as grand an one as they can have in yonder coffee-house."

"Dinner!" observed Thorold. "They are calling fruit and vegetables and milk for sale all round; but I should like to have something more solid, I must confess. I think we will adjourn to our mess-room in the farmhouse outside, and get our dinner."

At this moment a grand crash of music was heard, and a crowd approached, at the head of which walked the Governor in a splendid uniform, carrying his hat under his arm, and followed by his aide-de-camp and a number of French officers, all in uniform.

The Governor caught sight of Norris and his two companions, and seeing that they wore the garb of officers in the British army, he stopped and saluted them with all the grace and courtesy of a Frenchman. Thorold, who spoke French very well, replied to him with equal politeness, and the Governor then begged the favour of his company at dinner with his two friends. The invitation was accepted, and the whole party entered the coffee-room, where the banquet was to be served. Thorold was the chief speaker for his party, as Norris's French was very indifferent, and Okey's was comprised in the pithy sentence, *parlez-vous*.

Okey, a true John Bull, had a national predilection for large joints of half-cooked beef or mutton, and regarded every dish concocted by a Frenchman as open to the suspicion of its principal ingredient being composed of frogs, if not something worse. Thus it was with the air of a martyr that he seated himself at the Governor's table, though he strove hard to hide his apprehensions and disgust.

He commenced with the plate of soup handed to him rather timidly, but he was evidently agreeably surprised, and he finished it very speedily.

"You seem to approve of *soupe à la Sap*," observed Thorold.

"Sop is it?" replied Okey. "Oh, yes, I like it well enough, if nothing worse comes, I shall do."

The adjutant began to be more favourably impressed with French cookery than he could ever have supposed it possible he should be. All the dishes met with his approbation, and nothing would have marred his enjoyment had not Thorold maliciously told him that a dish of calf's brains, *à la maître d'Hotel*, which had been particularly agreeable to his palate, was composed of mashed frogs, which mendacious assertion caused him to feel sundry qualms.

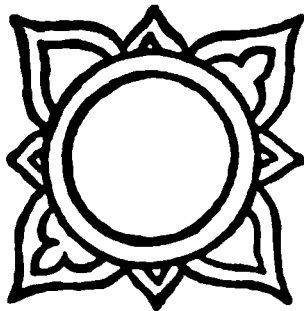
Thorold and Norris were highly gratified with the polite and courteous behaviour of the French officers, and these latter were equally pleased with their guests, who had accepted their invitation

so willingly, and who seemed to study how they could show them the greatest respect and honour, When invited to partake of their small beer, the only liquor allowed, Thorold and Norris drank to their good health, with earnest wishes that they might soon obtain their liberty, Okey accompanying them in the libation, though with a rather wry face over the small beer.

The dinner was now at an end, and dessert being placed on the table, a dish of olives happened to be set near to Okey. The latter, favourably impressed by the fine exterior of this—to him unknown fruit—and forgetting that appearances are deceptive, allowed himself to be drawn into taking one by Thorold, who, meanwhile, awaited with wicked satisfaction, the looked-for horrid grimaces of his friend at the peculiar flavour and pungent taste of the olive.

Things did not turn out, however, exactly as Thorold had anticipated. Okey placed the olive in his mouth, and then suddenly withdrawing it, replaced it slowly and deliberately on the dish, giving, as he did so, in the sonorous tones which he used when drilling his men, the word of command—"As you were."

The look of amazement on the faces of the Frenchmen at this dreadful breach of etiquette, induced Thorold, though inwardly convulsed with laughter, to frame an excuse for Okey, by stating that his friend was subject to agonising attacks of tooth-ache, and that anything hot would bring on a most violent access of pain, when he would not know what he was doing.



LEGENDS OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS OF BOHEMIA.

II.

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

It was some years before the Lord of the Mountains determined to revisit the upper earth. But Time, that greater wizard than himself, had softened his grief, abated his anger, and partially effaced the remembrance of the faithless Emma; and feeling himself a prey to *ennui* in the unvarying scenes of underground life, he bethought him that a change to the upper world might be desirable. The gnomes urged his taking a trip to the Riesengebirge, and the idea pleased him.

In a few minutes the long journey was accomplished, and Rübezahl stood on the green lawn adjoining his former garden, and had changed the whole scene back into its former beauty, though all was now hidden from the eyes of mortals, for the traveller who traversed the mountain beheld nothing but a heath, and wild, rugged scenery.

The sight of the many objects which, in times gone by, he had only beheld in a rosy light, renewed his ancient passion; and it seemed to him that the whole affair with the beautiful Emma had only just taken place; her image presented itself as closely to him as if she were standing near him.

But the remembrance of how she had deceived and outwitted him, again excited his rage against mankind.

“Wretched worms of the earth!” he cried, as from the summit of one of the loftiest mountains he beheld the spires of the churches and monasteries of the towns and villages beneath, “So you are still having it all your own way yonder in the valleys. You made a fool of me once by your base artifices, but you shall pay for it; I will torment and hunt you down, till the Lord of the Mountain shall become a perfect terror to you all.”

He had scarcely uttered these words when he heard the voices of men in the distance.

Three young men approached, and the boldest of the three kept calling out, “Rübezahl, come down! You, Rübezahl, who carry off young girls!”

For many, many years the story of the magician and the Princess Emma had been preserved, and handed down from generation to generation; though, as usual, much that was false had been

added to it. Every traveller who visited the Giant Mountains discussed the adventure of olden times with his companions. Many tales of apparitions were related which had never happened, so that timid persons were afraid; while those who were bolder, and did not believe in ghosts, used to ridicule the idea, and, especially with a tolerably large party, in broad daylight, out of bravado frequently called the mountain spirit, and by the name he disliked so much—Rübezahl.

Such affronts had never been known to be resented by the mountain magician, for in the depths of the earth he did not hear them. He was, therefore, now the more disgusted. Like a whirlwind he rushed through the gloomy pine-forests, and was about to throttle the foolish speaker, who, without any evil intention, was making himself merry at his expense, when the thought occurred to him that so fearful a revenge would cause a great outcry in the country, and deter all travellers from visiting the mountains, and thus deprive him of the opportunity of making sport of mankind. He, therefore, allowed the young man and his companions to pursue their way in peace, fully resolved, however, that he should not escape unpunished.

When they came to the next cross-road, the youth who had scoffed at the gnome parted from his companions, and reached his home in Hirschberg quite safely. But the invisible Rübezahl followed him to the door of an inn which the youth entered, that he might know where to find him when he wanted him.

He then returned to the mountains, reflecting how best he could be revenged upon the heartless traveller. By chance he met a Jew on the road, going to Hirschberg; the idea instantly struck him that he might make use of the Israelite as the instrument through whom he might work out his revenge. So he joined him in the form of the young journeyman who had jeered at him, and while chatting cheerfully with him, led him unperceived away from the high road, till they came to a thicket, where he fell upon the Jew, beat him soundly, dragged him to the ground, and, binding him fast, took possession of his wallet, in which there was a large sum of money, as well as many jewels. Having given him sundry kicks and thumps, he made off, leaving the poor plundered and ill-used Jew half-dead among the bushes.

When the poor creature had somewhat recovered from his stupefaction and terror, he began to bemoan his fate, and to call aloud for help, for he feared he might perish in the desolate spot where he was.

Presently a well-dressed, honest-looking man, to all appearance a burgher of one of the neighbouring towns, came up to him and asked what was the matter with him. Finding that his hands and

feet were tied, he undid the cords, and acted by him as we are told in the Bible the merciful Samaritan did by the man who fell among thieves. Then he refreshed the poor Jew with a draught of a wonderful cordial he had with him; led him back to the high-road, and guided him as kindly as the angel Raphael guided young Tobias, until he brought him to the door of the inn at Hirschberg; there he gave him a trifle, and took leave of him.

Great was the Jew's astonishment on entering the inn to behold the very fellow who had robbed him, seated at a table as unconcerned as a man looks whose conscience is clear of every evil deed. There he sat with a bottle of wine before him, laughing and joking with some jovial companions, while by his side lay the bag itself in which he had put the stolen wallet.

The bewildered Jew, hardly knowing if he could believe his own eyes, slunk into a corner to ponder how he should regain possession of his property. He thought it was impossible he could be mistaken in the person of the robber, so he slipped unnoticed out of the room, and, going to a magistrate, made his complaint.

Armed bailiffs were speedily despatched to the inn. They seized the supposed criminal, and carried him off to the council-chamber, where, meanwhile, the magistrates had assembled. The president of the municipal council, when the officers of the Inquisition had entered, asked the prisoner, "Who are you? and where do you come from?"

He answered frankly and fearlessly.

"My name is Benedix. I come from Liebenau. I am a tailor by trade, and I work for my master in this town."

"Did you not attack this Jew in the woods, beat him, bind him and steal his purse?"

"I have never set eyes upon this Jew before; nor have I beaten him, bound him, or stolen his purse. I am an honest man, not a highwayman."

"How can you prove your honesty?"

"By my testimonials."

"Let us see your testimonials?"

Benedix opened with alacrity his knapsack, for he knew that there was nothing in it except his own hard-earned property. But on beginning to turn the things out of it—good heavens! there sounded like the click of gold among its contents! The bailiffs eagerly grasped the knapsack, and, emptying it, they found a heavy wallet, which the delighted Jew immediately claimed as his lost property.

The unfortunate Benedix stood as if struck by lightning; he could have sunk into the earth with fright. He turned deadly

pale ; his lips trembled and his knees shook, and not a word could he utter.

The judge's brow darkened, and a threatening gesture foretold a severe sentence.

"Now, you scoundrel, do you still persist in denying the theft?"

"Have mercy on me, your worship," whined the poor fellow, falling on his knees and clasping his hands ; "I call all the saints to witness that I am innocent of the theft. I do not know how the Jew's money and jewels got into my knapsack, that God only knows."

"You are convicted," continued the judge, "the wallet being found in your knapsack is sufficient proof of your guilt. You had better confess before the truth is wrung from you upon the rack."

The unfortunate Benedix kept on asserting his innocence, but he spoke to deaf ears ; he was looked upon as a ruffianly pick-pocket, and a barefaced storyteller to boot. The fearful instruments that were to extract the truth were brought forth, but the poor wretch, shuddering at the torture which awaited him, could not be sustained by a clear conscience. When the thumb-screws were about to be fastened on, he reflected that this operation would render him unfit to use his needle again with any credit to himself, and rather than be a ruined man for life, he thought it would be better to avoid the torture, so he admitted that he was guilty of the deed of which the poor fellow, in reality, knew nothing.

His confession shortened the trial, and he was condemned to be hanged, which sentence, for the sake of prompt justice, was to be carried out the following morning. The crowd that had been attracted to the criminal court thought the learned judge's verdict quite right. There was a buzz of applause in the court, but no one applauded the magistrates more loudly than the merciful Samaritan. He had pushed his way into the court, and could not sufficiently praise the love of justice displayed by the magistrates of Hirschberg. In fact, no one had a greater interest in the affair than he, who, with invisible hand, had hidden the Jew's wallet in the tailor's knapsack, and who was no other than Rübezahl himself.

Early the next morning the magician was on the watch, in the form of a raven, at the gallows, for the procession which was to escort the victim of his revenge to his execution, and the raven instinct already stirred within him the wish to pluck out the eyes of the supposed criminal. But he waited in vain. A pious priest, who had much faith in the efficacy of conversion, even at the last hours of life, besought the authorities to delay the execution for three days. This respite he had great difficulty in obtaining from the

magistrates, and only when he had threatened excommunication, if it were refused.

On learning what had taken place, Rübezahl flew away into the mountains to await there the day of execution.

In the interval he roamed, as usual, through the woods, and on one occasion he saw a young girl, who was reclining under a shady tree. Her head was resting on her white rounded arm; her dress was clean, neat, and becoming, though not costly. From time to time she brushed away with her hand a tear that rolled down her cheek. The gnome had once before felt the powerful effect of a fair maiden's tears; and now again he was so much touched by these signs of quiet grief, that he made the first exception in the rule which he had laid down for himself, namely, to injure and torment every child of Adam who passed through the Riesengebirge. He even admitted to himself that the feeling of pity was agreeable, and he longed to comfort the rustic beauty. He thereupon assumed the form of a respectable burgher, went up to the young girl, and said to her sympathisingly,

“My poor girl, why are you all alone here in this dreary spot, apparently in so much grief? Do not conceal the cause of your sorrow from me; perhaps I may be able to help you.”

The girl, who was quite absorbed in her own melancholy thoughts, started and raised her head on hearing a voice near her. Two bright tear-drops glistened in her blue eyes, and anxiety and misery were pictured on her lovely countenance. When she beheld a respectable-looking man standing by her, she opened her coral lips, and said—

“Why trouble yourself about me, sir, or my wretchedness? No one can help me, I am an unhappy creature—a murderess! I have killed the man I love most on earth, and until death shall still this breaking heart, I will try to atone for my fault by tears and penitence.”

The stranger was dumbfounded.

“You a murderess!” he exclaimed, “with such a heavenly face—can there be a hell in your heart? Impossible! I know mankind are capable of every wickedness, and all manner of artifice; still you fairly puzzle me.”

“If you really wish to know the cause of my wretchedness,” said the girl, “I will relate it to you. The son of my neighbour, an excellent widow, was my playfellow from my childhood, and when he grew up he asked me to be his bride. He was so kind and good, so faithful and honest, and loved me so much, that I promised to be his for ever. Viper that I am! I have poisoned the mind of my poor lover, I have made him forget the excellent lessons of his good mother, and have caused him to commit a crime for which he will forfeit his life.”

“*You.*” the gnome, exclaimed.

“Yes, sir, I am his murderer,” she continued. “I provoked him to commit a highway robbery, to plunder an old Jew. The magistrates of Hirschberg have seized him, and brought him to trial—alas, alas! To-morrow he is to be put to death.”

“But what fault is this of yours?” asked Rübezahl, in astonishment.

“Ah, sir! I have his blood on my conscience.”

“How so?”

“On taking leave of me before he went forth into the world across the mountains, he embraced me, and said, ‘Dearest, remain faithful to me; when the apple-trees have blossomed for the third time, and the swallows build their nests, I shall return from my wanderings to take you home as my young wife,’ and I promised solemnly to be his. When the apple-trees blossomed and the swallows built their nests for the third time, Benedix came back, and, reminding me of my engagement, wanted to lead me to the altar. But I scoffed at him, and teased him as girls often do their lovers.

“I cannot be your wife,” I said, “for you have neither house nor home. First procure the necessary money to get one, then ask me again.”

This speech made the poor fellow very sad.

“‘Ah, Klärchen!’ he replied, sighing deeply, and with tears in his eyes, ‘if your mind is bent upon money, you are not the same good girl you were formerly. Did you not shake this hand when you promised to marry me, and what else have I but this hand to gain a livelihood for you? How is it that you have become so grasping, and so cold? Alas, Klärchen, I understand you! A richer suitor has stolen your heart from me. I have passed three weary years in longing and waiting, counting every hour until the day when I might return to find a home for you as my wife. Hope and joy gave wings to my feet as I traversed the mountains, and now you scorn me!’

“He begged and prayed, but I remained firm in my determination.

“‘My heart is given to no one else,’ I said, ‘and it does not reject you, Benedix. I only refuse you my hand for the present. Go away again, earn money; that obtained, come back, and I will marry you.’

“‘Since you wish it, so let it be,’ he angrily replied. ‘I will go out into the world; I will beg, steal, do anything, and you shall not see me again until I have scraped together the contemptible sum by which I may gain you. Farewell—Farewell!’

“Thus poor Benedix went away in anger on account of my

treatment of him. His good angel left him, and he did what I am sure his heart abhorred."

The kind stranger shook his head at this statement, and, after a pause, he exclaimed, thoughtfully, "Wonderful!"

Then turning to the girl, he asked—

"But why do you fill the wood with your lamentations? These can be of no use to your lover."

"Dear sir," she said, "I was on my way to Hirschberg; but I was so overcome with grief, that I had to rest under this tree."

"And what are you going to do at Hirschberg?"

"I am going to throw myself at the feet of the judge. I will fill the town with my lamentations, and the daughters of the town will join in my petition; perhaps the judge may have pity on me, and spare Benedix. If I do not succeed in snatching my lover from this ignominious death, I will joyfully die with him."

Rübezahl was so much affected by this speech, that he renounced his scheme of revenge, and determined to restore her friend to the poor girl. So full of sympathy, he said—

"Dry your tears, and chase away your sorrow; ere the sun, sets your Benedix shall be free, safe and sound. Be awake and watchful to-morrow when the earliest cock crows, and when there is a tap at your window, then open the door, for Benedix will be there. Take care you do not make him reckless again by your coldness of manner. And now let me tell you that he is not guilty of the deed you attribute to him, neither does any blame attach to you, for he was not driven to any wicked act by your conduct."

The girl, in astonishment at what he said, gazed intently in his face, and not being able to discover a trace of deceit there, she gained confidence; her brow cleared, and she answered, cheerfully,

"Dear sir, if you are not jesting with me, and it really is as you say, you must be a seer, or my lover's good angel, to know all this."

"His good angel!" repeated Rübezahl, conscience struck; "nay, indeed, that I am not, but I may become a good angel to him and you. I am a citizen of Hirschberg; I was one of the council when the poor sinner was condemned. But his innocence having been made clear, do not tremble for his life. I will go and release him of his fetters; I have much influence in the city."

The young girl instantly arose, and warmly thanking the kind stranger, turned her steps homewards, as she was desired to do, though her very soul was wrung alternately by hope and fear.

The worthy priest had sought and obtained three days respite for Benedix, that he might prepare the delinquent for death, and try to snatch his soul from hell; to which place, in his opinion, the poor journeyman had been doomed from his youth. For Benedix

was an ignorant layman, who knew more about cutting out patterns and sewing than about the rosary. He always mixed up the Angelus and the Lord's prayer, and he did not know a syllable of the Creed.

The enthusiastic priest had no end of trouble in teaching him the latter, and spent two days in the task, for when he made him repeat the Belief, even though, at length, he went through it correctly, he often fell back into worldly thought, and would break off with a half-suppressed sigh, as he muttered, "Alas, Klärchen!" The pious priest, therefore, thought it better to represent the lower regions as very hot for the lost sheep, and he succeeded so well, that the terrified Benedix, in his agony of mind, and much to his instructor's joy, quite forgot Klärchen. But the representation of the threatened torments in hell haunted him so incessantly that he could see nothing but cloven-footed horned devils, driving the crowds of lost souls, with hoes and rakes, along towards the enormous gaping mouth of the fiery abyss.

This painful state of mind on the part of the prisoner touched the zealous priest, and he charitably endeavoured to draw a curtain before the dreadful scene. He spoke, therefore, of Purgatory.

"Your offence, my son, is great," he said, "but do not despair on that account. The flames of purgatory will purify you from it. Fortunate it is for you that you did not run against an orthodox Christian; for in that case you would have had to atone for it by sinking up to your throat in a pool of boiling sulphur for a thousand years. But as you have only plundered a Jew, in a hundred years' time your soul will be as pure as silver. And I will say so many masses for your soul that you shall not wade further than your waist in the quenchless fire."

This was small comfort to poor Benedix, who, though he knew he was perfectly innocent of the offence laid to his charge, yet so firmly believed in his confessor's power of retaining, as well as forgiving sins, that he could not calculate upon an absence of punishment in the other world. He placed all his hope in his spiritual pastor, and implored him to have mercy on him, and to try to buy him off from the torments of purgatory as much as possible, till at length the severe priest was induced to sink him merely up to the knees in the flames. But there he made a stand, and no amount of entreaties or prayers could prevail on him to diminish, by one farther inch, the punishment in purgatory.

The inexorable priest had just left the dungeon, having, for the last time, wished the unfortunate wretched prisoner good-night, when Rübezahl (though invisible to him) met him at the entrance, still uncertain how to carry out his determination to set the poor tailor free without defrauding the magistrates of Hirschberg of the

pleasure of carrying out the sentence which was consonant to their antiquated system of jurisdiction, for they had gained favour in his eyes by their prompt administration of justice.

In an instant an idea struck him which pleased him. He glided after the priest into the monastery, stole from a wardrobe a gown belonging to one of the monks, equipped himself in it, and betook himself, in the form of a holy brother, back to the prison, the doors of which were respectfully opened to him by a jailor.

"The salvation of your soul," he said, addressing the prisoner, "brings me here again, though I have so lately left you. Tell me, my son, have you anything more on your conscience, that I may comfort you."

"Reverend father," replied Benedix, "my conscience does not trouble me; but your flames of purgatory terrify me, and oppress my heart as much as if I were undergoing the torture of the thumb-screw."

Rübezahl had a very imperfect and confused idea of ecclesiastical doctrines, therefore his inquiry of "What do you mean?" was excusable.

"Oh!" groaned Benedix, in reply. "To wade up to the knees in a sea of fire, I never shall be able to endure, holy father!"

"Idiot!" responded Rübezahl; "keep out of it, if it is too hot for you."

Benedix looked quite perplexed at this reply: he gazed in such astonishment into the priest's face, that the pretended holy father perceived he had made a mistake, so he added—

"More of this another time. Tell me, now, do you still think of Klärchen? Do you still love her? If you have any message to send to her, confide it to me."

Benedix's amazement increased by the mention of the dear name; the thought of her, whom he had been conscientiously striving to banish from his mind, revived with such force, especially as he was about to send her his last farewell, that he burst into tears, and sobbed until he could not utter a word. This heart-breaking scene distressed the compassionate priest so much that he resolved to put an end to it.

"Poor Benedix," he said, "be comforted; you shall not die. I have ascertained that you are innocent of the theft, and that your hand is not stained with any crime. Therefore I have come to snatch you from this dungeon, and to set you free from these chains." He drew a key from his pocket. "Let us see if it will unlock them."

The attempt was successful, and soon the prisoner's chains fell from his hands and feet. Then the kind priest changed clothes with him, and said—

“Walk demurely like a pious monk, through the crowd of jailors, out of the prison, and along the street, until you have left the precincts of the town behind you ; then tuck up your gown and step out vigorously, so that you may reach the mountains ; do not rest until you stand at Klärchen’s door in Leibenau. There knock, for your intended is anxiously awaiting your arrival.”

Poor Benedix fancied he must be dreaming ; he rubbed his eyes, he pinched his arms and legs to ascertain if he were asleep or awake, and becoming convinced all was reality, he fell at the feet of his deliverer, embraced his knees, and endeavoured to stammer forth his thanks, but excess of joy deprived him of the power of speech.

The benevolent priest at length sent him off, giving him a loaf of bread and a smoked sausage to sustain him on the way. With trembling limbs the rescued man stepped over the threshold of the dismal prison, fearing every moment to be recognised. But his respected garb gave him such an air of sanctity that the jailors did not suspect him.

Meanwhile, Klärchen was sitting alone and full of anxiety in her chamber, listening to every sound of the wind and to every footstep of the passer-by. She often fancied there was a tap at her window-shutter, or there was a ring at her little gate. Then she would jump up, her heart beating violently, and peep out, only to meet with disappointment.

The cocks in the neighbourhood were already stirring, announcing, by their crowing, the coming day. The cloister bells were ringing for early mass, though they sounded to her like tones from the dead. The watchman blew his horn for the last time to wake the farm servants for the labours of the early day. Klärchen’s lamp began to burn dimly, and her anxiety increased every moment, preventing her from observing the large letter—betokening good news, which had formed on its wick. She sat on the side of her bed weeping bitterly, as she sighed, “Benedix ! Benedix ! what a fearful day is dawning for you and me !” She went towards the window—ah ! the direction of Hirschberg was blood red, and black misty clouds floated, like crape and palls, here and there, along the horizon. Her very soul trembled at this dismal sight ; she sank into a dull stupor, and the stillness of death reigned around her.

Presently there were three taps at the window. A shrill of joy run through her frame ; she sprang up, uttering a half-scream, for a voice whispered—

“Klärchen, dearest, are you there ?”

In an instant she was at the door.

“Ah, Benedix, is it you, or is it your ghost ?” But on beholding the grey gown of a holy father she fell back fainting, and

was only restored to life by his endearing words, as he clasped her fondly in his arms.

When she had sufficiently recovered, and the first outpourings of their joy had subsided, Benedix related to her his marvellous deliverance from the miserable dungeon. But he could hardly speak; his tongue clove to his palate from excess of thirst and exhaustion. Klarchen fetched him a draught of cold water, and, refreshed by it, he began to feel hungry, but she had nothing to offer him except bread and salt. Then Benedix bethought him of the smoked sausage. He drew it from his pocket, wondering the while, why it had become as heavy as a horseshoe. He broke it open, and lo! several gold pieces fell out, much to Klarchen's horror, for she feared the gold was a portion of the property plundered from the Jew, and that Benedix was not, after all, so innocent as the worthy gentleman, who had comforted her in the mountains, had asserted.

But her lover solemnly declared that the pious priest had doubtless given him this hidden treasure as a wedding gift, and Klarchen believed him. They both poured forth blessings on their generous benefactor, left their native town, and settled at Prague, where Benedix, with Klarchen as his happy wife, lived for many years well-to-do in the world, and blessed by a large family of children.

At the early morning hour on which Klarchen, with a thrill of joy, had heard her lover's tap at the window, some one knocked also at the door of the prison. It was the holy father, who, roused by his pious zeal, had scarcely awaited the dawn of day to finish the conversion of the poor sinner, and consign him, a half-saint, to death on the gallows.

Rübezahl had assumed the part of the delinquent, and had determined, for the honour of justice, to play it out to the end. He seemed quite resigned to die, much to the joy of the priest, who immediately set down this change to the blessed fruits of the religious instruction he had given him; and he strove to keep him in this happy state of mind by spiritual exhortation; and finished his sermon by the comforting speech, "As great a crowd as you will see around you at the place of execution—so many angels—behold, are already waiting to convey your soul into Paradise."

Then the priest had his chains removed, and wished him to confess, after which he would give him absolution. But it occurred to him that the penitent should once more go over the lesson he had learned before, that the poor fellow, when brought to the gallows, might be able to repeat his confession of faith, without stumbling, for the edification of the spectators. Shocked and dismayed was the priest to find that the unteachable criminal had clean forgotten his Creed! The good father came to the conclusion

that Satan had something to do with this matter, and was trying to snatch the soul which had been gained for heaven; so he began zealously to exorcise the evil spirit, but the devil would not be driven out, and the Belief could not be drummed into the sinner's brain.

The fatal hour had now arrived, and the officers of the law declared that the time had come to kill the body, little concerning themselves about the state of the felon's soul. The execution could not be again put off, and he must die as a hardened sinner. Rübezahl submitted to all the forms and ceremonies required before the sentence was to be carried into effect. When the drop fell, and he fairly swung, he kicked and writhed so much, and carried the joke so far, that the hangman became quite uneasy, for suddenly there arose a tremendous clamour among the crowd, and some people shouted that the hangman ought to be stoned for putting the poor wretch to such unnecessary pain. To avoid such a disaster, Rübezahl stretched himself out at full length, pretending to be dead.

When the crowd, however, had dispersed, and only a few people were in the vicinity of the gallows, or, out of curiosity, had come to gaze at the corpse, the humorous gnome, who was still suspended, recommenced his antics, to the great horror of the spectators; and it was later in the day reported through the town, that the hanged tailor could not die, and was still dancing in the air from the gallows.

At length this rumour reached the members of the Senate, and caused them to appoint some of the law officials to inquire into the matter as early as possible in the morning.

When these persons reached the place of execution, all they found dangling from the gallows was a wisp of straw, covered with old rags, such as are sometimes tied to a stick stuck in the ground to frighten away the sparrows.

The learned council of Hirschberg, greatly astonished, had the straw man secretly removed, and spread the report that the high wind, during the night, had blown the slight corpse of the tailor across the boundary.

TREVANION HALL,
OR
SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

BY EMMA ELIZA HAMILTON.

“Those creatures live more alone whose food, and therefore prey, is upon other sensitive creatures.”

TEMPLE.

CHAPTER VII.

“AT this hour, to-morrow evening, we shall be sitting here with my friends, Cecil and Howard, recounting the triumphs you have earned.”

(Charles said this in order to rouse Sibald to the same happy prospect which he himself enjoyed.) The young author placidly replied, he had always been told the fate of a new play depended on the merest trifle.

“True,” rejoined Charles; “but failure usually comes by some fault in the comic part. I have talked a good deal with Grinwell; he has twenty years’ experience of the stage, and he is confident, very confident, now you have written up his part. As counsel for the defence, he has the opportunity of touching up.”

“I hope he will add no nonsense of his own,” replied Sibald, with the pride of a novice.

“Oh, no: but these popular actors watch the temper of the audience; at the right moment, they throw in a word, or look, which heightens the fun. Rely on it the house will be in roars of laughter. You may rely on Grinwell without the slightest fear. The piece has in it every element of success!—an interesting plot, wrought-up diction, striking situations, and one of the most original comic characters!—oh, Sibald! how I long for to-morrow.”

To-morrow came! At five o’clock that afternoon, Charles called in Park Street, and, with Sir Sibald, drove up to the stage-door of the theatre, and they took up their position in the manager’s box aloft.

Charles had secured the assistance of several friends, who were to be scattered in different parts of the house to support the piece; they were to keep their eyes on him, as he sat leaning forward in the box, and, whenever he pulled off his glove, cry “Bravo!” using their sticks and lungs with equal force.

The house was crowded ; something had been going on in London that morning, and the idlers finished up the day at the theatre. Ah ! Sibald, thine hour is come ! Hark ! the first notes of the violins ; the overture is ended—the curtain rises ;—we are on the terrace in front of the baron's castle—a beautiful scene ! distant mountains, flowing river : the dresses are superb ! no expense spared ! from the time the piece was pronounced a sure card.

All went on with progressive interest until the grand scene of the first act, where Mrs. Mellish achieved a triumphant success. She carried the audience with her by the impassioned fervour which she threw into the part of Carlotta, and her splendid declamation brought out every beauty of poetic writing. Hughes, as the favoured lover, acted well up to her, and the Brother was sufficiently vengeful and fierce. At the climax, Carlotta's shriek of despair, when she rose from clasping her lover's lifeless form, was quite Siddonian. She rushes to the precipice—the figure is plunged into the river (most of the spectators believing it to be the real Carlotta) ; and thus ends the first act, amidst thunders of genuine applause !

In the Trial Scene (the middle of the second act), it might be objected that, in a land where the " Code Napoleon " is established, the proceeding should exactly resemble our British Courts of Justice ; but, remember, Shakespeare brings the sea to Bohemia, and the use of gunpowder to the reign of King John ; moreover, dear reader, we are anxious to plead for our author in this particular, conscious that in this very book there are similar discrepancies.

The court is set—judge and jury all attention ; the innocent prisoner—a poor, stupid-looking young fellow—in the dock ; counsel for the prosecution ready to open the case ; house interested, and in good humour. The preparatory speech short, that Grinwell might have more play ; he was received as he entered the court with a burst of laughter—the character was complete.

Grinwell felt elated—up to anything—the audience and himself as one—his friends ready to delight in any joke he might offer. Not content with the point of the text, this talented comedian, like many a man led away by vanity, launched out into witticisms of his own, on the elastic nature of forensic conscience, and the lawyer cutting short a defence when a pleasant dinner engagement was in view ; the more the house laughed the stronger his lashings.

At this unlucky moment, a party of young Templars, who had dined together in Hall, entered the pit, and pushed on to the front benches. Grinwell's attack met their ears. True, Dickens has written similar jokes on the profession ; but it is one thing to write what a man reads in his closet or to a family circle, and another to utter on the stage what is heard by hundreds with various feelings and opinions.

No sooner did the young candidates for legal honours hear the libel on their character than a few hisses mingled with the laughs. Grinwell heeded them not; throwing his old rusty gown over his arm, in imitation of a celebrated counsel of that day, he persisted in his jokes. Then arose the cry, "Shame! shame!" and then, "Off! off!" louder and louder. No epidemic so catching as a theatrical row. All the young idlers joined the cries, "Off! off! Shame! shame!" not in the least knowing for what they clamoured—they only enjoyed the fun; while the leaders of the fray, elated with triumph, drove the popular actor from the court. The scene quickly changed, and Carlotta, the favourite actress, came on, appealing to the house, with humble curtseys and sweet smiles.

"Retire! retire!" was the order. Vain the stick thumpings, the counter-cries of Charles Mansfield's friends scattered through the house; their shouts were drowned in the storm. The stage-manager came on to the foot-lights, with a very long face, and pitiful tones, entreating to know the pleasure of the house.

"Ladies and gentlemen! may I ask—"

"Withdraw the piece!" cried the attacking party, flushed with victory.

The manager retired; another splendid scene was set to propitiate with its beauty the irate band. Vain, vain all attempts at pacification; up rose the Templars—up rose the riotous party who had joined them—while in one furious, united roar, came the only words, "Withdraw the piece!"

After a few moments, finding the mob increase, and apprehensive for the safety of his property, the manager sent forward a man carrying a long pole, to the top of which was fastened a paper bearing in large letters the announcement, "*This piece is withdrawn!*" Down fell the green curtain! Three cheers of victory, and one more! every sound that human voice can utter of exultation! The Templars were revenged; and Sibald, whose sensitive nature would have shrunk from approving voices, had to hear the harsh condemnation of his first dramatic effort.

The manager hastened round to explain and temporise with the author—he was gone! Charles had called a cab, and carried his friend back to Park Street—there his indignant feelings strongly contrasted with the philosophic calmness of our victimised author. Sibald entreated Charles not to argue against fate. The Baronet was certain from the first that something would mar the undertaking—that he was doomed to disappointment—that the manners and feelings of the present age were unsuited to his nature. He must endure them, but only seek contentment within himself.

Far, far different, was Charles's state of mind, when that honest-hearted individual read next morning in one of the leading newspapers the following notice:—

"—— THEATRE.—Last evening a Three-Act Drama was produced at this popular place of amusement, entitled 'The Baron's Daughter.' The scenery artistic, the dresses superb, and, need we add, the acting perfect. Mrs. Mellish the heroine. But nothing could save the piece. Made up of extravagant sentiment and nefarious attacks, intended for wit, on the laws and institutions of the country, we were glad there was sufficient spirit in a British public to hoot these libels from the stage.

"They were put into Grinwell's mouth. We pitied Grinwell! he endeavoured to soften them, but in vain.

"We are told the piece was written by a member of the aristocracy—we advise him not to pull down what his ancestors fought hard to establish."

On reading this paragraph, Charles Mansfield started from the breakfast-table, and wrote a full explanation of facts to the Editor, containing, for assurance, his name and address, *private*—signed for publication, "A Lover of Justice." It went into the waste-basket. The beautiful scenery was reserved for the next year's pantomime—the dresses cut up for a new melo-dramatic, serio-comico extravaganza, entitled, "The Fortunes of a Frog."

Charles's friends, who had been let into the secret of the forthcoming play, all agreed they were not surprised at its failure. Of course Sir Sibald expressed eccentric opinions. The signal disappointment—the fatality attached to the Baronet's plans—caused increasing perplexity to his friend, so anxiously desirous of finding amusement for one who would not be amused, employment for one whose life was a waking dream!

About this time Charles was called away for a few weeks to inspect accounts, and grant leases, on a family estate in Yorkshire.

The morning after his return, at a very matutinal hour, Sir Sibald Trevanion called at his lodgings, and imparted a resolution, which opened the prospect of the surest path to human happiness—he had resolved to marry!

"You are right," replied Charles, delighted to think the heavy stone he vainly tried to roll up would now be readily moved by a beloved and loving wife—"you are right, my dear friend! You will have some one to please instead of yourself, and find it easier. Who is the lady?"

"Charles," rejoined Sir Sibald, "I have not yet seen the woman I could love with that devotion of which my nature is capable, and which I long to bestow. The dress, the glare, the *challenge* for man's notice, which prevails in females, is, to my taste, vulgar. Would that I could find that retiring modesty, hiding its beauty with a bashful veil at the approach of man's admiration, a mind unsophisticated, unspoilt by the world's degrading lessons!"

"Exactly so!" said Charles, thoughtfully; then he paused.

"Such a girl I could worship," continued the Baronet.

"Of course!" said Charles; and he took two turns across the room, in deeper thought than he had ever indulged during his life; then he stopped, and confronted his friend. "Now, Sibald," he began, "you need not mind what I am going to say—at any rate, do not be offended."

"Offended by you, Charles? Impossible!"

"I am sure you will not," replied Mansfield, grasping his friend's hand with hearty frankness. "Well, then, it strikes me you might be very happy with my sister."

"Eveline is a child."

"Time runs on, Sibald: Eveline will be seventeen in October; many girls are married at that age."

"Nothing in this world could exceed my happiness in being *really*, as I am in heart, your brother!"

"You must not think, my dear Sibald, I wish to push my sister. It does seem odd that I should mention her; indeed, you are the only man to whom, at her tender age, I would entrust her. Brothers are no judges; but Aunt Mansfield says she is a very pretty girl. She came up from Hastings last week, where she has been with a lady and her daughters. She was such a delicate child, we thought that better than a regular school. My aunt does not intend she should return, being too young to be presented. From her mother's marriage-settlement, Eveline's fortune is seven thousand pounds; I shall make it ten, and give her jewels."

"Talk not of fortune!" exclaimed Sibald. "Shall I possess her first affections?"

"Really, that is an awkward point," said Charles, laughing; "I hear much of a white kitten, and a German canary. Except these rivals, you are secure. Seriously, my dear Sibald, she knows nothing of love. Eveline has never been with other girls to imbibe precocious ideas. Her first love lesson will be from a husband;—you must teach her."

"What precious hopes you open to my heart!" said the ardent enthusiast. "When will you permit me to meet your sister?"

"To-day, if you will," replied Charles. "Drop in here at seven o'clock. I shall ask Aunt Mansfield to dine with me, and bring Eveline. My uncle, I know, is going to a reception banquet at the club. But remember, Sibald, you are not bound by anything we have said. When you have seen Eveline, should you still entertain the subject, we can talk more about it."

With these words, and a reminder to be punctual at seven, Charles Mansfield parted from his friend for the rest of the morning.

Sibald wandered forth through the park too enraptured by fancy to endure the idlers of fashion who began to throng there; he chose the most remote secluded spot in Kensington Gardens; there he

sat down to feed his thoughts with fond imaginings, though certain of beholding the original that very evening. He waited not for the reality, but began to picture a being according to his own fancy—a Byronic creature—innocent and pure; the simplicity of a child blended with the fervent passions of impulsive womanhood. Was she a brunette? Did she

“Walk in beauty like the night
Of southern climes and starry skies;
While all that’s dark, and all that’s bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.”

Or was Eveline a tender blonde?

“That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek abash’d at man’s approving;
The one love’s arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.”

As Sir Sibald gave emphatic utterance to these quotations, two nursemaids, with their respective young broods, passed by.

“Nancy, that’s a play-actor,” said one of them.

“Most likely, Susan. I shouldn’t wonder if it ain’t Mr. Buckstone. I seed him once at the ‘Delphi, and he split my sides with laughing.”

“No, Nancy; Mr. Buckstone is in the comedy line; this here one is in the tragedy compartment; don’t you see how he flashes his *heyes*, and throws out his *harms*?”

“Oh, yes, Susan; it was beautiful when he said, ‘And all what’s black, and all what’s white, meets in the casket of her heyes!’”

“Yes, Nancy; but the best was—‘She walked on duty all the night.’ Didn’t he say that grand?”

“Oh, grand indeed! Not common talk, what everybody understands. Let us go and hear some more of it.” But the enthusiast was gone; a distant church clock told Sir Sibald it was time to return to his hotel and dress for dinner.

Had the young Baronet been a vain man he might assuredly have gratified his feelings at the looking-glass before he went to Curzon Street. Excitement had given animation to his fine features, a charm they usually wanted; in truth, he looked and moved a lover few women’s hearts could resist. But Sibald’s thoughts were only occupied by the coming interview; with impatient eagerness he repaired to Charles’s lodging. The drawing-room was untenanted—the blinds drawn down—the candles not yet lighted. Charles had ridden some miles out of town to be present at a trotting-match; the ladies not yet arrived. Sibald chose a remote corner in the back drawing-room, where a smart fire threw an uncertain light in the apartment.

Twenty minutes elapsed ; then a thundering knock ; a dashing open barouche stopped at the door ; then the peculiar sweep of female drapery on the stairs, and Mrs. Mansfield, followed by a tall, slender girl, entered the front room—just returned from their morning drive.

Mrs. Mansfield was perfectly aware that Sibald was in the next room, though he did not rise ; but she affected to be ignorant of his presence. Between the young Baronet and herself had always existed a certain polite aversion. Sibald thought her heartless, worldly, and sarcastic. She resented his influence with her nephew. (Having reigned despotic thirty years over the gallant colonel, she felt it hard not to manage “ a boy like Charles ”).

Assuming a “ quite-at-home ” air, Mrs. Mansfield drew up a blind, went to one of the pier-glasses, and, while taking off her bonnet and mantle, beheld Sir Sibald’s eyes intently fixed on Eveline, who was performing the same ceremonies of the toilet at the other end of the room.

“ It is really provoking in your brother to make it late to-day,” said her aunt, still confronting the glass. “ I wish we had dined quietly at home. I told him when he insisted on our coming, that we must have time to dress for the opera. I hate to be hurried, and really you must not lose the first act of the ballet.”

“ Is Miss Mansfield so much pleased with the French ballet ? ” said the Baronet.

“ Oh, Sir Sibald ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield, turning round with a well-acted start of surprise. “ You are kind enough to favour us with your notice ! Miss Mansfield, I trust, likes whatever the rest of the world likes. I should much regret to see singularity of taste in so young a lady.”

“ But if the taste was artificial and bad ? ”

“ I never argue,” replied the lady ; “ it is too much trouble, especially with philosophers. All I wish is, that Charles would come home, and let us have dinner.”

“ My brother said half-past seven.” These, the first words Eveline had spoken, were in defence of the absent. Sibald felt pleased ; in a few minutes the well-known knock was heard, and Charles, (having taken only ten minutes to change his dress), all smiles and good humour, joined his guests, his first question—

“ Aunt, have you introduced Sir Sibald ? ”

“ Mrs. Mansfield has not done me that honour,” replied the Baronet.

“ I rejoice to hear it,” said Charles ; “ that pleasure, then, be mine.”

Taking Sibald’s hand, he led him across the room to the table where Eveline sat amusing herself with a book of fine engravings.

"Eveline, my love," he said, with marked expression, "this is my dearest friend, Sir Sibald Trevanion; as a friend, give him welcome."

Sir Sihald bowed in a very earnest manner. The young lady rose, and with a grace rendered more touching by the extreme simplicity of her appearance, curtsied very low, but could summon no words in reply.

"Have you been long here?" said Charles, to his friend.

"Long enough, unfortunately, to differ in opinion from Mrs. Mansfield."

"Then be reconciled as you hand her to dinner." Thus saying, and dinner announced, Charles, with his sister, followed the dissimulating pair.

A round dining-table brings your party into close contact, delightful with intimate friends, otherwise, rather trying. As Sir Sibald thus beheld the real, loving Eveline, she most probably fell short of the ideal being his morning dreams had depicted; yet Eveline was a very pretty girl;—a pure, delicate complexion, the features small and pronounced; the hazel eyes, diligently cast down, preventing any marked expression, but harmonising with the general softness of the countenance; the whole appearance, that of a tall, childish girl, very shy before company. Still, there was an innate gracefulness—something so truly modest and refined—that Sibald's feelings and judgment were won, in the absence of imaginary charms.

The moment the ladies left the room, he entreated Charles to remove Eveline from the authority and precepts of Mrs. Mansfield.

"Sacrifice not her pure, sensitive nature, to the hardening influences of Fashion!"

"Are you resolved to claim an interest in my sister?"

"I claim her as my wife, if she accepts my love," replied Sibald. "Surely, for, as I hope, the brief interval before her marriage she may remain with you."

"Be it as you will. She *shall* remain here. I have the right to direct. Mrs. Mansfield is not my sister's guardian though her husband was mine."

"Charles, be prepared for her strong opposition to the match. Your aunt's dislike towards me is too marked to be mistaken."

"Sibald, I promise you Eveline shall remain here until you have wooed and won her. My aunt has no right to interfere. I shall settle the business this very night."

Though young Mansfield went forth to the combat with the front of a lion, he rather dreaded it. The ladies were sipping coffee—the carriage at the door.

Charles, rather confused by the sharp glance of Mrs. Mansfield's

eye, hastily requested to speak with her. She followed her nephew into the back drawing-room with a lofty aspect ; he closed the folding-doors ; he began to speak—she stopped him.

“ Spare explanations, Charles ! I saw the whole plan immediately. You are extremely wrong in sacrificing the poor girl to that eccentric mortal.”

“ Eveline is free ; she can refuse him.”

“ She ! poor child, what does she know about him ? She will do as you bid her, and be miserable. Had you allowed your sister to remain with me, I should have brought her out properly next year, and at eighteen she would have made a splendid match. But take your own way ; you will have a great deal to answer for. My carriage is come—good night ! Of course, Eveline will now be with you. I have no wish to superintend the courtship.”

Returning for an instant to the front room, Mrs. Mansfield gave Eveline an affectionate kiss, and, refusing Charles’s arm, hastened down stairs, drove home, and dressed for the opera.

Charles rejoined his friend, passing a hasty remark to Eveline, that, as the evening was chilly, she must not go out. Sir Sibald pressed him as to the way in which Mrs. Mansfield received the notice. Charles passed the question over as well as he could, merely saying that his aunt thought Eveline too young to marry ; evading more decided objections, Charles led the way to the drawing-room. Eveline played very prettily on the harp—her brother had purchased one against she came home ; and in a sweet warbling voice she could sing plaintive or lively airs ; but this evening her voice trembled, and was out of tune. The failure, however, was of little consequence ; Sibald knew nothing of music ; all he thought in the present instance was, that Eveline showed amiable feeling in trying to please others. Charles was glad when his friend took leave. At half-past eleven, Eveline’s servant, a faithful creature, who had nursed her fragile childhood, appeared at the door with a lighted candle to attend the young lady to the bedroom prepared for her.

“ You need not wait, Anne,” said Charles. “ Go to my sister’s room ; she will soon come.”

Closing the door, he turned to Eveline, with a delighted face and informed her, that on the following day she must be prepared to receive his friend’s proposal.

Eveline received the intelligence in a very different manner from the tranquil acquiescence her brother expected.

“ Impossible !” she exclaimed, with agitation. “ You are jesting ! It is impossible !”

“ Impossible ? Why, my little lily bird ? Why should not a young man wish to marry such a sweet, affectionate, dear girl, as my Eveline ?” The happy brother laid his hand on her silky brown-

tresses, and kissed her fondly. "It is quite true, dear. Sir Sibald will tell you so himself to-morrow."

"Oh, Charles! I am not worthy of him—so good! so noble-hearted!"

"In two hours you have made wonderful discoveries," said Charles, laughing.

"The moment he spoke," she continued, her swimming eyes kindling with emotion, "I felt what a superior being he is; every word he utters goes to the heart; you feel it is right. When he spoke of the homeless poor, and their sufferings, and what might be done if we thought about them, oh! it was like a divine friend, pleading for them."

The young girl paused, abashed at the sound of her own voice in his praise.

If Sibald could have seen her then!

"I am so glad you like him," said Charles, rather surprised by this burst of animation from his timid sister. "Though not a Divinity, Sibald is a good-hearted fellow. I am sure you will be very happy together. He is rather peculiar in some ideas; but young as you are, my dear, you must not contradict him."

"Who would dare?" exclaimed Eveline.

"I dare very often," replied her brother. "However, I am truly happy in the prospect of your marriage. God bless you, darling! go and dream of Sibald." Having parted from his sister, Charles Mansfield retired to rest.

"They were certainly made for each other," was the last thought he whispered to his pillow.

When Mrs. Mansfield returned from the opera, and informed her husband of the projected marriage, the Colonel shook his head, and called the plan very silly.

"Yes, my dear, replied his wife, "it is rather hard, after the pains and care I have taken, to deny me the gratification of introducing her. She will be quite thrown away on such a man as Sir Sibald; the last person on earth to make her happy,"

Mrs. Mansfield was a well-intentioned woman; rather cold and worldly in her feeling; with an easy-tempered husband; no family, and abundant means for the frivolities of life; still she had done her duty by the little orphan.

Eveline's delicate health not allowing the discipline of a school, she was placed at the seaside, under the care of a lady and daughters. The progress of education, and simple pleasures, filled her young life, sheltered from the influence of other girls, whose ideas might have destroyed that first beautiful, tender dawn, which nature places round the thoughts of girlhood. A novel she had never read; never conversed with any man except Charles and her Uncle Mansfield;

nor had any notion of love ever entered her mind. The Mansfields had a villa at Malvern, where Eveline passed the summer holidays—at Christmas, a week in London, to see the pantomimes, and draw twelfth cake,—such had been her life; such the girl called, unprepared, to fulfil the most important duties of woman's life.

Charles argued, that his sister's extreme youth and inexperience were much in favour of her wedded happiness. "A husband will mould her to his own ideas more easily than if he had to contend with formed opinions." This was always the end of any difference with his uncle and aunt on the subject. But we return from vague opinions to realities.

The day after he first met Miss Mansfield, the Baronet offered her his heart and hand; with timid emotion she accepted them. For awhile the novelty of his position and the interesting graces of his promised bride, made the lover resolve to be happy. Vain hope! Reader, if, in your journey through life, you ever met a genuine self-tormentor, you will know how futile the resolution; you will remember with what tenacity such a man solves everything into his own misery. Say, that Heaven has greatly prospered his lot—that he is surrounded with blessings—what then? A moral blindness is on his heart; blessings are unseen. Had Sir Sibald searched the wide world round, he could not have found another wife so expressly suited to his tastes and habits. But he would not acknowledge this; he endeavoured to test her feelings, to discover something adverse to his future happiness in her temper; and although each day he loved her more, the more he probed for disappointment.

On the morning of that day which had to decide her destiny in life, Eveline Mansfield was in mind and feelings a child—a sweet-tempered, docile, lively being—accomplished, graceful, and affectionate. She met him—she heard the deep tone of his impressive voice, the sentiments it expressed seemed to elevate his nature; and when told to love this man, the sudden tide of woman's feelings rushed upon her—sudden, painful, overwhelming. The trembling girl, frightened by the new emotion, shrunk into silence! conscious feelings heaved her bosom and chained her tongue; no longer the merry laugh, the thoughtless words, free and happy, marked her tender age; constant communion with a high-wrought mind like Sibald's, his fascinating person—nay, even his wayward temper—entirely subdued Eveline. As her affection grew more intense, so did the dread increase of giving pain or displeasure to a nature she could not understand; anxious days, too often sleepless nights, robbed her countenance of its youthful smiles, her heart of rest and peace.

When the glance of his melancholy dark eye fell on her, how did Eveline long to say, "Sibald! Sibald! let me try to solace your heart!"

She dared not; a strange fear came over her. Often when his footsteps approached, she left the room, waiting for composure to meet him.

This timidity—young love's first blossom—was construed by Sibald into want of feeling.

"She is heartless!" mentally exclaimed the self-tormentor. "An automaton of fashionable life! a worthy pupil of Mrs. Mansfield! Yet it is not her fault being incapable of strong affection. She cannot comprehend the yearning of my heart! She shall never suspect the void! I will study to promote her happiness, though she can never contribute to mine!"

Charles saw no cloud in the sky. Sibald was always by Eveline's side; early walks or rides—summer drives—he was always in attendance; or, when at home, he would read to her—not for the delight of pleasing or instructing her, but to watch her feelings, to discover if she were interested in the right place, or whether the characters and events produced the proper sympathy. Poor Eveline only felt that he was near! she heard his voice! and the throbings of her heart alone made answer.

Occasional family dinner meetings at the Mansfields were almost the only opportunities Mrs. Mansfield availed herself of for seeing her niece. One day, Charles being engaged to a bachelor party, requested his aunt to dine with Eveline—Sibald would be there.

Mrs. Mansfield was going that evening to a party, where some eminent musical professionals were expected. When her carriage came, and she rose to leave, she said—

"I wish, Eveline, you could have gone with me; there will be several girls there who are not out."

Sibald handed the lady to the carriage, and returned up stairs.

"It pains, it grieves me, Eveline," then he said, mournfully, "to be a bar to your pleasures. Yes, it is too true! my presence hindered your enjoyment of hours suited to your taste. I marked your wishful glance when Mrs. Mansfield spoke of the gay assembly. Be assured when, as a husband, I might claim authority, I will never prevent you from sharing the amusements in which you delight."

Eveline should have expressed the feelings of her heart, and assured the wayward lover that his presence was the only pleasure she desired; but his tone and manner were so sad and reproachful, that the poor girl was utterly unable to speak; she sat mute and trembling, her eyes fixed on the ground; no look, no sweet whisper, assured him he was mistaken.

"Heartless! heartless!" he cried, starting up in a transport of woe. Then, in an altered tone, "Pardon me, Miss Mansfield! I meant not to offend. I will no longer inflict my presence—" and he abruptly left the house.

Charles was late ; two o'clock when he put in his latch-key. As he passed the drawing-room door, in going up to his room, he saw candles still alight, and, to his infinite surprise, found his sister. She called to him faintly.

" My dear creature, why are you not in bed ?" said her brother, taking her cold trembling hand.

" I have sat up to speak to you," she replied ; " I must, Charles—I must !" as she wrung his hand, it was flooded with burning tears. He was alarmed.

" Dear Eveline ! what is it ? Is Sibald ill ? He looked very pale to-day."

" No—no, Charles." Here a burst of sobs shook her frame ; she sank down beside her brother, who tenderly supported her. " Oh, Charles !" at last she said, subduing the paroxysm of sobbing, the words broken amid a fresh gush of tears, " he loves me not !" The poor girl looked up in Charles's face—the story of her misery was told !

" Ridiculous nonsense !" said her brother, relieved to think there was no real cause for this excitement. " Not love you ! Why should he ask to marry you ?—a young man, who, by birth, talents, and position, might have married a duke's daughter !"

" He loves me not !" Eveline repeated, in a calmer manner, yet fixed in the belief. " And I love him so dearly !"

Charles was too fond of his sister to be really angry, but judged it proper to appear so.

" Eveline,"—he spoke very sternly—" I WARN YOU, if you will inflict such scenes on Sir Sibald, his ideas of female delicacy are so strict, that he will break off the match ; then you will have made yourself and me sufficiently ridiculous. My friend chose you, not for your pretty face, which you are trying to spoil, but because he thought you free from the airs or the whims of fantastical young ladies."

" I am not worthy of him—I feel that I am not," said Eveline. " And if he knew how dearly I love him, and would die to please him"—(here again she burst into tears)—" he would not call me heartless if he loved me !"

Ah, Eveline ! in a mother's bosom couldst thou hide thy tear-worn blushing face ! While nestled there, thy young arms clasped round her waist, she would have whispered soothing words to thee—told thee these new alarms in thy virgin breast were the germs of future joys, of sacred affections, the fruition of love ! There was no such comforter for thee. Oh ! might Sibald know thy heart ! might thy beloved one feel that his sweet smile was paradise to thee ! that the fear of giving him one moment's pain alone caused thy silence ! with grateful adoration would he have knelt at thy

feet, Eveline, and poured out his heart in blessings upon thee. Will no kind angel whisper it to his dreams? Alas! he is left in complete delusion. Charles, inexperienced as to the nicer shades of feeling that marked the peculiar character of his friend, but conversant with Sibald's fastidious notions of women, feared that any impulsive feelings would disgust him, and resolved to crush them in his sister.

"What business has a girl to think of love until she is married, far less to talk of it?" he said, in the same authoritative tones. "I never thought a sister of mine could be so forward."

As he uttered this reproach, Eveline's face, neck, and arms, flushed deeply; her tears were dried in a moment.

"Good night, Charles," she spoke, gently, but very calmly. "Be assured, neither you nor Sir Sibald shall have my feelings thrust upon you."

There was a proud dignity in her manner Charles had never before seen. It is true, when she reached her chamber, when no eye could see, or ear hear, while her prayers ascended to the Throne of Mercy, she lifted up her voice and wept. But Eveline's character, with all her timid gentleness, possessed a virtuous strength, a higher tone than usual at her age. Charles had called her "*a forward girl*." She had to conquer this opinion; she resolved to do so. When she rose from a sleepless bed, Eveline Mansfield felt she could act the part which her brother and the world seemed to require.

Sibald met her that day with more tenderness of manner than usually marked his greeting. He saw her pale cheek, and tear-swollen eyelids; he remembered he had spoken harshly, and parted from her abruptly. His kindly heart was touched; but the girl who would the previous day have sunk into his arms, now received the caress with coldness. Charles was present. Never again would he call her "*a forward girl*." Every hour only tended to convince Sibald that his first opinion was true, and that Eveline was incapable of strong affection; too proud to sue for the tenderness that he felt he deserved, and in spite of his determination to *stand by his fate*, an occasional cloud was on his brow.

"They are both very whimsical," thought Charles; "just alike. When they are married it will be all right: the sooner the better."

One favourable change arose on the aspect. Mrs. Mansfield, like a woman of the world, when the marriage was finally settled, made no further objections, behaving towards Sibald with friendly politeness, and testifying a maternal affection for the girl to whom she acted as a mother.

As the time drew near, she was frequently at the house—superintending the trousseau, selecting the bridesmaids, and, with a good grace, fulfilling all matronly duties.

Charles, having lately purchased a small property near Windsor—Beech Lodge—it was arranged that the newly-wedded pair should go there for a few weeks, previous to their arrival at Trevanion Hall. All is prepared ;—the settlements are drawn—the jewels reset—the day fixed.

Eveline! that day will seal your fate! weal or woe for a heart like yours ; more tender, more affectionate, more timid, there could not be ; yet deep thoughtfulness—unusual at her girlish years—possessed Eveline Mansfield's spirit ; and when she retired to rest on the eve of her bridal, who could have fathomed it ?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE wedding-morning, bright and cloudless, gave promise of a lovely day—a welcome omen of felicity. Mrs. Mansfield came very early, partook of the *petit déjeuner*, and lent her assistance at the toilet of the bride. Eveline draped, wreathed, and veiled, resembled some fancied marble statue of Juliet ; had the heart been searched, Juliet's fatal, fond idolatry, would have stamped the likeness—the statue, not the eye—the woman was impenetrably concealed.

As Sibald stood by her side at the altar, he watched with intense anxiety for some sign of emotion : there was none, not the slightest. She bowed assent to the holy vow, but uttered no word ; yet, since Eveline stood there, a mighty rush of feelings had struggled for the mastery ; fear and joy, hopes, doubts, and passions assailed her breast. She endured that inward tempest, resolved to betray no weakness ; but at the last—all else concluded—when the Rector of St. George's, with impressive voice and outstretched hands, pronounced the fiat of the Church, "man and wife,"—Sibald *hers*, she *his*,—then the tenacity by which the poor girl had kept back her feelings, suddenly gave way—the tide of rapture was too high—the swelling heart could bear no more,—with one sob, breathless and fainting, she fell back into her brother's arms !

Water! Essences! The vestry—a scene !

The bridegroom was miserably shocked ! He could scarcely bear to follow the agitated party, which, with tender care, assisted in restoring the unconscious bride. Sir Sibald fully believed that repugnance to the marriage was the cause of her emotion ; that she would never have consented, but for fear of her brother ; and that when irrevocably united, she could no longer conceal her aversion. Had he reached the climax of distress ? No !

Lady Trevanion soon recovered : she declared herself perfectly well, and the party drove off to Colonel Mansfield's house, Mrs. Mansfield, as nearest female relative, having insisted on her privilege of giving the wedding-breakfast.

These are usually dull things, but this was quite an exception ; —the Colonel so hospitable ; his wife in her favourite element, surrounded by fashionable friends ; honest Charles, in such exuberant spirits—he hugged his sister, he kissed the bridesmaids, he kissed his aunt, he made and called for speeches.

At five o'clock, the Baronet's elegant chariot, with a splendid set of greys, arrived ; the bride had retired to change her dress ; Sir Sibald and her brother are waiting in the hall ; a crowd of spectators are cheering loudly, as close to the carriage as the police allowed. Eveline comes !—the carriage-door opens—all the party assemble to take leave of the happy pair—Charles hands his sister in—the bridegroom follows—"Ready !" shouts the servant in the dickey behind—and off to Windsor !

A thousand mixed feelings rose in Sibald's breast when he considered himself the protector of that young creature. "I will be kind to her," thought he ; "it is not her fault that she cannot love me." His reflections were sad ; he sighed deeply ; he believed himself a victim ! Half the journey passed, Sir Sibald roused himself from the melancholy reverie.

"Eveline," said he, "do you think you shall like Beech Lodge ? it has little to recommend it except perfect quiet ; but the park and green rides near Virginia Water are now in their beauty. I hope you will not feel dull."

"Oh, no," she replied, with unwonted animation, "I shall like it very much, though not so much as *your* home."

Could there have been a more loveable speech for a bridegroom's ear ? What demon possessed Sibald's mind that he could pervert these words into misery ? Who shall say ? The spirit of self-tormenting is a most powerful alchemist. "Home !" he repeated, in a tone difficult to describe, "aye, it must be home !" The sigh which accompanied the words breathed unhappiness ; you might have exclaimed, "Oh ! what a sigh was there." Sibald was thinking aloud, forgetful of his companion's feelings—(into these we shall not enter). The carriage drove rapidly, arriving at Beech Lodge before seven o'clock. Sibald handed out his bride ; her cheeks were deadly pale ; she trembled ; to his anxious inquiries she replied, she was very tired, but quite well.

A *recherché* little dinner was prepared. Charles had frequently run down to see that the cottage was delightfully arranged—the flowers Eveline loved best profusely dispersed through the rooms—a harp ready for her sweet melodies,—everything showed his brotherly affection and tender wish for her happy commencement of wedded life.

The evening was warm ; a balmy air came through the shrubberies, gently fanning the large beech trees beyond the grounds.

Let us stroll through the garden this lovely evening—the air will revive you.”

He took Eveline's hand—it was icy cold ; she did not rise ; she hesitated, as if choosing her words, avoiding his eye the while, then said, she had no wish to walk—she must go upstairs, and have her trunks unpacked.

“ I should think Ann might perform that office,” replied Sibald, —(Nurse Ann had been sent down the day before the wedding to attend her young lady.)

“ I would rather go myself,” said the bride.

“ Please yourself, my dear Eveline ; I trust you always will,” was Sibald's response ; certainly there appeared little consideration for his feelings.

Eveline, as she spoke, had opened the parlour-door, but instead of leaving the room, she turned, and stood more than a minute steadfastly gazing at her husband ;—that was a look not to be forgotten ; it was lost on Sibald—he only turned towards the door as *he heard it close*.

“ Extraordinary girl !” murmured Sibald, thus left to his solitary reflections. “ Unpack the trunks—settle the drawers,—any excuse to leave me !”

At half-past nine coffee was brought in.

“ Let Lady Trevanion know coffee is ready,” said Sir Sibald to the servant.

“ Her ladyship is in her room, Sir Sibald, and sent word down she did not wish you to wait ; Miss Ann told me so,” replied the man.

“ Go !” said his master, greatly irritated, and pacing the room with disordered steps. “ Yet I honour her !” he exclaimed ; “ she is constant in her feelings—she avoids me to the last !”

After this brief soliloquy, the Baronet seated himself in one of those luxurious chairs which inevitably tempts both body and mind to repose. All around was perfect quiet ; he had not rung for lights, none were brought in ; only the soft moonbeams stole through the transparent curtains of the low window, adding to the soothing influence around. The truth must be told, however strange, however, under circumstances, improper, Sir Sibald fell fast asleep ; on waking, quite unconscious of the time, he approached nearer the window, drew back the curtains, and consulted his watch—*half-past twelve*—fact ! Two hours and a half he had slumbered. In astonishment and haste he rang the bell ; the valet entered with lights.

“ Send Lady Trevanion's woman here immediately.”

“ Mrs. Anne is gone out, Sir Sibald.”

“ Out ! at this hour ? what is it you mean ?”

The man answered not—he had bolted—but in the doorway, next appeared the housekeeper, a retired servant of the Mansfields.

"Please recollect, Sir Sibald, I knew nothing about it till a minute before you rang," said Mrs. Andrews, in a doleful tone.

"About what?" exclaimed the exasperated Baronet, catching up a candle, and mounting the stairs; but the housekeeper was before him; she stopped him on the landing as he turned to the bridal chamber.

"Pray be composed; take it quietly—pray do, Sir Sibald!"

"Take what?" The young man shook off her restraining grasp, and entered.

On the untenanted bed was Eveline's travelling dress and lace shawl; the wax lights still burning round the toilet, upon it several jewel and trinket cases, to the key of one was tied a letter; Sibald tore it open—the wedding-ring dropped on the floor—he read these words:—

"BELOVED, ADORED SIBALD—

"This once I may call you so!

"I leave you free. The words this day spoken in marriage cannot, I think, bind you to one unworthy of you. You would have tried to be always kind to me. I know that—but it would have been an effort. So superior as you are, your wife should be one of whom you can be proud—a highly-gifted, brilliant lady, not a weak, simple girl like me.

"From the first I felt you could not love me; and when to-day you sighed so sadly at the thought of a *home with me*, then, Sibald, I resolved to set you free. Fear not that I shall ever claim your hand. My future life will be passed in strict seclusion, praying for your happiness.

"All your beautiful presents I leave except your picture; that will be my husband.

"I have written to Charles, and told him it is all my doing; and you are not to blame any way. Poor Ann has tried to persuade me; but seeing me determined, I hope will go with me. If I do wrong, it is for your happiness. Your wife must be the most blessed woman on earth; but my love for you strengthens my heart to the sacrifice.

"Farewell, beloved Sibald,

"As one gone—think of

"EVELINE."

Sibald read the first few lines, then dropped the letter, and with a cry of maddened remorse, rushed from the room. Vain all soothing—vain all attempts to calm him! Again he went into the bedroom—caught up the letter—read the whole.

"Eveline! Eveline!" he passionately cried, "only return to me? Dearest love! let me tell you all I feel! only return!"—then having found the wedding-ring, Sibald thrust it, with the letter, into his bosom. No tears had relieved the heart or brain; it was all dry, hard suffering. The terrified servants called in medical advice, but before morning the unhappy man lay raving in delirious fever.

Colonel Mansfield arrived the next day, hoping to trace the fu-

gitives ; meanwhile, the brave old soldier evinced a truly compassionate feeling towards the sufferer.

Where was Charles, that most affectionate friend ? an express sent up from Beech Lodge, reached him at the same time as his sister's letters. Twenty years' friendship, proof against caprice, and all other varying infirmities of humour, was snapped. Charles Mansfield declared he would never see Sibald again ! That the husband must have been cruelly to blame, as a girl so timid and as Eveline could not have taken such a step—his sister had been driven to it by extreme unkindness.

We cannot account for such sudden change of feeling without pause, or search for the truth ; but this we do know, that when a man feels conscious he himself is to blame, he usually endeavours to throw the guilt on his friends. Charles Mansfield could not forget how resolutely he had repressed poor Eveline's emotion, when she confessed her fears and doubts, and maiden love ; he could not but know that if he had hinted these doubts to Sibald, the lover would no longer have thought Eveline cold-hearted. Ah ! no ; all had been happiness. Sibald, enraptured by such tenderness, would have caught the trembling, loving creature, to his bosom, and she never, never more would have doubted her Sibald's love. Charles strove to banish these reflections, " nursing his wrath to keep it warm ;" while Aunt Mansfield incessantly aggravated it. She had always foreseen misery, always said poor Eveline was wretchedly sacrificed, married to such an eccentric, morose, unsocial being. Charles owed it to his sister's character, Mrs. Mansfield insisted, to break off all intercourse with Sir Sibald.

Colonel Mansfield remained a fortnight at Beech Lodge, and in the course of that time ascertained, that on that ill-starred wedding-evening, about half-past ten o'clock, two females came to the White Hart Inn at Windsor, and engaged a carriage to Henley. One of these persons was short, and rather stout ; her companion taller, and very slender. She was closely veiled, the driver said ; he was directed to a white cottage at the end of the town ; that the shorter (and he should say, elderly) woman alighted, and rang the house-bell. Some time elapsed before it was answered, then a man opened the door ; the woman entered the house ; they did not shut the door, as he could hear them talking in the parlour, but not the words ; he rather thought by the tones of their voices that the woman was arguing about something. It might be ten minutes after that the man came out to the carriage-door, and, without speaking a word, handed the younger lady out. They went into the house, and the door was closed ; the man seemed a respectable person, on or off fifty. He came out a second time, and paid the driver and dismissed the carriage.

“ Would the driver know that house again ? ”

“ Certainly he would ; it was the last on the right-hand side—the corner of Gillingham Lane.”

Off to Henley. Colonel Mansfield, his own groom driving—the man on the box—arrived at the white cottage. All closed ! a bill on the outside shutter, “ *These Premises to Let, Furnished : for particulars, inquire of Mr. Brown, Gillingham Farm.* ”

Farmer Brown informed the Colonel that the owner of the white cottage was a retired tradesman, highly respected, who had resided there eight years ; a niece kept his house ; his wife was dead. Nobody could tell where he was gone, or why he left ; but one morning, when the neighbours got up, they saw the house closed.

Farmer Brown had inspected the premises, (the house key was brought to him by a little boy) ; nothing was removed except the trap and the pony. He had received the following day an undated letter, authorising him to let the house on yearly lease, and communicate with S. G. Watson, 5, Brick Court, Temple.

Now all these arrangements were subsequent to Eveline’s flight, and the departure of the party from Henley was the morning after the wedding-day.

Who was this person, at 5, Brick Court, Temple, to whom Farmer Brown was referred ?

Colonel Mansfield rushed back to town, and found him at Chambers—a middle-aged lawyer, answerable for nothing ; polite, essentially silent, not recognising that gallant officer’s right to question him.

Thus matters stood. At the end of the fortnight Sibald’s life was saved ; fever abated, consciousness revived, he called upon Charles.

Kindly did Colonel Mansfield endeavour to pass over his nephew’s absence ; but the truth was known, and this grief added to Sibald’s load. He must bear it, bowed down in misery, he must endure this last, last blow—he had lost his friend ! When the truth was known, though hardly able to leave his bed, he insisted on leaving Beech Lodge, and by easy stages was removed home to Trevanion Hall. There the deplete, deserted man, had time for sorrow and reflection. “ The still small voice ” was heard ; it told him many truths, and called him to repentance ; he shrank not from the pang, but laying his heart open to conscience, submitted to the just and righteous scrutiny. Thus conscience spoke to the unhappy man :—“ Thou art esteemed virtuous ; thy nature tempt thee not to vice ; liberal thou art, and the poor ne’er plead to thee in vain ; thy disposition has pleasure in bestowing ; thy feeling cannot brook the sight of misery ;—’tis *self* in all ! That fault

inherent in thee—the love of self—thou didst not strive against ; self was in all thy thoughts—in all thy false, imaginary woes—in all thy kindest actions.”

When conscience pronounced this judgment, it was hard to bear ! Every feeling quivered under the torture. But Sibald's good angel hovered near, soothing the aching heart, and whispering “ peace.” The mourner began to experience that resignation and support which the peace of God alone has power to bestow. His recollection of Eveline assumed a calmer tenderness.

“ She will return, and we shall yet be happy !” he loved to think, in the lonely hours, when memory brought before him the “ shortcomings ” of his own temper and unjust thoughts.

Charles, meanwhile, received a second letter from his sister. In this she begged he would not try to discover her retreat ; she was well, and happy in the thought that the sacrifice was for Sibald's future good—that her own life would be passed in seclusion—Ann was very careful and attentive.

Furthermore, Eveline requested, if Charles could arrange it, that the interest of her share of their mother's fortune might be paid to her account half-yearly ; she would not receive any other supply. The money would be received by a person authorised, who would always leave a letter at Coutts's ; and she hoped Charles would let her know by the same hand how he was in health.

Ann had reckoned the interest, and said it was correct. The first deposit was requested on the 30th of July.

“ Ann !” exclaimed Charles, when he had read the letter to Colonel Mansfield, “ she could as easily solve the prize problem in Euclid. There is a secret agent who has dictated this part—it is evidently copied with care, as persons write who do not understand beyond the separate words. We shall find a clue when this agent calls at the bank.

Full of hope, certain of his plan, Charles, accompanied by his Uncle Mansfield, found himself at Coutts's at ten o'clock—we should say ten minutes *after* ten—on the morning of the 30th of July.

He had previously communicated with the high powers in that deep mine of wealth, and obtained a promise (under such peculiar circumstances) that whoever presented the cheque should be detained until they might speak to *him*, or *her*, as the case might be, and be allowed to remain in a private room in readiness for the occasion.

Colonel Mansfield, with military precision, was punctual to the appointment, and walked up the Strand with his nephew. Passing the Charing Cross station, they met a friend, about to stand for a borough, commencing his canvas ; a very interesting consultation ensued. Arrived at the bank, and hurrying in, they pushed against a little elderly man, who, before he stepped on the pavement, stopped

a moment to put a pocket-book securely into his waistcoat-pocket. The Mansfields crossed the first room, and were entering the sanctum beyond it, when a clerk, emerging from behind his desk, with a bland smile, informed them that Lady Trevanion's order had just been paid.

"Why did you not detain the man?" exclaimed Charles.

"You were not here, sir, we understood. You were to come before our hours. The gentleman left this letter for you from her ladyship."

BETWEEN THE MEADOWS AND THE MAIN.

HERE on this same bright beach that shone
With strange new light in days long gone,
When first we loved, sweet, you and I,
Take hands and kiss and say good-bye.

Sun, moon, and stars shall rise and wane,
But we shall never meet again,
Between the meadows and the main.

And who is saddest, you or I?
Take hands and kiss and say good-bye!

The old sea beach has lost its hue
Of sunshine, and the utter blue
Wearies me now in sky and sea;
And nought is as it used to be.

Old rhymes sound jarred, for love is slain—
We two shall never meet again
Between the meadows and the main.

And who is saddest, you or I?
Take hands and kiss and say good-bye.
Good-bye!

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

OUR WALK ON THE CLIFFS.

WHEN I was twenty, I was a great, tall, fair girl—taller, fairer, and stronger than all the women around me. I possessed life and energy to the fullest extent, and had never known a day's illness. I gloried in my strength, scorned feminine weaknesses, and sometimes sighed with regret that I had not been born of the superior sex. I much preferred a canter on my rough pony to any novels, and never would sing a love-song. Sentiment I despised with all the energy of my vigorous will. This will was, however, as untutored as it well could be. I was one of those unfortunate beings—an only child. I call them unfortunate from the very fact that they have no brothers and sisters to impose a healthy control upon their wayward impulses and affections, which are allowed to run riot upon what they like. It would take an angel to grow up unselfish without companions, and I, being anything but an angel, was no exception to the rule. I only had myself to live for; I had a father and mother, but they lived for me. Of course I loved them, and loved them very much, but with a sort of tacit affection. It is natural for children to love their parents, so I loved mine. I never made any display of it, never spoke of it. It was an understood thing; why should I show it? moreover, I hated all demonstration. Deep, pure, sympathising love was a dead-letter to me; it had never been called forth. During my twenty years of life there had been no circumstances to bring it out. All had been sunshine, and I had had my own way. The consequence was, I had no faith in that undying, almost holy love, which would make a man "lay down his life for another." I had frequently said I could do from courage, but not from love. Careless of all these failings, I only laughed when my fond mother sometimes gently hinted at them. Very gently, for she would not for the world distress me. I was rather pleased on the whole when she bemoaned my want of conventionality; if I was not conventional in mind I was not in appearance either, and I was glad of it. So when my mother sighed, I smiled. A London belle would have committed suicide rather than have entered a ball-room with such a five feet nine inches of height as I possessed, and breadth in proportion. My tangled yellow hair would have given a hairdresser a fit, and no interesting girl but would have blushed to have owned such strength as was mine. I was more like a schoolboy than a girl. A girl who loves attention and admiration can smile sweetly on

love-sick youths, and is made happy by compliments. Like a schoolboy I considered being "in love," somewhat akin to being out of one's mind, and pitied the poor victims with a scornful pity.

For all that, I had a lover! One of the most approved type, too—an artist!—what romantic maiden of seventeen does not in her most blissful dreams imagine—an artist lover! He was pale and handsome, interesting-looking, dark eyes and raven hair. Moreover, there was a touching languor about him, and his name was "Julius Vere."

I, Annie Morton, had truly made a great and enviable conquest.

This was how it came about. We lived at the sea-side. My father had bought one of those "desirable family mansions," which, curiously enough, few people seem to have a desire for, on the south coast in Hampshire. Pine-woods and heather made up the background, but the prospect to seaward was one of the reasons, according to the advertiser, why our house was so peculiarly attractive. The white cliffs made a sheer descent to the sands, and somewhat to the eastward across the sea one saw the Isle of Wight standing clear against the horizon. Now Julius Vere was recovering from an illness. Sea-air is good for people recovering from illnesses; so very naturally, being the son of one of my father's old friends, he was invited to make a long stay with us at our desirable residence, so that he might, if possible, entirely regain his health.

It was not unlikely something more than mere restoration to health might come of the visit, when a young lady was to be his constant companion. But no one minded that. In fact, I believe our respective parents rather desired it should. He had fame and I had wealth; to unite the two was a very nice idea.

At all events, one fine summer day, Julius Vere arrived—easel and all. I, on my rough pony, met him at the gate. I must, in truth, have been an original sight. My shaggy steed, whereon I roamed the cliffs at my own sweet will, was scarcely less wild-looking than my own yellow mane, blown by the wind into beautiful confusion over my coarse blue habit. I sprang hastily to the ground, and greeted him with warmth. He looked very thin and delicate, and I regarded him rather as a piece of precious china, to be jealously guarded, than as a human being like myself; above all—a *man*. He was fully an inch shorter than I, and slight withal. In fact, with his dreamy, dark eyes and languid ways, he should have gone to dreamy, languid Italy, and not have come to our rude English coasts. At least, not if he wanted his surroundings to be in keeping with himself.

However, he soon got stronger, and went out sketching. I in—

variably carried his drawing apparatus: of course he protested, but I was accustomed to have my own way in most things, and managed to overcome his scruples on that score. At first all this was amusing enough, and made a change in my somewhat monotonous life. But after a while Julius Vere began to weary me. He painted my portrait, and made my hair as yellow as a sunflower—sang dreamy songs to us of an evening, which mamma thought beautiful, and I silly—was always giving me flowers, which I threw away when he was not looking. Besides all this, he had a passion for moonlight walks, but not solitary ones. No; I was dragged out at unearthly hours in the dark, to listen to his rhapsodies over “effects” which I did not believe he ever saw. If there is anything I hate, it is a moonlight walk. Julius, though, was deeply attached to this sort of “constitutional.” At last I perceived he was growing deeply attached to the companion of these chilly promenades, and that my parents smiled on his love. That was a nuisance! I could not go and tell him, “You are falling in love with me—please don’t.” Not knowing what to do, and selfishly heedless, I wandered about with him as usual, in a sisterly way, taking care of him. And what an amount of looking after the poor fellow required! He was sketching on the sands one day, regardless of tides, and would have been drowned to a dead certainty, had not I opportunely arrived and hurried him out of danger. For a moment our situation looked threatening, and I said as much.

He replied, “I am not afraid,” as calmly as if being drowned was rather a pleasant thing than otherwise, while I was flurried and anxious.

“Do come along!” I said, angrily; “getting your feet wet is enough to kill *you*.” This in a tone implying it would take the whole Atlantic at least to do me any harm. He made no answer, if he had spoken I should not have minded; but his very silence, and instant yielding to my injunctions to “come along,” softened me, and I said, awkwardly, “I didn’t mean to be cross.”

“I know that,” he replied.

I had just taken his hand, for we were climbing over some slippery rocks, and with his words his grasp on me tightened, and he gave me a sudden quiet look of forgiveness—he always excused my small misdemeanours, though he never knew how to express it; for I laughed at and cut up any pretty little speeches he might essay to mollify me with. He was painfully aware of that—on this occasion he only made me more wrath than usual. I shook off his hold impatiently, saying, “We can manage alone here, I think.” We “managed alone” the rest of the way, and in the end got home safely.

I was getting so accustomed to his ways that I thoughtlessly

allowed him to fall more and more hopelessly in love with me. He was certainly very beautiful, and devoutly attentive—the beautiful ideal of a lover, though thrown away on me. I even laughed at my ridiculous position—I, the painfully practical, to have such a romantic admirer; and what could he find to admire in me? What could I do—I let fate decide. I took his flowers as usual; sat for another picture which rejoiced in even yellower hair than the first one; wasted my evenings in listening to his songs, and caught cold in our moonlight walks. All this time I was learning to know him; and though I did not rightly appreciate my knowledge of him then, when I look back I can see how infinitely he was my superior. In my childish pride I could not understand that, though now it is so plain to me. His constitution, naturally delicate, made him incapable of joining in the pursuits of other men. I, in my enjoyment of life and vigour, scorned him for that—that which he could not help. No check had been put in childhood upon his dreamy and sensitive disposition, and constant illness had kept him very solitary. For all that, in mind he was a man among men. Upright and honest as the day; taking a keen interest in the affairs of the world, and always enlarging his own views by reading those of others, he was devoted to his special work, and his love of the poetic and the beautiful was so ever present in him that, added to his languid ways and delicate appearance, it made me, from contradiction, hug yet closer my downright manners and ideas, and rejoice yet more daringly in the health God had given me. It was a very precious gift, and one for which I should have been very grateful—one in which it was right for me to glory; but my gratitude and my glorying therein was of a piece with my whole self generally,—a tacit thankfulness and a too selfish enjoyment of it. All I did was done with a view to my own satisfaction. I could not help being pleased when Julius praised my fearless riding; I liked letting him see I could walk miles without being tired, and grew to accept his admiration with a most condescending acceptance. But he gave me more than admiration merely, he gave me love, and that I doggedly refused; nor would I enter into his plans with the same readiness he showed in mine. His art, his music, the intellectual life he lived, was all beyond my comprehension. I simply could not understand it, nor did I try. Of course I was kind to him—I mean, kind in a practical way—my kindness cost me nothing, and there was a responsibility and a self-glorification about it that I did not object to. Such kindness as taking him out boating, riding, and walking, amusing, and looking after him as I would a child. And thus while I was teaching him to love me more and more, I was only learning to tolerate him as an object for employment; to like him, perhaps, as a foil for the

better showing off of myself. Little did I think the contrast was to my disfavour—yet so it was. In after years, when sharp wounds were healed over and only sweet memories remained, my tender father and I at times talked over this one crisis of my life; and he then first made me aware that he and my mother, knowing well the intrinsic value of the dear one, and how exactly his mind and warm true heart were suited—first to neutralise my shortcomings, and then to develope in me all that would raise me to his own high intellectual level, to share in his pure aspirations, and his truthful labours for his fellow-men, independently of his excellence in beautiful “Art,”—had sought to make us known to each other, with the loving hope we should become “one” to each other and to them. They truly loved him as they would a son.

While our two lives were proceeding in this one-sided fashion, the one giving more than the other received or was worthy of, I, as usual called him, one bright warm day, for our almost daily afternoon walk.

“You’d better come,” I said, in my ordinary abrupt way. He rose obediently, slipping a book he was reading into his pocket. We wandered over the cliffs, and after we had gone some distance sat down; while I, being more amiable than usual, let him read me some poetry, which he had been dreaming over when I brought him out. He was pleased at the concession, but his enjoyment was like all enjoyments in this world, rather too short to be perfect, and tempered throughout by a slight inclination on my part to fidget. He shut the book with an audible sigh, while I, quite regardless, amused myself by springing up and racing off with the dogs. The cool wind was delightful, the dogs scampered round me, and laughing and tired I was soon back again. Julius was looking so melancholy that I said, as soon as I recovered breath—

“What is the matter—are you shocked at my want of demure, young-lady manners?”

“On the contrary, I don’t admire demure young ladies,” he replied; “only, somehow, you and I seem to have accidentally got into the wrong places.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, the man ought to be the active busy one,—the one to take care of the woman—not *vice-versa*.”

“As in this case,” I answered.

“After all,” he continued with an effort at a smile, for I had hurt him, “I think I have the best of it, Annie. I have many enjoyments you have not. In fact, there is only one thing I ask, and I should be content.”

“And what may that be—to become poet-laureate,” I said, “or first artist in the kingdom.”

"Neither," he replied, "but I do wish you could understand that I don't live in a dream—that my life is as real, with far more intense enjoyment, as yours; in fact, that I could teach you that your happiness is secondary to the happiness there is to be found even in this world, if we honestly seek it."

"Oh," I replied, "if you want to make me adore art, revel in poetry, and prefer a book to a walk, I am afraid, sir, your aspiration is beyond you."

"I don't mean that," he said, wearily; "I do believe it is no use trying."

"Not a bit!" was all I replied.

Then we were silent, I from a feeling that, perhaps, I had not been very polite; he because he saw I was not in a mood to attend to him.

"Perhaps we had better go home," he said at last, slowly rising.

"I agree with you," I answered, but I was so lazily comfortable, that I rather shirked getting up from the soft heather cushion I was leaning against. "Do get me that bit of heather, first," I asked, pointing out a large spray on the edge of the cliff, and grateful for the few minutes more idleness I should thus gain. Besides, I knew he liked giving me flowers, and it was a sort of apology for my rudeness just before, and showed I had got over it.

The request quite animated him, and as he went to pick the heather, for an instant I experienced a true woman's vanity in the thought that the slightest word, the slightest wish of mine had weight with him—more weight than the word or the wish of any other woman in the world.

The sensation was a passing one, and then another equally new to me flashed through my usually indifferent mind. Though years have passed, the beauty of the scene is still vividly impressed on my memory, also the sort of surprise I felt at finding my unobservant self noticing such a thing. Perhaps, after all, Julius' love of the beautiful was taking root in me. The sky was of the intense blue so rarely seen in England; not one cloud to be seen, and as evening was drawing on, the sun was just beginning to cast slanting shadows of the few firs that made the sole shelter on the arid cliffs. Golden gorse and heath were enlivening the general sterility with bright patches of colour, and I can even recall the buzzing of the bees, as they flitted from clump to clump of the honey-laden blossoms. Beyond the edge of the cliff was the great blue sea, still and dazzling, while one heard, beneath the lazy fall of the waves as they washed the shore, placidly murmuring their endless song. Away to the east and west stretched the white cliffs, sparkling in the sun's warm rays; and so clear was the day that the Isle of

Wight stood out vividly against the blue sky—a trifling thing, but I remember every detail of the picture, and that break on the horizon took away from the dreamy mystery there is about an entire stretch of ocean, and added to the presence of life and reality I felt at the moment.

In the foreground and perilously close to the edge was Julius, stooping to gather the heath I had asked for. “Brutus,” my big Newfoundland, was gloriously idle at my feet, carelessly snapping at the flies that came near enough; but the two others, cross-grained little terriers, though very dear to me and amiable to no one else, scampered, barking and snarling, after my willing lover.

He was bending down facing the precipice. My teasing and unruly pets sprang at the flowers he was tugging at, and generally worried him as only such little ill-tempered wretches can. He turned round to give them a cut with his stick. He forgot his precarious footing—he fell over the cliff.

Quick as thought I sprang to my feet; with such a heart-rending, sharp cry that its intensity touched my own soul as though another had uttered it. But I could not move, for a miserable, overwhelming terror seized me, and I sank, not faint but frightened, to the ground. I could not stir—I did not know what to do.

“God help me!” I gasped, piteously, and then as if he had sent some good angel to guide me, I rose, not staggering nor trembling, but with my old firm step, and my nervousness vigorously repulsed, I walked straight to the fatal spot, and forced myself to look over the edge.

At the sight I did not cry, nor moan, nor turn giddy, and fall over myself out of sympathy; no, the sight strengthened me. True, he was lying many feet below me, motionless and silent, but even that did not unnerve me. Fortunately at this particular spot the cliff was much less steep, and much less in height than many other parts, which made my resolve all the easier to carry out. My object was, of course, to reach Julius instantly. The only pathway to the sands was a round of a full mile from where I was. I could not bear such delay, for now every feeling within me was concentrated on him in a way that startled me.

“O God, take care of me!” I whispered, and gathering my light skirts close round me, to prevent them catching on the crags, I began to climb down the cliff. Wonderfully soon and wonderfully easily I accomplished the descent. I scarcely knew what I was doing; all I did know was that every step was bringing me nearer him, and then overwhelmed with a deep remorse and an infinite love, I knelt at my lately disregarded lover’s side. My wretched scornful superiority had gone, melted away into an indefinable depth of love, and sympathy, and pity. I had never before been

brought face to face with such sadness ; I had never before had any-one in his dire distress, his utter helplessness, dependent on me for aid or comfort. I had never before had my own littleness, my own powerlessness so forced upon me. Wretched, yearning, humbled, I bent over him.

He lay on a heap of drifted sand, seemingly lifeless, and his right hand clutched a fragment of the heather, in getting which he had fallen. I took it from him, and hid it in my dress ; I bathed his temples with the cold, salt water, and chafed his nerveless hands, and in my utter misery I called him by his name, and implored him to live for my sake.

How was it? Love so long resisted had at last forced an entrance into my heart. But it seemed as though the life I now set such a price on was ended for ever. These moments were terrible to me. I was frightened as well as miserable. Suddenly my agony of wretchedness was changed into a tumultuous hope, for at last his eyes unclosed, and met mine.

He smiled as though he had awoke to joy, and not to sorrow.

“What is it? where are we? what were you saying?” But his voice was so faint I could barely hear it—then the dreamy consciousness passed away, and the whole truth dawned on him. An expression of acute pain passed over his face, and on attempting a slight movement, a groan of suffering fairly wrung my heart.

“Never mind,” he said, gently ; “I don’t think it will last long.”

“Oh,” I replied, eagerly, “do you think you will feel better soon.”

“Yes,” he said, “very soon.” Now I understood him, and my tears were such tears as I have never shed before or since. Time would soon be ended with him, and he did not need to question to know what was in my heart ; his perceptions, always quick, were heightened now, and saved me a bitter confession.

“I know all you would say,” he said, in his sinking voice ; “and, Annie, I think my great wish has come now. I would have been content to have been always feeble, if only that one thing were granted me. If only you would live your life with me, and know that even in weakness there is strength. If only you would live with me the higher life which it is possible to find here. I think you love me now, and would, with me, seek something of the shadow of the perfection which Heaven casts upon this earth.”

I was not crying now ; I was as still as he. Nor was I frightened, but calmly I waited while the moments fled that were bringing that perfection nearer to him—that perfection of which I knew enough at last to teach me the poorness of my standard of happiness. I scarcely dared to breathe as the time sped on, bu

tried to mingle my thoughts with his—to think of the glorious heaven at hand for one of us ; so when the last farewell came—his so faint, it seemed to come from another land, he knew, from my reverent voice and my eyes speaking of the new-born hope and love within me, that I understood, and was going to try to follow him. With my kiss yet warm on his lips, he entered into the joy and the perfection that had been his dream on earth.

All that happened thirty years ago, and I am Annie Morton still. I wonder if any one would recognise in the staid old maid of these days, the wild harum-scarum girl of those. My yellow hair is silvered now, and my uprightness has ended in a very venerable stoop. Also my boasted strength is daily lessening, and most unpleasantly reminds me that I am not so young as I was. But I am still horribly and fearfully practical. Pretty sentimental girls say, “She can never have been in love,” but I possess, stowed away among my treasures, a sprig of heather that would never have been so guarded had there not been some very tender memories connected with it. Yes, indeed, those pretty young girls are wrong. But I have nothing else of his. Some books marked “Julius Vere,” that fell to my lot, now belong to a parish library, and are knocked about by dirty fingers that have no regard for the name. I still have an insuperable objection to love-songs and moonlight walks. Also, my two cross terriers lived with me, cherished as fondly as ever, till they died, and I was desperately sorry when they did die. Some people say I insulted their memory by instantly getting two more, only crosser if possible.

My occupation in those bygone days was roaming wild over the country ; in these it is going among poor people, nursing their babies, physicking the sick ones, and teaching the mothers how to sew—varied with a dose of some tolerable book.

Sometimes I think it sad that my experience should have come too late. Still I can only regret it for my sake, not for his ; and, for myself, suffering has taught me sympathy—sympathy is born of love, and the purest love springs from the greatest trials.

I know, too, he has his wish—nay, more than his wish. He has won me to himself, won me from my old careless life to something, I trust, near his desire of what my life should be. He longed for that, and said he were content to remain ever feeble if only such could be. He has that, and more too ; his own weakness is made strength, and he no longer “sees through a glass darkly,” but is face to face with the perfection he yearned after.

And so I work on happily, and rather smile than sigh when memory at times lingers over bygones.

KING OF THE COMPANIE.

CAROUSE ye ! my knight of the saddle,
My true-hearted gentlemen all !
Who never your bravery addle
With weakness the past to recall.
Bah ! what were the use of our thinking ?
We gaze at the gibbet unwinking,
And jeer at the crowd as we fall.

The midnight is ours in its blackness,
Like ghosts in the highway we swarm ;
And never a rein in its slackness
Proclaims that a soul hath one qualm.
Hah ! boys, there's the devil's own halter
To catch if we stumble or falter,
And no turning in from the storm !

What ! comrades, anon ye were singing,
And now ye are silent as stone,
Not yet is the Newgate knell swinging !
Wake each who a manhood doth own !
Young Wat ! you must haste from among us,
Such as you have with innocence stung us :
This deed—we must risk it alone.

Dark enough ! a chilly wind rustles
The gravel 'ere patters the rain,
Swallow fire to strengthen the muscles—
Behold, how my potion I drain !
A pause—ah, avaunt, thou dead mother !—
I see thee stand close with another,
Whose lips will not bless me again.

ELLYS ERLE.

SUMMER CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS.¹

THERE are two classes of American writers. The first includes those who are distinctly Transatlantic in thought and diction; who reflect the life and language of the continent; who are racy of the soil. These writers are, for the most part, humorists. The second class comprises those who are influenced by English ideas and English literature. Those who follow the changes of opinion on this side of the Atlantic, and are in sympathy with the leaders of that opinion. The author of the volume before us belongs, I venture to think, rather more to this latter class, though throughout the book there are evidences sufficient to indicate his origin. He is an American humourist—but not a typical one.

The title of the book is singularly unfortunate. It appears to promise a traveller's description of remote lands. It hints of geography. Questions of latitude and longitude seem to lurk under it. Will the book bore us with botany—or entrap us into geological investigation? Reader! fear not. It is as innocent of scientific intention as the Essays of Elia. In one word—it is a series of idyllic sketches, wherein fancy plays like a sunbeam upon fact. Actual experience is interwoven with the results of imagination. Things mundane are shaded and illumined by the poet's magic. The author's style strikes one as being rather the result of the scenes among which he has wandered than an instrument cunningly employed to reproduce them. There is a lazy abandon about it which just suits the paradise described. Soft winds warm from the sea, and laden with fragrance, blow from every page. Always in our ear is the measured music of the reef. Shadows of the cocoa tree fall across the hot strand. Supple nuditiee lie basking in the sun. The music of the flute and the beating of the calabash disturb the still night, and under the moon and stars natural men and women madly dance the *hula-hula*. Here at last we have touched upon "the happy isles." It is not difficult to imagine an impressionable nature giving itself up to the charm of this work, and becoming filled with a strange yearning to visit these islands of the South—to witness the national dance—to submit to the delicious luxury of the *lomi-lomi*—to live for a season an entirely untrammelled, but fatally voluptuous life.

¹ *Summer Cruising in the South Seas*. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Illustrated by Wallis Mackay. London: Chatto and Windus.

It is especially fortunate that Mr. Stoddard possesses a vein of humour—a vein of some depth, which, nevertheless, yields without effort. A series of scenes bathed in such warm colours—so filled with a deadly fragrance—so tolerant of the free love of the savage, must inevitably cloy the reader with sweets, were it not that on every page there is evinced a delicate humour, a scintillation quick as electricity, and as fine as a dreamer's smile. The writer is, indeed, looking at things from the natives' point of view. But he has not succumbed utterly to the lovely snares of his Eden. The woman tempted him, but he didn't eat. Thus having described an orgie in Papeete, he proceeds—

“Gazelle-eyed damsels, with star-flowers dangling from their ears” obstructed the way. The gendarmes regarded me with an eye single to France and French principles. Mariners arrayed in the blue of their own sea and the white of their own breakers bore down upon us with more than belonged to them. Men of all colours went to and fro, like mad creatures; women followed; children careered hither and thither. Wild shouts rent the air; there was an intoxicating element that enveloped all things. The street was by no means straight, though it could scarcely have been narrower; the waves staggered up the beach, and reeled back again; the moon leered at us, looking blear-eyed as she leaned against a cloud; and half-nude bodies lay here and there in dark corners, steeped to the toes in rum. Out of this human maelstrom, whose fatal tide was beginning to sweep me on with it, I made a plunge for my door-knob and caught it. Twenty besetting sins sought to follow me, covered with wreaths and fragrant with sandalwood oil; twenty besetting sins rather pleasant to have around one, because by no means as disagreeable as they should be.”

The descriptions of natural scenery are finely done. In the sketch entitled “A Canoe Cruise in the Coral Sea,” there are some passages of exquisite beauty. The voyager not choosing to go companionless, seeks for aid:—

“Up and down the shady beach of Papeete I wandered, with this advertisement written all over my anxious face —

‘WANTED—A crew about ten years of age; of a mild disposition, and with no special fondness for human flesh; not particular as to sex. Apply immediately, at the new canoe, under the bread-fruit tree, Papeete, South Pacific.’”

Having obtained the required article, he sets out in his frail bark, and sees, during the sail, some lovely sights. The following description of submarine vegetation is worthy of Hugh Miller:—

“At this point my crew suddenly rose in the bows of the canoe, making several outlandish flourishes with his broad paddle. I was about to demand the occasion of his sudden insanity, when we began to grate over some crumbling substance that materially impeded our progress and suggested all sorts of disagreeable sensations—such as knife-grinding in the next yard, saw-filing round the corner, &c. It was as though we were careering madly over multitude of fine-tooth combs. With that caution which is inseparable from

canoe-cruising in every part of the known world, I leaned over the side of my personal property, and penetrated the bewildering depths of the coral sea.

"Were we, I asked myself, suspended about two feet above a garden of variegated cauliflowers? Or were the elements wafting us over a minute winter-forest, whose fragile boughs were loaded with prismatic crystals?"

"The scene was constantly changing: now it seemed a disordered bed of roses—pink, and white, and orange; presently we were floating in the air, looking down upon a thousand-domed mosque, pale in the glamour of the Oriental moon; and then a wilderness of bowers presented itself,—bowers whose fixed leaves still seemed to quiver in the slight ripple of the sea,—blossoming for a moment in showers of buds, purple and green, and gold, but fading almost as soon as born. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when these tiny, though marvellously brilliant fish shot suddenly out from some lace-like structure, each having the lurid and flame-like beauty of sulphurous fire, and all turning instantly, in sudden consternation at finding us so near, and secreting themselves in the coral pavilion that amply sheltered them. Among the delicate anatomy of these froxen ferns our light canoe was crashing on its way. I saw the fragile structures overwhelmed with a single blow from the young savage, who stood erect, propelling us onward amid the general ruins. With my thumb and finger I annihilated the laborious monuments of centuries, and saw havoc and desolation in our wake."

Although it is in descriptions of the beautiful that the author is most successful, he has an evident penchant for the horrible. In the second part of "Joe of Lahaina," the description of a colony of lepers is done with a terrible minuteness. And in "The Night-Dancers of Waipio," the subject is again introduced—

"Of course they are jolly; and to prove it, I told Felix how the lepers, who had been banished to one little corner of the kingdom, and forbidden to leave there in the flesh, were as merry as the merriest, and once upon a time those decaying remnants of humanity actually gave a grand ball in their hospital. There was a general clearing out of disabled patients, and a brushing-up of old finery, while the ball itself was the topic of conversation. Two or three young fellows, who had a few fingers left (they unjoint and drop off as the disease progresses), began to pick up a tune or two on bamboo flutes. Old, young, and middle-aged took a sly turn in some dark corner, getting their stiffened joints limber again.

"Night came at last. The lamps flamed in the death-chamber of the leper house. Many a rejoicing soul had fled from that foul spot, to flash its white wings in the eternal sunshine.

"At an early hour the strange company assembled. The wheezing of voices no longer musical, the shuffling of half-paralysed limbs over the bare floor, the melancholy droning of those bamboo flutes, and the wild sea moaning in the wild night, were the sweetest sounds that greeted them. And while the flutes piped dolorously to this unlovely spectacle, there was a rushing to and fro of unlovely figures; a bleeding, half-blind leper, seizing another of the accursed beings.—snatching hers as it were, from the grave, in all her loathsome clay,—dragged her into the bewildering maelstrom of the waltz.

"Naturally excitable, heated with exertion, drunk with the very odours of death that pervaded the hall of revels, that mad crowd reeled through the hours of the *fete*. Satiated, at last, in the very bitterness of their unnatural gaiety, they called for the *hula-hula* as a fitting close.

"In that reeking atmosphere, heavy with the smoke of half-extinguished lamps, they fed on the voluptuous *abandon* of the dancers till passion itself fainted with exhaustion.

"That was a dance of death, was it not, Felix?"

"Felix lay on his mat, sleeping heavily, and evidently unmindful of a single word I had uttered."

I have now quoted sufficiently to show that Mr. Stoddard is a prose writer of a high order. There are two specimens of his capabilities as a poet. The first is an adaptation from a South Sea love song. I quote it in its entirety:—

"POLI-ANU.

"Bosom, here is love for you,
O bosom cool as night!
How you refresh me as with dew,—
Your coolness gives delight.

Rain is cold upon the hill,
And water in the pool,
Yet all my frame is colder still
For you, O bosom cool.

Face to face beneath a bough
I may not you embrace,
But feel a spell on breast and brow
While sitting face to face.

Thoughts in absence send a thrill
Like touch of sweeter air:
I sought you, and I seek you still,
O bosom cool and fair!"

The second is given as a sort of preface to the book.

"THE COCOA-TREE.

"CAST on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me:
Onward I drifted till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case,
Widowed within this solitary place.
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

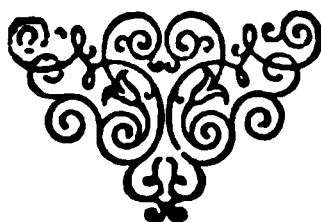
No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb,
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come!"

This poem contains one or two really perfect lines; and as a

whole, makes us anxious to see more of the author's performances in verse.

The most noticeable feature in Mr. Stoddard's writing is his presentative power. This he possesses strangely enough, rather through colour than through drawing. His pictures are not defined. Outline there is little. What little there is will be found fantastic, shadowy, intangible. But the scenes are perfect, nevertheless—always warm and delightful. There need be no hesitation in saying that this book is a real acquisition to our literature, and that English readers will give its author a place not inferior to that which, in a marvellously short space of time he has achieved in his own country.

The illustrations—of which there are a considerable number—are by Mr. Wallis Mackay. And it is high praise to say of any artist that he has succeeded in presenting to the eye the pictures which Mr. Stoddard has presented to the mind. I think Mr. Mackay deserves this praise.



She had no golden chignon, but a ripple of natural hair, black as **night**. Her voice was soft and musical, and capable of expressing an infinite tenderness. In her attire there was present that indescribable something which indicated her connection with the stage; but there was absent any excess of ornamentation that did not correspond with the amount of her salary. Such was Carrie. **How** it came about originally I forget, but I visited her. Calling just occasionally, chatting on indifferent subjects, and, listening with much satisfaction to her songs, accompanied on the piano. **Heart** whole and free, I was beginning to take a great interest in her, because, if among Bohemians, I could discover that unique specimen—a woman without deceit, surely I should feel encouraged to proceed with my observations in other directions.

Unfortunately, for my plans, Carrie became very ill. She was compelled to give up, for a time, her duties at the theatre; and then I discovered how very much alone in the world was my specimen. An awkward and useless male being, I constituted myself into a nurse; trained my feet to move noiselessly; attained a considerable amount of proficiency in the manufacture of nourishing decoctions, and received absolute revelations as to the arrangement of window blinds and lamp-shades. Medicine I learned to measure with a degree of skill that surprised myself; and on the subject of beef-tea I became at that time, and am now, an authority second only to Francatelli. All the time I watched anxiously over the poor white face, and the black tresses strewed upon the pillow. **Her** unbroken silence frightened me, and I trembled lest she should die. How I longed for great wealth, wherewithal to procure a profusion of luxuries! But my income was still represented by a note of interrogation, so there was no profusion obtainable. **Through** that great illness she was patient to a degree of heroism, but so awfully silent. At last she got better. Although frequent in my visits during her convalescence, there was nothing beyond a friendship between us; and although her manner had become affectionate, it was traceable simply to gratitude for the kindness which she was pleased to say I had shown her. Kindness! God help us, 'twas but a small outlay of kindness for so large a return of gratefulness.

Her rooms were in an immense rambling house, situated in a street that runs between the Strand and Covent Garden. Once upon a time it had been inhabited by grandees. That was when the Mohawks were about town, and when Tom King's Coffee-house stood under the shadow of the church. After that period it became a favourite street for actors of repute. Macklin lived in it, and I think so did Garrick, but I'm not sure. Now it is occupied chiefly by magazine offices and offices of weekly prints—the upper

portions of the houses being let out to lodgers. I liked going rooms even for the rooms' sake, and the sake of the memories clung about them. I got to like the furniture, too, and could this day, enumerate, with the precision of a valuator, every article in the apartments. But the real attraction, after all, was Carrie with the black hair pushed back from the pale face, the voice and tremulous from recent illness, and the big eyes bigger ever. And now that there could be no singing, and not much to talk about, I began to observe.

First of all, I discovered my specimen was superstitious. She was constantly reading her future on the cards. If the event failed to fulfil the prophecy of its own accord, it was my firm belief she would herself improvise an event rather than allow destiny frustrated. She sometimes told my fortune on the pack; and I had a revelation, which facts eventually justified. Dear little Carrie was passing under ladders, spilling salt, or encountering other honoured omens, were sources of great trouble to her; and she was sensible, and not altogether uncultivated individual of some twenty-five years standing, became conscious of a liking for, if not a positive belief, in these barbarian rites. She used to attend church too, a funny deserted little church in Burleigh Street. On two or three times I accompanied her thither. I almost believed that there must be something in it, seeing the effect upon a face suddenly turned solemn and wistful. My religion, indeed, was (or I had been) a religion of ascending incense and burning tapers, Madonnas flickering through the gloom, and solemn processions of priests, each one of whom, as I then believed, had the power to remove our loose burdens and grant absolution; therefore I felt it difficult to realise the fact that the unaccompanied droning of this Anglican service could touch the heart, and open heaven to the longing gaze of a superstitious soul. But so it was. Carrie was imaginative; and superstition is based upon the imaginative faculty.

Carrie had humour as well as imagination. I am utterly devoid of that quality myself, but had, and have, a great admiration for it in others. That she possessed these two gifts in large measure was positive—could even give evidence if required to do so. I failed in reading the qualities of the heart, though I catalogued them mentally, and ticked them off with the smile of self-satisfied ignorance. . . . All this time she was getting better. The white hands were beginning to fill out—the colour to come back to her cheeks. She resumed her duties at the theatre. Then she seemed to be a very pleasant heritage—and the present was, of course, to expand infinitely—to go on for ever, in fact. After each performance at the theatre, we were wont, now and again, to go to the delightfulest little fish suppers, cooked by her own hand

grant still in my memory. At these entertainments there were usually present one or two endurable, and even diverting theatrical quaintances, and the evening generally wound up with melody. At voice! How it sublimed the most commonplace and tawdry sentiment into absolute poetry! There was one song, I remember, to a plaintive air, which used to affect every chord in my nature; and yet there is scarcely a rule of etymology, syntax, or prosody, that the words do not defy. One stanza concluded in this way:—

“We’re growing old, my darling one, together,
Our summer days are dying, and the years grow late.”

That feeble expression of sentiment is impressed upon my memory with more certainty than any sentence in all Shakespeare. Irish music she sang with admirable feeling, and I have trembled with assurance as the room was flooded with these wailing strains—

“While, ever and always his fond words to me,
Were Eileen Mavourneen Acushla Machree.”

But the present fades. Weeks sped on. The London engagement was at an end. Carrie was going into the provinces—never to return. After so pleasant a friendship I could not do less than bid her farewell. It was her last night in town. I *did* call. She was pale. But her face—so I thought at least—brightened as she entered the room. Everything around suggested delightful memories. Everything around seemed clothed with the sorrowful knowledge that it was all over. Then, and not till then, did I know that my experiment had ended fatally. I was in love with Carrie. Devotedly, loyally in love with her, not with a mad passion. I had survived the lunatic epoch of existence, and could only offer the steady fondness of one who had been in love three or four times already. It was a sad night—for me. What my feelings were I don’t pretend to guess. I thought I knew my own mind. But events have satisfied me as to my mistake. There were embraces—mutual protestations of undying devotion—tears and sighs. Next morning an engine shrieked, and a train slid from the platform of Euston Square, with a white face looking adieu from a carriage window. So ends the first chapter of this experience.

I had now time to reflect, and I argued against myself with all the ingenuity of an Equity barrister. This suddenly-born affection could be quenched. Even supposing there existed no barrier, it was a foolish enterprise for a man with only an annual note of interrogation. Ay! and with a considerable number of acceptances, all in the hands of one Nathan, a Jew. I wrote, and put this proposition and others equally selfish. Devil take the penny post! It offers too numerous facilities. From a selfish and calculating

tone, our letters became warm and careless of consequences. The memory of the old days and the old rooms, and the old songs, was strong in both of us. We imagined that the dream could be revived with all its circumstances; that we could begin life again at the very place where we left off on the night of parting.

Seven months passed. I was sitting at my fire one morning, smoking and reading the paper. I hadn't heard from the provinces for some time, and amused myself when I came to the end of a paragraph by inventing possible causes for the silence. While thus employed the door opened, and in walked—Carrie! The surprise of this sudden invasion checked in my face the evidence of that delight which I certainly experienced.

We sat and talked pretty much as in the old time; but, somehow or other, it wasn't the dream over again. There seemed to be something absent to complete the picture, or something present to mar it. My affection never was greater, and my determination was to make her mine. Nor was she, if there be anything in words or appearances—averse to this proposition. So I appointed a day on which we were to talk calmly of our future, to decide as to whether and when we should begin making each other happy or miserable. The day came, but Carrie came not. By the infernal penny post, however, there was forwarded to me a letter—a letter announcing her flight into the provinces—a letter bidding me “good-bye for ever.” Whither she fled I knew not; nor do I know now. The usual cloud fell upon my life. The usual period of sorrow and bitterness—the usual slow but inevitable recovery.

And that is all the mystery I have to relate—a mystery to me utterly unsolvable. Perhaps I showed myself too confident of my place in her affections; perhaps I was less chivalrous than I might have been; perhaps she consulted the pasteboard oracle, and found it unfavourable. Perhaps she was false all along—her display of affection a deceit—her exhibition of love for me a pretence. I don't know. All I have to say is that I regarded her as the most hopeful specimen of her sex—the least capable of duplicity—the most capable of devotion. I was mistaken, that is all.

All! It is a matter of regret with me, good reader, that I haven't more to tell, or a more artistic way of telling what I have to relate. You cannot, however, honestly put your hand upon your heart and say that I have deceived you. My initial warning to you was quite explicit. If after that you have chosen to read, the blame be on your own head. I cry *peccavi* to no one. And, truth to tell, have not written for *you*, but for myself—and for *her*.

THE DELAGOA BAY ARBITRATION.

THE Presidency of the French Republic having changed hands, a decision upon this question, which was not arrived at in the time of M. Theirs, has fallen upon the shoulders of Marshal Macmahon. Not that this matters much ; for as, no doubt, so abstruse a question has been entrusted for its solution to experts in geography, in maritime usages, and international law, it will not be much affected by change of rulers. In the meantime, a distinguished French geographer—M. Ch. Maunoir—has, with the assistance of Jules Hansen, drawn up, from data furnished by A. Peterman, a coloured map, marking the existing boundaries of the Portuguese and British territories, as also those of the Transvaal Republic, and the “pre-tensions,” as they are termed, of all three. (*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie Août*, 1873.) Such a map is of great use in facilitating the comprehension of the question at issue, submitted, by the respective Governments of Great Britain and Portugal, to the arbitration of the French Government ever since the 25th of September, 1872. It coincides perfectly with the exposition presented to our readers in the April number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and it is accompanied by a memoir penned by M. E. Allain.

The writer of the memoir attached to the map points out that this is by no means the first time that difficulties of this description have arisen between Great Britain and Portugal ; and there must, he says, even be still others of a similar character in existence upon the African coast. Angola, for example, occupied in the seventeenth century by the Cape colonists, was only re-conquered by its first possessors, the Portuguese, at the expiration of seven years. As Great Britain claims Delagoa Bay as inheritors of the Dutch, the same way of putting those claims would involve that those of Portugal took precedence of Holland, and that therefore the British Government has no claim whatsoever,—a solution of the question, which would also imply that the claim of Portugal to that of all the Cape colonies, including the Transvaal Republic, Orange River Settlement, Natal, and Cape Colony, take precedence of those of Holland and of Great Britain.

There are circumstances, however, connected with the claims to Delagoa Bay, which place them in a different category to those which now belong to history, and which are connected with the occupation and tenure of the Cape colonies by the Dutch and the English. These are, more particularly, the comparatively recent date of the discussion. Delagoa Bay was unquestionably discovered

by the Portuguese, and so also was the Cape of Good Hope; do the Dutch appear first to have formed an infant colony at the latter in 1600, which was taken by the English in 1795, restored to Holland at the peace of Amiens, but permanently confirmed to Great Britain by the Congress of Vienna. To urge claims founded upon priority of discovery solely, would in the present day materially affect the map of the world, especially that of the New World, as America is still often designated. The Phoenicians and Arabs could, in such a sense, put in prior claims, on the southern coast of Africa, to the Portuguese. There must be a limit to such discussions, just as a colonist's claims to territory are generally made to cease after a certain lapse of time from its non-occupation or non-utilisation.

Now, M. Allain admits that the existing sovereignty of the crown of Portugal is only nominal upon many points of the coast of Africa, and is based, not upon a real occupation, but upon ancient treaties, or upon priority of discovery. After granting that a fort was founded at Lorenzo Marques as far back as in 1546, (thirty years after the discovery of the bay by Vasco da Gama), and a second in 1780, which was strengthened in 1815, 1818, and in 1841, M. Allain goes on to say that the Portuguese did not, previous to the occupation of the country south of Lorenzo Marques by Captain Owen in 1822, "occupy—at all events, in a permanent manner the space of thirty minutes in latitude comprised between the point of Lorenzo Marques and the southern point of the bay."

It was not until 1863 that the Portuguese occupied an island called Benguelem, in the bay. "The north of the bay and the establishment of Lorenzo Marques," M. Allain goes on to say justly enough, "take no place in the discussion. The contested territories only begin south of the estuary of Lorenzo Marques, the exit of the Dundas and Tembe into that estuary, and extend to 26° 30' south latitude, comprising the Elephant Islands and those of Iniack (Inhaca) in the bay, and two other islands, those of Lemuso and of Choambona, which, stretching parallel to the coast, close in the bay to the south. These territories, known by the names of Tembe, of Umzuti, and Naputa (and which the Portuguese generally designate after the names of the Kaffir chiefs who govern them), are under the effective authority of the different indigenous kings (*regulos*). To the west, towards the interior, extends the Republic of Transvaal, separated from the coast by an interval of about a hundred miles of country, over which it has never, until within recent times, raised any serious pretension."

All this coincides with the view taken of the subject in our previous article upon the subject, and so also does the description given by the French geographer of the proceedings of Admiral Owen and

of the authorities at the Cape, in consequence of the action taken by the Governor of Lorenzo Marques, after the assumption of rule by the British, and which ended, in 1853, in the final establishment of the claims of the latter under the authority of the local king, Magetta.

It was not until the Transvaal Republic, seeking for an outlet to the sea, did not put in a claim, but actually annexed a portion of the territory in dispute, that the British and Portuguese Governments determined upon submitting the whole question to arbitration.

By a proclamation of Martin Wessel Pretorius, dated April 29th, 1868, the President of the Republic declared as "included in the territory of the State, starting from the lower pass of the Komati to the river Umzuti, comprising the rivers Pongola and Umzuti to the point where they debouch into the ocean, on the eastern coast of Africa, and comprising also a German mile of land upon each bank of the two rivers."

"The question then to be decided," says M. Allain, "if the Transvaal has not entirely renounced its ideas of annexation, would be complex, and would be contested between three different Governments. England would claim the territories of Tembe, of Maputa, the Elephant Islands, Iniack, Setamiro, and Choambana, from Portugal, and the mouth of the Umzuti from both Portugal and the Transvaal. The Transvaal would put in claims to a narrow band of maritime territory. Portugal pretends to the entire possession of the bay, and of the territories beyond that up to 26° 30' of south latitude.

"It is permissible to conjecture the arguments which the English and the Portuguese will put forward in order to establish their respective claims. The first will probably invoke their rights as inheritors of the Dutch, founded upon the temporary occupation (*occupation momentanée*) of a point upon the bay by them (the Dutch). A less contestable argument arises from their (the English) having taken possession, since 1822, 1823, and 1869, of the different territories in question.

"It does not appear that the Transvaal, in case it should maintain the pretensions put forth in 1868, can support them otherwise than by the imperious necessity in which it finds itself of opening a way to the sea-board. Such must be, indeed, a vital question with the Republic of the Boers. The proclamation of President Pretorius, at all events, bases the annexation of the mouth of the Umzuti upon no title whatsoever.

"The Portuguese Government will not fail, on its part, to invoke the priority of discovery and the foundation, for now three centuries past, of an establishment at Lorenzo Marques, which has

assured to it the domination, at least nominal, of the bay for a long time past. As to the argument derived from the foundation of a Dutch establishment near Lorenzo Marques, it can put in opposition that this very establishment passed from their hands into those of the Imperialists, whom the Portuguese arms drove out in 1780. The occupation of the two islands of the bay, which, perhaps, might be identified—that of Benguelem, according to M. de Lacerda; that of Chilonne,¹ according to the reports of the Minister of Colonies at Lisbon—an occupation effected in 1863, or, at all events, projected at that epoch,—might further add a novel element to their claims.

“Such is the actual state of the question, submitted, since the 25th of September, 1872, to the arbitration of France. It is proper to add that the Portuguese sources from which data can be obtained upon the subject are limited, and that the author of this article has found himself, in that respect, assisted by but few documents, the precision of which is not at all what might be wished for.’ (*L’auteur de cet article, dans cet ordre de renseignements s’est vu réduit au secours de documents peu nombreux, et dont la précision laisse souvent à désirer.*)

From this it may be gathered—that the Portuguese, having been settled in Delagoa Bay before the Dutch, that the Dutch were only settled there “*momentanement*,” that the succession of the English to the Dutch, although guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna, is contestable; and that the establishment of the old fort of Lorenzo Marques, to a certain extent, ensured domination over the Bay of Delagoa to the Portuguese;—that the fiat of the Court of Arbitration will be against our “pretensions.” A decision will thus most probably be given against a Government which had recourse to arbitration out of mere jealousy of the Transvaal Republic, and would gain little by it, even if in its favour; but with the Limpopo opened to navigation, the progress of the colony of Natal, as well as that of the Transvaal Republic, and the spreading of gold and diamond diggers, it is not difficult to foresee that unless Portugal is seriously bent upon strengthening her position in that quarter of the globe, the progress of events may be retarded, but cannot be long delayed. There was a time when we could have held our own—retained that which we had once acquired—without asking for the sanction of another power. The principle of arbitration is like that of free trade—unquestionably a just and righteous one; but as

¹ Memoria Estatistica sobre os dominios Portuguezes na Africa Oriental, por S. X. Botelho, 1835. Examen das viagens do doutor Livingstone, por D. José de Lacerda, 1867.—Rapports du Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies de Portugal, 1863-1864.

ree trade is a mistake, unless practised by all, and a ruinous policy when one-sided, so arbitration can only be practically applied when universally adopted. The claims of Portugal to Lorenzo Marques differ in nothing from those of England and Cape Colony to Tembehan in priority of occupation. All that the Portuguese do with their vast possessions on the eastern coast of Africa, is to keep out more enterprising nations from the most fertile regions in the world; to close the Zambesi, with its coal-fields and other rivers, to navigation, and to impede commerce and civilisation;¹ whilst they insidiously connive with Banyans and Arabs in that greatest blot upon humanity—the kidnapping of natives and the traffic in slaves. The Catholic and Portuguese Government of Mozambique actually forbade missionary establishments of French Roman Catholics in that country, whilst the Muhammadan Sultan of Zanzibar encouraged them in their labours.

¹ See a Paper, by the Rev. P. Horner, in the “Bull. de la Soc. de Géographie,” for August, 1873.



SHAKESPEARE HEROINES.

ISABELLA.

Claudio. "Death is a fearful thing.

Isabella. And shamèd life a hateful."

BETTER to die than drag existence out,
 Proud but polluted. Death is solemn—yes!
 Solemn that seeming "day of nothingness;"
 Solemn, aye, e'en to faith, the clouds of doubt
 That ledge the Shadowed Valley thick about!
 Yet not so fearful as the sin-stained life,
 God and the conscience waging ceaseless strife
 With sophistries that seek their voice to flout.
 Yes, thou hast left a name of purity
 Fronting the deathless poet's pictured page;
 To latest days this is thine heritage,
 The dower chaste of white virginity
 Blent with affection deep and sisterly.
 Yet all forgetting in that faith sublime
 She owed to heaven—like her of olden time
 Who dared e'en death for him she loved—Antigone.

VIOLA.

"She never told her love."

Twelfth Night.

Not till the whole strange tale had reached its end
 Told she her love; but in her secret soul
 Kept that fond secret down with strong control,
 And only sought another to befriend
 And gain for her his love. May kind fate send
 A heart so true, so free from selfishness
 To aid each loving one in their distress
 What time the thoughts to one dear object tend,
 And all the world seems worthless! Heaven above
 Holds high rewards for such. They may not speak
 Their secrets out; and yet the ends they seek
 Come in good time to those who faithful prove.
 So to that troubled ark there came the dove
 Of peace at last. Her gentle secret guess'd,
 He whom she loved his love in turn confess'd,
 And then she had *no* secret. Then she "told her love."

MAURICE DAVIES.

FAIRY FENELLA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EIGHT YEARS AFTERWARDS.

A LADY whose slender figure was still erect and youthful, walked swiftly down that side of Tubber Brae next the Vicarage, carrying a large bundle, which it would have horrified a town lady merely to touch. Appearances, however, were not much thought of in the wilds of Ballyshandra ; and Lucy, for she it was, was employed in a labour of love. She was going to spend the day with Fenella in order to make up three little grey suits at her sewing machine. The material was her present to Gerald and his little brothers, who hardly ever wore any garments that were not of her providing.

The eight years had treated Lucy kindly on the whole. Her fair hair was glossy and abundant, and showed no grey ; but her skin was not so smooth or transparent as formerly, and a few lines were observable on a close inspection.

The expression of her face, however, was very tranquil and content—she had “borne the burden of the years, and turned their burden into gain.”

It would be impossible to tell all she had been to her father and mother, to James and Fenella, and to the parish at large since we saw her last.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was in better health, and consequently more cheerful : her visit to Wildbad seemed to have given her a new lease of life. Mr. Fitzpatrick growled at everybody still—at the Dovecote,—at his patient wife,—at James,—at the servants, and, not least, at Lucy, whom he taunted with her singleblessedness, and was, as ever, a cross to the whole neighbourhood, and therefore, it is to be presumed, a very profitable member of Ballyshandra society.

Lucy had had one opportunity of changing her name, but, to her father's intense indignation, had cast it away. Some four years after her first visit to Mrs. Elton she went back to Dublin, and at a large party she met Mr. Prior. She was asked to sing, and presently she found her former admirer in his old station by her side. “Your voice,” said he, is as sweet as ever, and you are quite unchanged.”

"I feel much older, Mr. Prior: it is four years since I was here."

"Yet you are unchanged, I assure you—as fair and young as when I saw you first. What made you look so sad as you did just now? I have been observing you minutely, you see."

Lucy coloured uneasily: she knew very well that he had been looking at her, for she had felt his eyes upon her all the evening.

"Did I look sad? I was not aware of it," said she.

"Yes, you looked sad—unutterably sad! Your face is a very expressive one." A short pause ensued, and then he said, abruptly, "You left this very suddenly four years ago. I came here the very day you left to ask the question, and found you gone. Mrs. Elton informed me you had gone home to nurse your mother; but she thought you would return to her, so I waited, hoping on. May I ask that question, now? Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Prior!" cried Lucy, startled and grieved, "you are not in earnest? You do not mean that, really?"

"Yes, really, Miss Fitzpatrick."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Prior!—so very, very sorry!"

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because I cannot say 'yes.' Pray, do not think of such a thing again—it cannot possibly be."

"Oh, don't say so, I implore you!" and then he entreated her earnestly to consent, and when she replied still more decidedly, he urged her to tell him her reason, for a reason he felt sure she must have.

So Lucy, always straightforward, told him she had no heart to give.

"I once loved one," said she, "who grew weary of me, and forsook me: he loved me until he saw a beautiful girl who pleased him better."

"Some young fellow, I suppose?" asked Mr. Prior, jealously.

Then she told her story in a few words, and without mentioning names—that triste tale which cost her so much.

"He never cared for you; he was merely amusing himself at your expense. Why should your life be lonely for his sake?" inquired the old gentleman, eagerly. "Let me try to make you happy. I feel sure I shall succeed."

"Impossible, Mr. Prior! I have said I do not love you."

"Do not reject me, Miss Fitzpatrick: only consent to be mine, and I shall make you love me by-and-bye. I have no fear, whatever. You are very affectionate, and attach yourself quickly. I can read your character in your face."

"Oh, Mr. Prior, pray do not trust to that! I could not trust myself to be a kind and amiable companion unless I loved. No, no; I cannot do you the injustice of marrying you without love."

"Let me risk it, Miss Fitzpatrick," pleaded the old gentleman, with quite youthful ardour. "Only consent, and I have no fear but I shall make you love me. You shall never have a wish ungratified. There can be no reason why you should reject me, except, indeed, my age. I have, alas! the disadvantage of being very much older than you."

"That is not my reason, Mr. Prior: I have already told you why I cannot consent."

She was greatly troubled, and, seeing the eyes of many of the guests fixed upon them, took an opportunity for moving away; but wherever she stationed herself, there Mr. Prior followed her, to urge fresh reasons why she should listen to his suit. It was one of the most painful scenes she had ever gone through.

"I do not think you are worldly," said he, during one of his last attacks, "but it is only right I should tell you that I have ample means at my command. I can surround you with every luxury."

"You only do me justice," replied she, with a very mournful smile; "I do not care for money in the least."

"But your friends, Miss Fitzpatrick? Is there no one you should consult on this matter? Mrs. Elton would be my advocate, I am sure."

"I am deeply grieved, Mr. Prior; but I cannot do you the cruel injustice of marrying you without love."

Mrs. Elton and Mr. Fitzpatrick were both exceedingly angry with her, and the former had long since ceased to interest herself in her affairs.

She has been descending Tubber Brae during this digression, and has now reached the Vicarage door. She entered without knocking, and went straight to the dining-room, where James and his four eldest sons were at breakfast. ;

Lucy shook hands with James, and then walked round the table to kiss her handsome godson Gerald, who was tall and strong for eight years old, and brimming over with vivacity. From him she went to his quieter brother Cecil, then to the dear, plump little ones, Charlie and Claude—the latter a cherub of three years old, with long, golden curls, and chubby dimpled face, the only fair-haired child in the family. The ceremony of embracing him was always a tedious one with her.

"Take off your hat, Lucy, and let me give you a cup of tea," said James, who, seated before the urn, was busily employed in making weak tea, and spreading bread and butter for his two eldest sons, while the panada he had manufactured for Charles and Claude was soaking in most approved fashion.

"No, thank you, James: Hannah gave me my breakfast before

I set out. I have permission to spend the whole day with you. How is Fenella, this morning?"

"Not so well: she had a bad night, so I persuaded her to lie quiet."

As he spoke James handed each of the children his breakfast, and then placed his wife's upon a tray, which he proceeded to carry upstairs.

"Let me take Fenella her breakfast," cried Lucy, springing up.

"No, thank you, dear. Have an eye to those urchins, and I shall return presently."

The fact was Fenella exacted her husband's attention rather jealously. Her strength had been gradually declining: she first lost her energy, then her spirits, and her five noisy sons were often too much for her. Even Baby, though but a year old, added considerably to the turmoil in the house. James waited upon her with the utmost tenderness. It was a perfect picture, as nurse and cook agreed, to see him carry her down stairs, and lay her on the drawing-room sofa.

"How silent you are, Lucy!" remarked James, eating his breakfast between the intervals of attending to the wants of his chattering little companions.

"I do not care to talk, James. I am listening to Gerald's and Cecil's conversation, and admiring you."

"Admiring me, Lucy?"

"Yes, James—you are the best husband and father there ever was," replied she, laughing.

"It is unhandsome in you to exercise your talent for satire upon me, Lucy."

"My satire! You surely don't imagine that I am laughing at you. No! I have been watching you make those children's breakfast with genuine admiration. I assure you I could not have done it better myself."

It was a real pity she had not been there half-an-hour earlier to see him induct Gerald and Cecil into their garments, and wash their rosy faces, because the nurse and housemaid were both occupied in Fenella's room. He was a good father, certainly, but the cares of paternity had made him much graver than he used to be. The lines which were seen only on a close inspection of Lucy's face, were plainly marked on his, and his beautiful black hair was becoming rather thin on the temples. He could be brilliant and lively still, but his prevailing expression was one of gravity.

He had ridden several hobbies to death during the past eight years. The High Church craze had soon been succeeded by something else—a reward to Mr. Oliver for having been patient and

forbearing with his curate—so much more forbearing than Aunt Harriet and Mrs. Drummond thought he had any right to be. It was to his remonstrances, however, that James yielded the surplices for the choir; and Mr. McFrederic and other good Protestants were spared the shock that the sight of them would undoubtedly have been. The people became accustomed to the painted windows and lectern, and came back to St. John's by degrees; and at the time we reopen our story, no one considered them a grievance.

No fear of fresh scandal at St. John's, for James was now as strictly evangelical as Mr. Oliver himself—that is to say, his teaching was so, for in private he occasionally broached some wild idea, which was, to say the least, original.

Mr. Oliver was satisfied with laughing at him when he confided to him his geological deductions, or whatever else they might be; for he was not a very general reader, and as James complained, was contented to condemn a book without having read it: but Lucy argued the matter with him earnestly, and grieved over him, going back to Finn Hill in very low spirits after one of their discussions. Her anxiety, however, generally vanished on her next visit to the Vicarage, when she discovered that her brilliant friend had taken up some fresh theory.

While Lucy fondled the children, she took notes of the torn carpets, cracked teacups, and general untidy air of the room; for, in truth, the Vicarage was getting rather shabby, and things had gone to ruin since poor Fenella's illness. She never had very much genius for order; but with the best will in the world she could not see after her household now.

Indeed, funds for repairing the house were not forthcoming: the expenses so rashly incurred by James at the time of his marriage, had never been entirely paid off; and a weight of debt had been hanging round him and increasing gradually ever since, to the grief of Mr. Oliver and scandal of the parish. It seemed likely enough that James would always give Ballyshandra something to talk about.

"Now that I am here, I can help you. Let me hear the children say their lessons, or send them out to play; and do you go to Fenella."

"You are very good, Lucy: I shall inflict Cecil and Charles upon you; but I believe I must hear Gerald, myself."

Gerald pouted and looked defiant, but said nothing.

"But you'll come and see my new books first, Lucy—no—no! I won't give you the trouble of mounting to the library—I'll fetch them," and rapid and decided in all his movements, he was gone before she could reply. He returned with his arms full of richly

bound volumes, for which she carefully cleared a space on the breakfast-table.

"Darwin," "Lyell's Antiquity of Man," "Juke's Handbook and Manual," "Motley's Dutch Republic and United Netherlands," enumerated he, calling her attention to the excellence of the print and binding.

Lucy praised them, but expressed her wonder that he insisted on having all his books so expensively bound. For her part she preferred a book with a common paper cover, caring only for the inside of a volume.

"Do you think I'd disgrace my shelves with paper-covers, Lucy? Besides, they would not last any time."

"If they last until you have read them is not that enough?" returned she.

The library was a very costly hobby: never a month passed that James did not add something to its stores.

Fenella was established on the drawing-room sofa for the day. Lucy promised to join her there, when she should have dismissed her little pupils to play. They were still in the drawing-room, Gerald and Cecil employed in changing the water for their gold fish, a task they particularly affected; and the little ones seated on the floor, putting together a picture map.

"Loo, Loo!" cried they. "Here comes Loo to hear our lessons."

"It's very hard, papa won't let me say my lessons to Loo," grumbled Gerald.

"Come to the library, Gerald," called his father, and the child reluctantly obeyed. He returned in a few minutes, saying he had got leave to play till dinner time, for his papa was going to Shanna.

"Lucy," said James, looking in at the dining-room door, "I have a message from poor Duncan: he is very ill, and wants me to go to him at once. I shall be back by two o'clock. Don't you make a slave of yourself with those boys. I shall hear Gerald in the afternoon. Good-bye!"

Dinner was over, and the two ladies were together. Lucy was at work upon the grey suits at the sewing-machine which stood in the window, while Fenella's white fingers toyed with her knitting needles—the making of Claude's little socks was now, alas! almost beyond her power.

She was as lovely as ever, but very fragile. Nurse had dressed her beautiful hair in a very becoming manner, and helped to put on her tasteful dress. The old air of charm and refinement surrounded her, but her animation was gone.

James, accustomed to see her daily, did not much remark the change; but Lucy noticed it painfully—Fenella's cough and languor, both seemed to be very dangerous symptoms.

"You must let me work for you, to-day, darling," said she, rising to pour out and administer Fenella's medicine. "That cough! I hoped this decoction would have taken it away ere this."

"So did I, Lucy, dear; and it may yet. I disturb James sadly at night."

"Don't think about that, dear; I'm sure he does not. You know you would not think of your own convenience if he were ill."

"Lucy, I am leaving all my work undone. Those poor children, I can do nothing for them. Where are they, now?"

"I sent them out to play in the garden. They have got on their linen pinafores."

"You are very kind, dear: I do not know what we should do without you. Where is Gerald?"

"He is saying his lessons to James in the library."

"Oh, Lucy, why did not you hear him this morning, when you were so good as to hear the rest? James is so hard upon him!"

"I supposed it was a pleasure to James to hear him; at any rate, he did not ask me to do so."

"Gerald's lessons will kill me, outright, Lucy. James is unreasonably severe: he and the child have a fight over them regularly, every day. I wish you would persuade him to let you take Gerald to Finn Hill, and educate him yourself. You know it was long ago arranged that you should teach him."

"I shall be most happy to take him, Fenella, if you get leave for me. But is James too severe? I should not have thought him capable of injustice."

"Indeed, he is!" said Fenella, frowning. She had become very fretful since her illness, and could not endure to be contradicted. "You think you know James well, Lucy; but it is natural to suppose that I know him a good deal better."

Gerald was his mother's idol, dearer to her than her husband and four other children put together. He was a fine, manly little fellow, affectionate and high-spirited; but very self-willed, and strongly opposed to learning. James just then opened the door.

"Darling, have you taken your medicine? Yes? I might have known that Lucy would see to it."

"Is Gerald gone out yet, James?"

"No, love. I can't get the little rascal to do a single thing," replied he, in a tone of annoyance. "I have to write my sermon, answer three letters, and pay some visits this evening. Gerald is bent on conquering me, it seems."

"Do be gentle with the child, James," pleaded Fenella, "or let Lucy teach for to-day. I know she will do it, willingly."

"Certainly!" replied Lucy.

"No, Fenella, I won't burden Lucy with so disagreeable a piece of work. Gerald must and shall obey me," and he closed the door behind him.

"Run after him, Lucy, and make him leave the child to you," implored Fenella.

"Darling Fenella, I can't interfere: don't you see that it is not my business?"

"You do not care for Gerald, and you pretend to be so fond of him! His poor mother is the only one who loves him," said Fenella, with quivering lip and aggrieved air.

"I do love Gerald—not, of course, as well as you do, yet very dearly, indeed," replied Lucy, soothingly.

"Such nonsense to talk of 'your business,' and not 'interfering!' Don't you know that James asks your opinion, and listens to you, when he does not care in the least what *I* think or wish?" said Fenella, in a tone of pique.

"But, my dear," said Lucy, disregarding the last speech, and struggling hard not to feel angry; "don't you wish Gerald to learn? He is eight years old, and his future will depend upon himself."

"Yes, he must learn, of course; but James won't take the trouble to understand him, he is so hard upon him—so injudicious, I may say."

The door was flung open at this juncture, and Susan announced "Dr. and Mrs. Corrie;" so the ladies smoothed their ruffled plumes. Both had brighter eyes and cheeks than usual, but they tried to look as though no stormy discussion had taken place.

Josephine swept into the room with the mien of one who knew her full importance, followed by the Doctor, looking smaller and meeker than of yore. Josephine's toilette was handsome and becoming, testifying that her milliner's bills gave her no anxiety now.

Though a few years over forty, she was a fine-looking, attractive woman. Her expression was hard still, but the weary, dissatisfied look was quite gone. She had led a very stirring life for the last eight years, and had managed to get her own way completely.

She sat down by Fenella's couch, while Dr. Corrie made his way to Lucy's window. He was interested in her work, and asked her many questions about it. In reply, she held up a little grey suit, and begged him to compliment her upon her cleverness as a tailor.

"I don't think there are many things you cannot do, Lucy," he replied. "Do you tell me those fine garments are for one of James's youngsters?"

! ! "Yes ; they are for my little pet, Charlie."

"You are a good, staunch friend, Lucy," said he, looking at her, wistfully.

"I have hardly seen anything of you and Josephine this time, Dr. Corrie : we were so sorry you could not dine with us last Thursday, and it was provoking that we missed you the day you called. I hope you make some stay in the country ?"

"No, indeed, I am sorry to say. Josephine wants to go to Baden-Baden earlier than usual this year. She has arranged to meet some fine Russian friends of hers there the week after next—princes and princesses every man and woman of them !"

"Dear me, I am so sorry ! Your Ballyshandra friends have lost you, altogether, Dr. Corrie : they think it hard that you give them so little of your society."

"I can only assure you that if I followed my own inclinations I should seldom leave Ballyshandra."

"Now, Lucy, please don't encourage the Doctor to think himself a victim," called Josephine. "Believe me no one enjoys society more than he. Why, he is quite an authority among scientific men elsewhere : he has learned cronies in Dublin, in Paris, in Baden, and I don't know where else. Never let him say he doesn't shine in society !"

"No, Josephine, you shine in society, my dear : but I am lost in it—a fish out of water," answered he, glancing admiringly at his handsome wife. "Her parties, Lucy, are greatly sought after. I admire her talent, but do not share it."

"Now, Robert, don't let Lucy and Fenella think I drag you into gaiety against your will. I'm sure if they saw you at a party, they'd say no man could be more sprightly."

"I make the best of a [bad 'business, Josephine, like a wise man. This fair lady persuaded me to give up my profession against my own judgment, Lucy, and I have never ceased to regret it."

"I know I did, but the dispensary was wearing him to death : rest and ease are quite necessary at his time of life. He forgets the hardship he used to go through, or he would not sigh to wear his old shackles again."

"I admit," said Dr. Corrie, "that I sometimes had harder work to do than my present duty of entertaining foreign princesses and countesses ; nevertheless, those were pleasant days when Lucy and I doctored the poor people between us."

"I did not doctor them," laughed Lucy—"I merely fed them according to your directions. You were always very kind to the people, Dr. Corrie."

"That young Atkins seems a good sort of fellow : how is he liked ?"

“ Pretty well : you know our people are very slow in forming a liking.”

“ He is often at the Lodge,” remarked Josephine — “ I think he admires Kate. He has not found Aunt Harriet out yet. I was very near putting him up to her doings the other night. I could have done a charming little bit of mischief, but I refrained. I hope you applaud me, Lucy ?”

“ I do applaud your self-denial most highly.”

“ How is your sister, Sophy ?” inquired Fenella.

“ Very well, indeed, and likes her Dublin life : she is to have Ellen O’Hara with her this winter. I tell her if she succeeds in settling Ellen, their dear friendship will have been worth something.”

Josephine had done her part by Sophy. A clever lawyer, pleased with Sophy’s artless good-humour, had paid her great attention at one of Josephine’s parties ; and Josephine, observing a mutual attraction, managed that they should meet frequently. Their fancy for one another ripened into real regard, and they had now been married about three years. Reby and Kate had also paid Josephine long visits.

Aunt Harriet had not been altogether a true prophet with regard to Josephine. She had made her old doctor a good wife on the whole, except that she sometimes insisted on his taking her about, when he longed to rest his old limbs, and have a quiet nap in his easy chair, and always took her own way.

Fenella and Lucy sat in silence when the Corries were gone—the former listening intently for sounds from the library, and the latter working her sewing machine industriously. At length James came in with his book and writing materials, and placed himself at the table near his wife’s sofa.

Since her illness he had sat very little in the library, preferring to pursue his avocations beside her. He took her thin hand fondly in his, and inquired how she had been since dinner time.

“ I hear from Susan that you have had Dr. and Mrs. Corrie here : I hope they have not tired you, love ?”

“ Where is Gerald ?” asked she, disregarding his question.

“ Gone out to play in the garden, dear.”

“ I hope you were gentle and patient with him, James ?”

“ Gentle !” repeated he, indignantly. “ Fenella, you are ruining that child, and you’ll be sorry for it yet. Gentle ! He broke his slate, and flung his grammar out of the window ; but I gave him a right thrashing, and that brought him to his senses very quickly. His lessons are no trouble to him : he learnt them in ten minutes when he found out that he *must* do it.”

Fenella half-raised herself from the couch, and snatched her hand away.

"You dared to strike my child, and you come to tell me of it!"

"Dared?" returned James, his colour rising and his voice trembling. "And who, pray, has a right to correct Gerald, if not I?"

"Nobody has the least right. How dare you touch him? Lucy, do you see how James does what he knows will vex me?" and she burst into angry tears.

"I appeal to Lucy," said James. "Was I right or not? Come, you, at least, are a reasonable being."

Lucy felt excessively uncomfortable as she looked from husband to wife, both impatiently awaiting her answer. She hesitated, unwilling to add fuel to their wrath, knowing that her answer must displease one or other. But she recollected that truth is best, come what may, so she said as deprecatingly as she could—

"Dear Fenella, I can't say I think James was wrong: I believe he was only doing his duty."

"Oh, I need not have asked *you*! I might have known you would take his part against me. You and James, as ever, against the world! Always consulting one another, while I am treated as a cipher."

Lucy's resentment at this attack, was turned into terror, for Fenella was seized with so violent a fit of coughing, that she and James, fearing she might burst a blood-vessel, rushed to support her, and hold some water to her lips. As soon as the fit subsided, she repulsed both of them, and they returned sorrowfully to their places, while she lay quiet, looking very much offended.

There was an awkward silence in the room. Lucy was mentally making allowances for Fenella, on the score of ill health: she remembered how gentle and amiable she used to be, and grieved at the change which pain and weakness had caused in her.

James's pen was going, but it made frequent pauses, and Lucy saw him steal sorrowful glances at his wife—he could not endure to have her angry with him.

Presently he went over to her and said, soothingly—

"Forgive me for vexing you, Fenella. Won't you kiss me, and let us be friends?"

She made no answer, but drew herself away from him, and lay with her face turned towards the back of the sofa, a sulky pout on her bonnie lips, something like Gerald's own.

Baffled again, James retreated to his desk. There was no sound now, but the whir of Lucy's machine, until the merry voices of the little brothers rose from the garden. All four were very happy. Gerald was digging vigorously in the garden round the hut they were making among the laurels in the shrubbery, while he ordered Cecil and Charles to fetch water and fresh clay for the young plants. Claude, too little to be made useful, was looking on very admiringly

at his elders and betters. Gerald was a perfect hero in the eye of the rest—his tone of command was fine! Lucy watched them some time with a smile upon her lips, and then she said—

“Dear Fenella, won’t you forgive James, now? There’s Gerald playing with the other boys, the happiest and gayest of them all. He is none the worst for that ‘right thrashing,’ as James calls it: I don’t think it can have been very formidable after all. He may remember it enough to make him obey James to-morrow, but he has forgotten his troubles for the present.”

No reply.

“Come, dear Fenella, forgive James, and take him back in my favour.”

“I cannot forgive him till he says he is sorry for having been so rough and cruel to the child,” replied Fenella.

“But I was not cruel, Fenella. Why don’t you listen to Lucy? She is a reasonable creature: she will tell you again that I am only doing my duty by Gerald.”

“James thinks you so reasonable, Lucy,” cried poor Fenella, losing all control over her temper, and suffering the jealous feelings long nurtured in secret to burst forth unchecked by either gratitude or prudence. “Keep your advice for him since he likes it, I don’t.”

“Fenella, ungrateful, cruel girl! Do you speak in that manner to our best and truest friend?” said James, very angrily. “I insist on your apologising to her.”

Fenella shrunk from his passionate tones, and Lucy, terrified and wounded, yet fearful of agitation for the invalid, went up to her and whispered,

“Be patient, I implore you, James: you know that Fenella would not really vex you for the world.”

“Oh, you take my part! You ask my husband to be patient with me! Thank you, Lucy; but I won’t be interceded for *you!*” shrieked Fenella, fairly mad with jealousy.

“I see I am doing more harm than good,” faltered Lucy, rising quickly and moving to the door; “yet I wish you both so well, my dear brother and sister.”

“*Brother and sister!*” was all Fenella said, but her sarcastic tone was scathing.

“James, you offered to drive me home, and mamma has been expecting me ere this, I am sure. Meanwhile, I shall go and get the boys ready for tea;” and Lucy retreated to the nursery, leaving her angry friends to conclude their matrimonial quarrel in private.

“See what you have done, Fenella!” she overheard James say as she closed the drawing-room door.

She took the baby while nurse waited upon his little brother.

and leaning her head upon his innocent breast, she wept some quiet, but exceedingly, bitter tears.

Strange though it may appear, she had been completely ignorant that Fenella was jealous of her influence with James ; and the fact burst upon her with a sensation of crushing grief. She saw in it an end to the pleasantest occupation and interest of her daily life ; for it would be impossible for her to come to the Vicarage, and identify herself with its inmates, as she had hitherto done. If James would but cease to consult her, all might yet be well. And she had not deserved Fenella's wrath—so loyal as she had been to her—so loyal to both of them.

She was in the hall half-an-hour later, and the phaeton was at the door. James came forward to put on her cloak, and, as he did so, caught a glimpse of the red eyes and quivering lips she strove hard to hide from him.

"Lucy," said he, "I don't think I can ever forgive Fenella for her treatment of you : you deserve well of us, God knows, and how has she repaid you ! You will be forced to hate us."

"I fear we have been very thoughtless, James. You should not consult your sister more than your wife. Fenella has observed that you come to me in your difficulties, instead of applying to her. It never occurred to me before, but, perhaps, she has just cause for being offended. Remember, I am only your sister, and she is your wife."

"But I consult you on matters she knows nothing whatever of. If you refuse to help me, it is tantamount to condemning me to act on my own responsibility."

"Hush, James, hush ! Let us say no more at present."

"So cruel ! So rude and unjust to you ! I could not have believed it of Fenella !"

"She is very weak and suffering just now, James : her nerves are all unstrung. How can you and I, who hardly know what physical pain is, find fault with her ? We know what nature she had before this illness came."

"It is kind and generous in you to make excuses for her ; but no sickness should have made her forget herself as she did to-day. You, Lucy, would remain mistress of your reason and temper under all circumstances, but Fenella is my helpmate. Oh, Lucy, I made a fatal mistake !"

Lucy shivered and crimsoned, then grew deadly pale. She fixed her eyes on his face, and said very sternly,

"For shame ! for shame, James ! I ask you how you dare say such words to me ? You insult Fenella and me alike. I perceive it is full time time I should turn my back upon the Vicarage."

So saying she went out and got into the phaeton, James follow-

ing her like one stunned. Not a syllable was spoken by either during the drive to Finn Hill. It was the longest half-hour they had ever spent together.

The thoughts of both were bitter companions, but Lucy's at least so, for she had no self-reproach to add to their sting.

Arrived at Finn Hill, James earnestly endeavoured to obtain her pardon; but for the first time in his life, found her deaf and dumb to him, and they parted unreconciled.

[CHAPTER XXV.

SPIRIT OR FLESH!

THE next fortnight was not only a very sorrowful, but a morose one to Lucy. She kept away from St. John's, and her inmates missed her more than she had imagined possible. James was at a loss for some one to talk to about his books and parliamentary business: Fenella needed help in a hundred ways: she had no one to do the little bits of work that Lucy performed so easily and willingly—none to amuse the lively children when their obstreperous play oppressed her; no one, in short, to oil the creaking wheels of the domestic machinery.

The boys, too, missed her petting, and were the less orderly and reasonable for her absence.

Fenella, really contrite for her burst of jealous temper, wrote her a penitent note, imploring her to return; she was ready enough to apologise on her own responsibility, but could not brook to do it at James's bidding.

Lucy replied to her note very affectionately, assuring her that all was forgotten; but she did not promise to go back to the Vicarage. She made many allowances for Fenella, and forgave her easily.

Several circumstances, unmarked at the time, now flash across her memory—occasions when James had appealed to her and given her work to do for him—which work she had done, as a matter of course, without any reference to Fenella. She, therefore, forgave Fenella easily, but could not make the same excuses for James. Each time his unfortunate speech recurred to her it left her cheeks tingling anew. "You would remain mistress of your reason and temper under all circumstances, but Fenella is my helpmate—Oh! Lucy, I made a fatal mistake!"

She could not comprehend his having forgotten himself so far as to say this to her.

"I did not deserve it from him," thought she, bitterly—"I have been his sister, and no more, all these years, and neither could

poor Fenella deserve it—the chosen one of his youth—his faithful, beautiful wife, who, so long as her health lasted, did her utmost to make his home comfortable.”

So rightminded Lucy was much more angry with James on Fenella’s account than on her own : she admitted to herself that he had been justified in his displeasure with her, but that it should have led him to forget, even for a moment, the dear ties that bound them, and speak hardly of his wife to *her*, was what Lucy could neither understand nor forgive.

He had called once at Finn Hill, and written to her twice during the fortnight ; but she had gone out twice to avoid him, and had not answered his letters.

But she suffered at having to condemn him, and was not willing to analyse the secret consciousness which pressed upon her heart—viz., that her standard of right was a higher one than his. She wanted still to make a hero of her friend.

Poor Fenella continued to think that her rudeness was the sole cause of Lucy’s banishment from the Vicarage, and at length she despatched Charlie and Claude with her nurse to implore her return. It was hard, certainly, to deny any request made by their sweet lips, and that the mother knew well.

* * * * *

“ We must consider Fenella’s wishes more than ever—how we may best soothe her pain and beguile the tediousness of her confinement. That, James, is the study to which you and I must devote our powerful minds.”

“ Yes, dear Lucy, and it was chiefly for her sake I took courage to come here to-day with my petition. It required courage, I assure you. You did not imagine that you could inspire me with real awe?”

They were in the book-room, whither James had boldly made his way, and their explanation was over. There were traces of past agitation on the faces of each ; but they were now talking calmly of the future—that blessed future so benignly given us to repair the errors of the past.

James was mentally resolving that his tenderness should atone to Fenella for having swerved from his allegiance to her, although but in thought.

“ And you might let Gerald come here for a month or so. Fenella will be happier that I should conduct his education ; her feeling about him is morbid, I grant you, but then we are not answerable for our fancies when we are sick. It will be better for her, and you will have more time to devote to her if you are no longer worried by lessons. Cecil and Charlie give no trouble, else I should bring them here also ; but, please, let me have Gerald.”

“Your father——?”

“Oh, James, he is always inviting the child : he is tenfold more indulgent to Gerald’s feelings than he ever was to yours. Mamma, too, wants him. Of course, I shall not let him trouble them, or be in their way.”

“You can do anything with him, Lucy.”

“Yes, he is so fond of me that I can guide him with a thread. Here comes Hannah, looking for the keys—Hannah, Mr. James is going to lend us Master Gerald.”

“Save us, miss, dear, is he now? The dear child will cheer up this dull old place a wee. Good luck to you, Master James!”

“But, mind you, Hannah, I’ll take him home again if you spoil him. Miss Lucy will make him a good boy, but I don’t trust you. You know I caught you kneeling before the lazy little rascal one day, lacing his boots.”

“Don’t dare to miscall the dear child, sir! Him a rascal! You’re liker ane yoursel’, Master James.”

“Am I, Hannah!” laughed James; “you know you don’t really think so; but Miss Lucy and I never heed what you say—you’re only a silly old lady.”

He ducked his head under the table to escape the vengeance with which Hannah laughingly threatened him. When with her, he and Lucy frequently forgot the years that had gone over their heads, and James, especially, was a boy again.

The old woman was grown very feeble: she did not do much work, but kept the under-servants in order, and thought herself very useful. A constant but secret feud existed between her and the other favourite, Tom McPherson. Each was terribly jealous of the growing importance and authority of the other. It was comical to see Lucy coaxing them into good-humour with one another, and soothing their ruffled dignity; and it required, as she used to tell James, a very lofty genius to give each of the conflicting powers a proper mead of deference.

Hannah forgot her errand, and remained to gossip with her former charges.

“Dinna anger me again by calling my child a rascal, sir!” she exclaimed. “Feen a bit o’ him’s as ill to watch as you were yoursel’. Do you mind the day you shot at a magpie out o’ the stair windy, an’ chattered the roof of the greenhouse, an’ the bother the mistress an’ the young ladies had to hide it fra’ the master till they could get the glass put in? An’ you broke my heart hiding my things—the very shawl off my back wad be up the chimney, or under the bed, afore I could turn my head. Master Gerald, bless his dear heart, is a wee angel by what you were when you were like him.”

“I did not know I had been so bad, Hannah ; but all the same, you liked me better than Lucy—you know you did.”

“Get out of that, this minute, sir ! I dinna know what you’ll be for saying next. Troth, I still liked you better nor I should ha’ done, an’ this house has been a dull old place since you left it. Dear knows it has ! Miss Lucy an’ me has we’er ain wee cracks whiles by the old nursery fire, but there’s nae joke nor spree ava wi’ us now.”

“Well, Hannah, Gerald will stir you up with a vengeance ; but I warn you to keep him in his place, for your own sake as well as his.”

Fenella was very happy to get Lucy back. The arrear of work was done, and everything at the Vicarage left in trim. The mistress was comforted and cheered, the servants directed and encouraged, and Gerald and his lesson-books carried off to Finn Hill, to his mother’s undisguised relief and satisfaction.

Lucy had stopped Fenella’s attempted excuses, and avoided explanation with kisses.

“I’ll never leave you so long again, darling !” said she, bending over the sofa. “Give me plenty to do : I have no wish but to work for and help you.”

Gerald religiously performed his hated tasks every morning “to please Loo ;” and then he either went to Mrs. Fitzpatrick for his share of petting, or worked in Lucy’s garden, which she made over to him.

She left him under Hannah’s care during her daily visit to St. John’s, and finely did he tyrannise over her. She was only once really angry with him, and that was when he carried off the nursery kitten, Mrs. Tabby’s one darling, and dropped her into a lime kiln. When Lucy seriously remonstrated with him, he declared he thought she could climb out again.

Hannah mourned her lost kitten, and Tabby roamed about the house disconsolate ; but though Gerald had been seen carrying off the poor little beast, it was some days before he would say what he had done with her. Then the whole iniquitous story came out, and search was made for the kitten’s singed carcase.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick delighted in the child ; the pleasantest part of her day was when he sat quietly beside her, listening to stories either read or told.

Lucy and her pupil set out for a stroll in the woods one November day : they went down the avenue side by side, the child restraining his bounding step to suit her slower pace.

“You kept me a long time, Loo—a horrid long time ; and your lessons are every bit as hard as papa’s.”

“Well, dear, you surely did not expect I should let you run

wild ; you have quite time enough to play, I hope you will be good a boy with papa when you go home ?”

But Gerald was too wise to make rash promises.

“Can you run, Loo ?”

“No, dear ; I am too old and stiff to run.”

“Then, Loo, you must not expect me to walk beside you. You have to fill this basket with fir-chips and cones for Hannah’s fire. Fir-chips make a very sweet fire, don’t they ?”

“Very sweet, indeed ; but are you sure that Hannah will accept your chips ! You know she is dreadfully angry at Tabby’s kitten.”

“She said she would. I think Mrs. Tabby has forgotten the kitten.”

“What tempted you to do it, Gerald ?”

“Indeed, Loo, the kitten looked so funny with her black all over lime, and I thought she would be able to climb up the side of the kiln and get out. I didn’t know she was such a stupid kitten.”

“She was too young and feeble to climb : she was not nearly so old as your baby.”

“Well, Loo, I’m sure you needn’t talk about it any more. I was very sorry when I heard she was dead ; besides, Hannah said she could not help it ;” and out went his lip in an offended pout.

“Hannah is much too good to you, Gerald—that’s all. There ! run away and collect the chips.”

“Would grandmamma Fitzpatrick like some, too ?”

“I have no doubt she’d be pleased if you were to take her share for the drawing-room fire this evening.”

So he darted off, filling the dark old wood with his joyful whoops ; causing the solemn owl to flap her heavy wings, and start at him from behind her ivy curtain ; and the wood-pigeon to fly away in alarm as he rushed by. Long since any thing so loud had awakened the echoes in that gloomy place !

Lucy walked on alone, drawing her thick shawl round her to protect her from the sudden, noisy gusts of wind and the continual drip of the branches. Every withered leaf and bare twig was saturated with moisture. The fallen leaves lay in damp heaps on the top of the brown ferns and fir needles ; and a heavy, balmy fragrance rose up as Lucy’s foot disturbed them—a fragrance that pervaded every nook and corner of the solitary old plantation.

She walked on hardly thinking—only dreaming. Years ago she had walked in the fir-wood framing lovely visions of future joy for herself ; but she dreamt no dreams of that nature now. Her dream concerned the pair at the Vicarage and their children. She saw Fenella strong and beautiful again—James more steadfast in :

and conduct—the boys growing up their pride and blessing—Gerald, perhaps, studying medicine in Dublin, and returning to take Dr. Corrie's old place in Ballyshandra—Cecil a good clergyman like Mr. Oliver, and Charlie—what should Charlie be?

Her tranquil brain was weaving such visions as these, when she turned in the walk where she had once seen what she unwillingly believed to be the spirit of Cecil Sinclair.

The occurrence had hardly crossed her mind for years, often though she had paced up and down that walk : why should it recur to her to-day with the old vividness, and cause her to stand still near the entrance of the long, grass-grown alley, and look down its dark vista, with the mysterious creeping of the flesh so well remembered.

Her impulse was to turn away quickly, and seek one of the other paths ; but a feeling of pride came to reprove her unreasoning cowardice, and make her recall her courage.

There was, however, no more planning for the boys' future when she stepped boldly down the walk ; her mind was in a state of chaos—the gaunt, black firs at either side seemed to whisper, as the autumn blast swept through their swaying plumes, of such things as change, and sorrow, and death ; and, as if in mockery of her timid, pitiful heart, the tallest of the row, that leaning fir, so shattered by a recent storm, that his giant arms were broken, and his root half-upheaved, began to creak and groan in most unearthly fashion. Lucy smiled a forced smile at her trepidation, and went on steadily past his swaying red stem and rasping boughs.

She had gone some hundred yards when she heard a groan unlike that of the falling tree—a groan which had a fearfully human sound, and seemed to speak of human pain. She stopped short and peered around, her heart beating like a hammer, and almost taking away her breath.

A little removed from the pathway was a dark mass, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be the head and shoulders of a man : a step further disclosed his whole figure. He was stretched on a damp heap of grass and fern.

The groan was repeated, and Lucy, no longer terrified, advanced firmly to his side to offer help. Her mission was the alleviation of misery, and she was very well accustomed to the sight of suffering and death. Her idea was that the man must be some forlorn wanderer, overtaken by some sudden fit, and perhaps perishing from exposure and hardship.

Once more, then, in her natural element, she dismissed all weak fear, and gently asked him what she could do for him. He turned his head round very slowly and let her see his face. His face ! All her self-command deserted her on the spot, and she almost shrieked in her startled horror, catching by the nearest tree to keep herself

from falling. Closing her eyes to shut out what had horrified her, she endeavoured to collect her senses and discover whether she were dreaming or not.

A faint voice made her open her eyes—a human voice, imploring her in piteous, essentially human tones, “to help him for the love of God.”

The face she had seen was Cecil’s face—that haunting face, connected with all of fear that she had ever known—her nightmare, the powerful adversary of her stubborn reason for so many years. And the face was still Cecil’s when she took courage to look again; but her second and longer look destroyed the illusion under which she had been labouring, and she observed his wan, thin face, and the deep lines traced upon it, with a bounding sense of relief and gladness.

Each one of the twelve years since they parted had left its legible writing on his once fresh, smooth skin, and on his luxuriant waving hair. The hair was thinner and grey before its time, and the young complexion faded—clear proofs that Cecil in the flesh, not in the spirit, was before her.

“He would have been always fair and young,” thought she, “if he had died. Surely *they* remain beautiful who join the ageless ranks of the immortals!”

With indescribable relief, like one awaking from a bad dream, she knelt down beside him, and said, gently,

“Cecil, is it you? What has happened to you? Shall I call for help?”

Cecil took a long, long look at her, and then he said with difficulty,

“You must be Lucy Fitzpatrick, who was to have been my sister Lucy a great while ago—I was making my way to the house to see you; I came this way for a short cut, and in jumping over that ditch I fell, and either broke or sprained my leg, I don’t know which, but I cannot stir an inch. I crawled here with difficulty, but that must have been four hours ago, and nobody has passed since.”

“Four hours in the cold and wet!” ejaculated Lucy. “You tremble, and you are deadly cold. Surely you have more than a sprain the matter with you?”

“I had a cold when I landed a few days ago; I am cold, indeed, and have pains in all my joints—the exposure—my own awkwardness—”

It was in matter-of-fact common places like these that Cecil and Lucy exchanged ideas, twelve years after their tragic parting.

“I shall call help at once, and have you taken to Finn Hill, and summon the doctor to attend to your leg. Meanwhile, keep up—”

your courage. Oh, how I wish I had some wine! You look very faint."

Thus saying, Lucy, trembling with agitation, no longer with supernatural fear, knelt on the grass, and tenderly wrapped her thick shawl round him, spreading a corner of it under his head. She then proved that she was not too old or stiff to run when she had a sufficient inducement, and her flying steps brought her panting to the kitchen-door.

Many bewildering thoughts flew through her brain the while; speculations as to where Cecil had come from when he landed in Ireland a few days before—why he had suffered her to think him dead—what kind of existence had furrowed his cheeks and bleached his hair before his time. Time enough to discover the answer to these problems by-and-bye; but, meanwhile, Cecil in flesh and blood was there, and she had never seen a ghost!

She did not at once tell McPherson and Hannah of her strange discovery: she merely told them that she had found a sick gentleman lying in the wood, and had come for help to bring him to the house.

They were well used to what most people would have called her eccentric benevolence, and hastened to obey her. Hannah's part was to get ready the best bedroom, and have a good fire and well-aired sheets prepared; while McPherson and two stout labourers took a door off its hinges, and set out for the plantation, accompanied by Lucy.

When the procession reached the narrow, unequal path that led directly to the fir-tree alley, she drew McPherson aside and broke her news to him.

"You remember, Tom, we all thought Captain Sinclair perished in the 'Village Belle'?"

"Ay, Miss Lucy; an' did he no?"

"No, Tom; he was not lost in the vessel—he is alive; he is lying yonder in the plantation."

"Save us!" and the old man turned many shades paler, and staggered back. "Save us, Miss Lucy! Come home, for the love of God. Sure you know rightly that the poor captain was seen there afore now? Poor crathure, is he no got to his rest yet, an' it sae lang since he died?"

"I tell, you, Tom, that he is in the flesh! The dead never grow old or change, and he is so changed from what we remember—so sick and helpless! There—there he is, Tom! Let us make haste to help him as well as we can!"

The process of lifting him upon the board cost him much pain, and each step his bearers took jolted him, for the paths were very

uneven, and every here and there the bare root of a fir-tree stretched across the walk.

Lucy administered the wine she had brought, and then walked beside her patient, saying a kind word from time to time. McPherson stole glances of awe mingled with suspicion at his burden: he was accustomed to believe what Miss Lucy told him, besides the weight proved that he was not carrying a ghost; but he hardly knew how to relinquish his faith, so long cherished, in Captain Sinclair's supernatural existence. When they reached the broad avenue, Lucy ran on in front to prepare her mother. Mrs. Fitzpatrick could not endure loud tones, or bustle of any kind, so she entered the drawing-room slowly and quietly, and sat down beside the sofa, with the air of one who had a great deal of leisure on her hands.

Without seeming to force the subject, she guided her mother's thoughts to past days, and the loss of the "Village Belle," and poor Cecil's untimely fate.

"If the vessel had got safe," said she, in her softest and most tranquil tone—"he might have got rid of his roving fit ere this, and returned to live among his tenantry; or he might have settled in America, and been paying us a visit of a few months. It is so easy now to get backwards and forwards in those fine steamers."

"Dear Lucy, it is a dangerous amusement to think of what 'might have been.'"

"He would always have loved you and me, mother, for dear Geraldine's sake."

"Undoubtedly, my child: he had an unusually tender heart. I wish it had pleased God to spare him."

"I wonder whether he could by any possibility have escaped from the vessel," said Lucy, next, in a meditative way: "that sailor said all the boats but his own were sunk, yet he might have been mistaken—one little boat might have got off without his knowledge."

"Why, child, what are you saying? Recollect that twelve years have passed since then."

"I know it is highly improbable, mamma: I only say that such things *might* be."

"Lucy, you have heard some rumour or other about Cecil's fate! What is wrong with you? You appeared to be listening just now as if for something coming. Why do you speak of the 'Village Belle' to-day?"

"I did hear strange news to-day, mamma, and it bore reference to Cecil. Should you be glad to hear of his being still alive?"

"Certainly, I should, my dear: tell me what you heard."

"You are calm, mother: I was so fearful that my news might agitate and do you harm. Cecil is alive and on his way to see you."

Seeing Mrs. Fitzpatrick quite collected, Lucy told her all she saw, and promised she could see the patient when he recovered from the effects of the transit, and had seen the doctor.

Hannah put up both her hands, and then wrung them in a theatrical manner on seeing who was coming; but she assisted to dress Cecil tenderly, and was at hand to stoke his swollen ankle. Dr. Atkin had been at Finn Hill, and discovered that there was no fracture, only a severe sprain. He seemed to think the matter in a matter of comparatively little importance, but told Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Lucy that he feared Captain Sinclair was in for a bad rheumatic fever; also that his state of health appeared so feeble, he doubted his having strength of constitution to pull through. This was sorrowful news to both ladies, who were reeling over their wanderer. What if he should have come home to-day?

Mr. Fitzpatrick was greatly astonished that evening when he came in from the farm, and found what had come to pass during his absence.

In former days his wrath would have exceeded his astonishment: now, however, he was much more surprised than angry; yet so little angry he could not help being, when he saw the commotion the woman folk were in—when they started up from the dinner-table in turn, to make a rush to their patient's room—and when, to crown all, McPherson dropped a dish of mashed turnip on the carpet, and then stood staring at the ruin with an expression of speechless imbecility, instead of repairing it in his usual deft manner, he may blame Mr. Fitzpatrick if he swore a little?

But in his heart he was glad to think he had the opportunity of shaking the hand of the man whom his poor, dead child had so loved; for it had always been a grief to him that they had parted so long.

He was a good deal alone in the dining-room that evening, and sometimes soliloquised aloud, "My poor Geraldine—perhaps I was hard upon her; wish it were to do over again—poor girl, poor fellow! Young fellow not drowned after all—going to die here, as the sin says—well, well, he's welcome to the shelter of my roof, and I'll be glad to shake hands with him for Geraldine's sake—but why the devil need Emily and Lucy make that confounded fuss?"

"Lucy," he shouted, going to the door, and calling upstairs—can't you hold your tongue, and make your mother hold hers?—why dare you turn my house into Bedlam?"

"Cecil is much worse, papa, and we are sending Tom off for Dr. Atkin," replied his daughter, coming to the head of the stairs, and speaking in an agitated tone.

“ Well, I won’t have that row made for all the sick men in Christendom. Women always love to cackle round a death-bed,” growled he, going back discontentedly to his arm-chair.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RIDDLE SOLVED.

“ How quiet you are, Lucy : you are a type of rest and peace.”

“ Am I, Cecil ? I thought you were asleep, so I did not like to stir.”

“ No, I have been awake for the last half-hour, and lay watching you by the firelight. Your face is not nearly so bright as it used to be, but it is a great deal more calm : the very sight of it does me good after my life of turmoil. By the way, you have never asked me what that life has been.”

“ I did not dare to ask you any questions, Cecil. Dr. Atkinson warned us to keep you quiet ; besides you were suffering so terribly that you could not speak more than a disjointed sentence at a time but now your pain is less, I should indeed like to hear your story.”

“ How long have I been ill ? One day is so like another, and all days were filled up with agony at first ; but even then I watched you and your mother gliding about my room, and, at the very worst, I could bear the touch of your gentle hands. Ah, Lucy, I had a rheumatic fever once before—it was in California, and my only nurse was a poor gold digger : he and I shared the same humors. He was kindly enough, poor fellow ; but his hands were not gentle, and his great tread on the floor shook me to pieces—but he had a very good heart, else he’d have left me to die.”

“ You are better to-night, Cecil ?”

“ Yes, I have no pain whatever while I lie perfectly still, and I feel so tranquil since that good Oliver’s visit. I used to dislike him, I believe. I wonder how that was, for he is such a kind old fellow !”

“ He suits the sorrowful better than the gay, Cecil : that must be the reason. His manner is reserved, but there is no austerity about him. I fancy, somehow, that he suits you better than James does ?”

“ Yes. Galbraith aggravates me when he begins to talk in his official capacity, I cannot tell you how, or why ; but I can listen to dear old Oliver with humility. I am entering the vineyard at the eleventh hour, Lucy.”

“ Perhaps your eleventh hour may not be come yet : you may

recover, and spend many useful, happy years. Your cousin, from whom I heard this morning, says the same : he says he will leave Desert to you with the greatest alacrity, stipulating only that you carry on his work among the tenantry."

"He is a generous fellow, but he will not have to give up Desert. I asked Atkin to tell me the naked truth about my chance of life, and he was forced to admit that it is very small. Mr. Oliver thinks the same. I am not sorry—at least, not very sorry, Lucy. I leave my life willingly in the hands of my new Master. The dregs of my mortal existence was so poor an offering for him that I drew back till Oliver encouraged me to enter His service, though at the eleventh hour."

"Billy Macky sent a curious scrawl in his landlord's letter : he declares he would come all the way north to see you but for his rheumatism. He is quite a cripple now."

"He was a faithful servant to Henry and me, good Macky ! Come nearer, Lucy, and I shall tell you the tale you were too patient to ask for. Ah, Lucy, if I had but stayed near you, I, too, might have learned patience, and not have had a wasted life to mourn."

Lucy rose, and stood beside the bed.

"Let me raise your head a little, and wet your lips."

"No, dear, don't touch me : I am so easy at present that I am afraid to move a quarter of an inch : the sensation of total ease is so new ! I should not have been a good husband for Geraldine, Lucy : perhaps it was well for her that her happiness was not committed to my keeping. Don't you guess why?"

Lucy looked distressed, but did not answer.

"Because I have not always been so collected as you see me, now ? You remember poor Henry's fate ? I fear I have also that horrible taint in my blood. An intense melancholy has sometimes overwhelmed me. There are periods in the past twelve years of which I can give you no clear account. Every here and there a month or more is wiped out of my memory, as you wipe figures off a slate, leaving a colourless blank."

Lucy gave an almost imperceptible shudder, and said, as calmly as she could,

"If you are able to account for two days out of the twelve years, dear Cecil, I shall be at rest and satisfied."

"Which two, Lucy ?"

"Never mind," she answered ; "your story will unfold their history. There ! I shall not interrupt you again."

"I embarked on board the "Village Belle" full of wrath and bitterness. Hatred of your father, and anger (I shudder now to say it), anger with the Almighty for having suffered so awful a dis-

appointment and loss to fall upon me, were my strongest feelings. A speech of young O'Hara's, as we dropped down the river, determined me to slip away the first time we touched land. He said, quite incidentally, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had asked him to have an eye to me, and befriend me if it lay in his power."

"Poor, good, stupid John O'Hara!" mentally ejaculated Lucy.

"The idea of being still under the surveillance of my hated enemy maddened me. We stopped at Moville, and I went on shore. I remember how I lurked about until I saw the vessel steaming down the Lough, and then how I set out on a wild ramble over the Innishowen mountains. I spent that night crouching beside a still fire in the very heart of the mountains; my companions, the distillers, treated me kindly: perhaps it was out of pity for my distraught condition that they left my purse inviolate, for I carried a considerable sum about me. At length in my wanderings, I found myself near Finn Hill, and the longing seized me to steal into the house, and visit the room where my lost Geraldine died—where I had last seen her. Fortune seemed to favour me. I saw no one about the grounds, and I slipped into the room, and made my way up the staircase. I remember, as if in a dream, passing you on the stairs; but my shrinking horror of speaking to you was something uncontrollable. Not all your past goodness to me was strong enough then to make me consider you. You looked like death, Lucy; but I passed you by, and hurried to her room. Her slippers were lying beside the bed: I took up each one and kissed it. Her hat and mantle hung upon a nail—I folded them to my heart, and cried over them. I then fancied I heard voices below in the hall, and I sprang from the open window into the ivy pillar, and so away."

"Was that long after you landed at Moville, Cecil?"

"It was many days after, but how long I cannot say: I took no exact note of time. I had some thoughts of returning to Desert, but was not able to form any plan, or stick to it. At length I found myself once more on Derry quay, and got on board an emigrant ship as a steerage passenger under a feigned name. I think I recovered my calmness greatly during the voyage, for I was able to enjoy the new scenes I was thrown among, and I struck up a friendship with some poor men who were bound for the gold diggings at California. I went with them, and we led a strange life of hardship and adventure. My comrades and I were unusually fortunate—our hard toil was well repaid. I always had delighted in adventure, and was now happier than I had been since the beginning of my misfortunes—by no means inclined to take up my old life of gentleman again. I saved a considerable sum each year, and by the end of four years had opened a very respectable account

with a celebrated bank in Philadelphia, and was in receipt of a comfortable income for a single man. The other men squandered their gains in all kinds of rioting ; I laid by every sixpence, except what I needed for my frugal support—more frugal out there at the gold diggings than almost anywhere else in the world. But all the while I could not have told what I was making and saving for. My comrade, poor Joe Fenton, stuck by me through thick and thin—he it was who nursed me in my sickness ; who helped me to defend our joint gains on two occasions, when a couple of ruffians who lived near us came to our hut at night, bent, I believe, on murder as well as robbery. Their last venture was the night after Joe and I had been particularly lucky : we had found a nugget, large and pure, and carried it in triumph to our hut. Joe bid me sleep, and said he should waken me on the first alarm. There was no alarm : the villains surprised him after all, and the noise of a deadly scuffle in the room awakened me. I had just time to snatch my revolver from under my pillow, and fire at one of the men, before the other, having dashed Joe to the ground, rushed upon me with a long knife in his hand. I was then defenceless, but my despair must have given me strength, for I managed to wrench his weapon from him, getting badly wounded in my left arm while so doing. The deep scar on my arm is my memorial of that night's deed. Just as I got possession of the knife poor Joe staggered to his feet, and between us we vanquished and bound our enemy. We gave him up to the justice of the other diggers next morning. The man I fired at was dead. I had great nursing of Joe then, in return for his care of me. I soon after took my leave of the gold diggings ; Joe remained behind, and I have never seen or heard of him since. I was now in a position to resume my name ; but I delayed doing so until I should have returned from Ireland, whither I took it into my head to go. I knew you all believed me dead since the loss of the ' Village Belle,' and I thought it would be curious to look in at your windows, and haunt the scenes where I had suffered so much. I crossed the ocean in safety, and reached Finn Hill one October day. The old feelings, I believed buried, revived at sight of the place. I did not chance to meet any one of you that time."

" But I saw you, Cecil ;" and Lucy told how she had seen him in the fir-wood.

" Poor Lucy ! Of course you took me for a ghost ; so did Billy Mackenzie : he was the only person who recognised me in the neighbourhood of Desert. I went among my old tenants, and heard a great deal about my cousin's good deeds. None regretted me much—they had fallen on halcyon days : the landlord and his wife were so liberal and good. I went into the church, too, during service, and sat opposite my monument, and read the account of my death

in the "Village Belle." It was a very curious sensation. People wondered who I could be; but I went away again without making myself known, only I could not resist going to poor old Billy's window, and looking in at him. I saw from his face at first that he did not know me; but the terror that came into it as he stared at me made me take myself off speedily, out of mercy to him."

"You had strange ideas of mercy to poor Macky, Cecil!"

"Well, Lucy, I had caused the old fellow plenty of pain and trouble—better he should think me dead. I have no usefulness to look back upon from the close of life: no human being has been the better because I lived. I let that early sorrow warp my nature, and make me selfish. You remember how you entreated me to remain among my people? I now wish I had heeded you. I left Waterford, and suppose I must have made my way to Cork, and there embarked again for America. I say 'suppose,' because here occurs one of the blanks in my history of which I told you. I have no recollection whatever of taking my passage, or of the voyage—in fact, I remember nothing from the time I turned away from Macky's window, until I found myself in a small inn, such as the emigrants frequent, in a poor part of Philadelphia. It was as if I suddenly awoke from a long, dreamless sleep, to the consciousness of my own identity and place in the world. A poor Irishman, one of my fellow passengers, had brought me to the hotel. Having failed to find regular work, he still lodged there, and from him I learned that I had been very ill on board. You know the pitying respect that our people always pay those whose intellect is clouded? This poor man must have taken care of me like a child. My small possessions were safe, my luggage intact. They told me I had been very taciturn and strange in manner, gliding among the guests like a shadow; for the three weeks since we landed preserved from all molestation by my faithful fellow-countryman. The cloud raised itself a little day by day, until at last my mind grew clear. My first care was to reward my friend amply. I helped him to start a little business, which succeeded very well. Going to the bank where my money was, I happened to meet a young city merchant. We got into conversation, took a fancy to one another, and agreed to lodge together. By-and-bye he told me of a promising speculation he was minded to engage in, and persuaded me to join him, and embark a portion of my money. I did so. We succeeded beyond our hopes, and the sum I had advanced was nearly doubled. I went into partnership with my new acquaintance. I developed a talent for business: everything succeeded with us; and Rice and Sinclair became highly-respected names among the sons of Mammon in Philadelphia. Years passed by, and the memory of former days grew dim. Your memory—even Geraldine's faded into the dis-

tance. I began to feel myself an American citizen—to enjoy my life, and taste the pleasures of wealth and consequence. Rice and I went into society together. Wishing to marry, I tried very hard to love one of the fair, highly-cultivated girls I was constantly meeting. All to no purpose: I could not become really fond of any woman. I suppose my heart was buried with your sister, although I imagined her forgotten. So years rolled on, until my health failed suddenly. My hardships at the gold-diggings began to come against me. I was a broken-down man all at once. The doctors warned me that I must give up business entirely for a time; and a sea voyage being recommended, my thoughts turned once more towards home. I fancied I should feel better if I could hear your kind voice, or stretch my limbs under the old oaks at Desert. I did not intend to disturb John in his beneficent reign at Desert; besides, my home is in Philadelphia, where I have made many friends; but I pined to be recognised here, to visit old scenes, breathe native air, and hear the country people's homely greeting. I was decidedly somewhat better when I landed, but I came on here too quickly; and not being able to get a car at R——, walked the twenty miles, in my eagerness to reach Finn Hill. I overdid it. I felt both weak and ill by the time I neared the fir plantation; so, to save myself the long round, I tried to get through the old gap and leap the ditch. You know the rest. If you had not come to walk in the plantation that morning and discovered me, I verily believe I must soon have died, so utterly exhausted was I."

The preceding account, broken up by Cecil into fragments, and continued from day to day, as he was able to speak in his intervals of ease, we have greatly condensed, and given in one unbroken history.

NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

THE OPENING OF CENTRAL AFRICA TO COMMERCE.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most feasible way of passing with rapidity, and comparative safety, through the hot, humid, wood-clad, and sickly coast-regions of eastern Africa, to the higher, cooler, and well-watered districts of the interior, would be by railway. If a railway is necessitated for the temporary conveyance of troops and engines of war from the Gold Coast to Kumassi, how much more important to the future would be a railway to the Tanganiyaka Lake, which would also open the great Albert Lake, Lake Victoria, the Upper Nile, and the Upper Congo, and all the vast and unknown, yet productive regions, watered by these lakes and rivers and their tributaries, to commerce and intercommunication! It would be like the opening of a new world to European enterprise; and interoceanic communication across tropical Africa, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, would—such are the water resources of the country—be carried out as if with a magic wand.

If we are to give credit to the Rev. Father Horner, Superior of the R. C. Mission at Zanzibar,¹ one of the objects proposed to himself by the gallant Cameron and his associates is to survey the country from Bagamoyo (an available port nearest on the coast to Zanzibar), to Lake Tanganiyaka, with a view to the future opening of railway communication with the interior. To say that such a railway would pay by passenger traffic would be absurd; but the resources of the country are unquestionably great. Coal is said to exist in the interior in this direction, as well as on the Zambesi; and the native caravans bring gold, silver, copper, and precious stones to the coast. Elephants abound, as do also other animals, which, if without ivory tusks, would still afford valuable skins. Timber and other forest growths are of the richest and most valuable description, and the wide domain of the vegetable kingdom proffers spices, medicines, dyes, and edible products of numerous kinds.

Due credit is given by Father Horner to the truly important results obtained by Sir Bartle Frere: "*Hommé aussi distingué que respectable,*" justly remarks the missionary, in procuring the abolition of slavery by the Sultan of Zanzibar; but he also adds, it must not be lost sight of that such a treaty will not suffice to abolish slavery in the interior "villages burnt down, the inhabitants massacred, led into captivity, the tribes incessantly at war one with another

¹ "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie," Aout, 1873.

all family ties annihilated, and children sold by their own parents." It remains for the influence of Christian civilisation alone to bring a remedy to such a disastrous state of things; and a railway into the interior would, more than anything else, facilitate the introduction of such a remedy.

According to Father Horner, the objects proposed to themselves by Cameron and his friends are as comprehensive as they are full of promise. The first object in view, to afford succour to Livingstone, passing by Kasek to Ujiji and Lake Tanganiyaka. This part of the expedition accomplished, it is proposed to re-examine the north end of Lake Tanganiyaka, and to pass by the river Rusizi, or Rusiri, to the Albert Nyanza. Although the information obtained by Sir Samuel Baker¹ from native reports of the junction of the two lakes is not generally admitted by geographers, there is still much that is desirable to decide as to the relation of the three great lakes—Tanganiyaka, Victoria, and Albert—with the sources of the Nile and of the Congo, and the Benuwe, or eastern Niger, as also as to the existence of another great central lake—the Mutuasset, or Muato-Yamû. Instead of proceeding by the outlet of the Albert Nyanza, and home by the Nile, which would be quite enough for one exploratory journey, the travellers propose to proceed by Uganda to the Victoria Nyanza, and to visit a volcano in Baringo (Mount Obal?), forming part of the chain of the Himadû, and which is said to be in perpetual activity. This portion of the journey, considering the recent military operations of Sir Samuel Baker and his Egyptians, can scarcely be carried out unless some energetic successor is at once sent to take Sir Samuel's place—as has now been happily effected.

From Baringo it is proposed to visit the other volcanic region of the Himadû, including Mount Kenia, afterwards effecting an ascent of Kilima-ndjaro before reaching Mombaz. This latter part of the project is rendered utterly unnecessary, since we have only recently had to report upon two different ascents made of that most remarkable mountain—a snow-clad peak in a torrid zone. We can only heartily re-echo the words of Father Horner: "May Heaven protect this new soldier of civilisation! may He bless his projects! for whilst labouring for the advantage of science, commerce, and industry, he will facilitate the diffusion of the Gospel."

It may be added, in connection with this subject, that a M. Virlet d' Aoust has published a pamphlet under the title of *Les*

¹ It is remarkable in connection with this point that the calculations made by Sir Thomas Maclear, late Astronomer Royal at the Cape, of Dr. Livingstone's rough observations and Sir A. Baker's rough observations, place Tanganyika seventy-two feet higher than the Albert Nyanza.

Origines du Nil, which contains some novel and ingenious speculations. In the first place, the writer argues that Livingstone's central plateau, from whence he found so many rivulets flowing northwards to Lakes Bemba and Tanganiyaka, and to his Lualaba system, being in what he designates as the *region of nocturnal clouds*, must be of far greater elevation than has been estimated by the distinguished traveller. This is possible; but we should not think to any very great extent.

In the next place, the writer does not side with those who consider Livingstone's Lualaba to be the Upper Congo; but he agrees with the explorer himself, that they constitute the sources of the Nile. He believes the levels to have been incorrectly determined, owing to the Aneroid barometer having been out of order; and as to Petherick's and Schweinfurth's intercepting rivers, he argues that neither of these travellers got to the sources of the different streams noticed by them, which were affluents of the White Nile, and that they therefore failed to discover the great water-course which flows beyond from the east to the west. Admitting this, still it is to be observed that the brothers Poncet, as well as Petherick and Schweinfurth, agree in noticing the existence of a river, or rivers, which flow from south-east to north-west beyond the head waters of the Gazelle Lake, and which would intercept a river coming from the south-west, unless they flowed into it; the united stream sweeping round by the north-west to the Gazelle Lake.

It is true that many years ago Brun-Rollet ascended a tributary to the Gazelle Lake, coming from the north-west, which was known as the Bahr-el-Arab; and Petherick estimates the Gazelle Lake at 180 miles in length by 60 in breadth (this, we suppose, at time of flood); but still it has not been satisfactorily shown that the lower White Nile would suffice to carry off all the waters of such an extensive system as is presented by the Lualabas. Then, again, Poncet's Babura, or Bahar Munbutu, and Schweinfurth's Uelle, are both described as having a north-westerly flow towards the unexplored Lake Matuassat (D'Anville's Muato Yamoo), or the upper waters of the Benuwe or Niger, or of the Shari to Lake Tsad. They would, therefore, be intercepting streams, or even if supplied by the Lualabas, they would flow, according to all reports, as well as according to all the probabilities of the case, to the westward, and not to the eastward. Although it must be admitted that the two bearings of the question are by no means satisfactorily settled, all the evidence accumulated, adding the oft-discussed question of comparative altitudes, to the vast mass of waters borne to the sea by the Congo, tends to establish that river as the most probable outlet to the Lualabas.

The report that the wondrous traveller has, following the course

of his own remarkable discoveries, been in consequence brought to the Congo and to the West Coast of Africa, would, if it had been corroborated, have put all further controversy, as far as the Lualabas are concerned, out of the question. But it appears to have been a false report. French geographers generously place on record that the confirmation of the hypothesis generally entertained as to Livingstone's Lualabas being the head tributaries of the Congo, not only does not in any way detract from the credit of that explorer, but, if it were possible, tends to exalt that credit.

It remains, then, an open question, and one well worthy of consideration, whether Central Africa, opened to commerce and civilisation by the intrepidity of successive British explorers, would be most readily rendered available from the east or from the west coast. A railroad, or other route—say by the Zambesi, which is Portuguese, but leads to extensive coal deposits—on the east implies commercial intercommunication with India, rather than with Great Britain,—an important point, however, to be kept in view in connection with the navigation of the adjacent seas and putting down slavery.

On the west coast the Congo is like the Zambesi on the east coast, more or less Portuguese at its embouchure; but the strengthening and extension of our settlements on the Gold Coast, which will inevitably be the result of the present war with the Ashantis, will, with our repeated and long-continued attempts to open the navigation of the Niger and its two great westerly and easterly tributaries, point to other modes of approaching the interior. Light steamers on the Benuwe or the Congo, with commercial depôts at certain distances, would unquestionably be the most economical plan of opening the great and well-watered regions so recently made known to us by Livingstone, by Burton, Grant, Speke and Baker to a future intercommunication and commerce.

If the embouchure of the Niger should be too unhealthy, lines of communication might still be established with the interior by the Old Calabar, the Kamarûn (commonly written Cameroon) river, or the Gabûn. The Kamarûn river is said to be an estuary into which several navigable rivers flow, whilst the adjacent Kamarûn mountain tract presents the only plateau adapted to a settlement, which is close to the sea-board, and yet of sufficient elevation to secure immunity from fever. The African Barter Company, which has already trading factories in Liberia and Lagos, proposes to establish factories on the River Volta; also, what is of far more importance and of much greater promise to the future, on the Kamarûn plateau, at Amba Bay, a well-sheltered harbour with excellent anchorage, in the heart of the palm-oil district, and watered by three pure and wholesome streams. Burton advocated

the spot as a sanitarium, or even as a convict station ; and the late McGregor Laird, writing to Earl Grey, said : “ I have no doubt but that if the British flag were hoisted at Ambas Bay and the Kamarûn, it would, in a few years, be the Singapore of West Africa, from its position and climate.”

The inhabitants of Central Africa do not appear, from the experience obtained by Livingstone, Baker, and others, to be by nature a bad people. They only become so by circumstances—more especially the evils of the slave trade. In Central Africa war and razzias are carried on for the sole purpose of kidnapping human beings. On the west coast the governments of Ashanti and Dahomi, like the Baris in the East, corrupted by a long period of open traffic in slaves with the New World, will require time, and probably some amount of coercion, to overcome the savageness which has resulted from such corruption. Sir Samuel Baker’s exertions on the Upper Nile, and Sir Bartle Frere’s at Zanzibar, have done a great deal towards improving the state of things in the East ; but much still remains to be done in those regions where the Muhammadans, too often covertly abetted by European powers, still carry all the worst evils that can afflict humanity with them in their pursuit of slaves.

It is only by trade, commerce, and intercommunication, that this sad state of things can be expected to be remedied. The stream of civilisation must flow into Africa through the channels of trade, opened in the footsteps of the explorer, and through these alone. In the language used in the address of the African Barter Company to the public : “ The arts of our social life and all the blessings of Christianity disseminated so bountifully among ourselves must move hand in hand with commercial enterprise. Those who seriously wish well to Africa may rest satisfied that the most invincible pioneer of the truths set forth for our moral guidance—that the most effective weapon against human sacrifice, and every other hideous custom defacing a land not without its natural beauties and depressing a race of human creatures not without their attractions and aspirations—is the propagation of the means by which the material resources of that vast continent can be industriously produced, and by which its superfluities can be honestly exchanged — for commodities tending to teach the natives something of our refinements and our wants.”

S A I N T. B R I D G E T.

WHEN the world was a world of sun,
Ere that its morn was barely done,
When the name of the Man who died
In the blaze of its full noontide
Lingered yet, like a broken tune,
O'er a world in its cloudless June,
A rumour came across the seas
To one who sought out God's decrees
Low on his knees.

For neighbour to his neighbour told
How the quick flame of burning gold,
Not quenchable as flame of earth,
Which round a maiden at her birth
Had shone and fled, had reappeared :
This all men wonderingly heard,
And most of all the fervent knight,
Striving to keep in Heaven's pure sight
Clear as the light.

Then said he of himself, " O God !
Thou knowest I aforetime trod
In paths which never lead to Thee,
But Thou, of Thy great charity,
Turned my hot heart, and day by day
I pray Thee blot my guilt away ;
Grant, Lord, that for my piety
I this pure maiden may descry
Ere that I die."

So then he gat himself to ship,
And saw the red sun rise and dip
Full many times before the cheer
From yearning throats betold land near—
Then one him thrust from out the crowd
And whispered more than spake aloud,
" No voice must break the brittle air,
For at this hour the maiden fair
Doth bend in prayer !"

Through the dim silent streets he went
 Filled with a great astonishment
 That God had made the thoughts of men
 So gentle to his handmaiden,
 Till that he came unto the place
 The wherein prayed the maid of grace—
 But lingered more than once again,
 Watching the incense leave the fane
 In a long train.

Slowly he entered in with awe
 And cast himself upon the floor,
 Nor dared to lift his eyen abroad
 Before that he had blest his Lord :
 Then he arose and looked around,
 Yet saw no form and heard no sound,
 But in the darkness rather felt
 The space was filled, wherein God dwelt,
 With men who knelt.

But when his gaze had caught at length
 The fulness of its daylight strength,
 He saw each one with downbent head
 Immovable as figures dead,
 And the great place wherein they were
 Thick crowded with a host in prayer :
 Till suddenly in distance far
 A little flame, all circular,
 Shone like a star.

From the far distance down the aisle
 Came the small star, and all the while
 A trembling seized upon him sore,
 So he his body barely bore,
 But his deep gaze was so intense,
 He could not draw it backward thence ;
 And then the quiet, slow light came,
 Circling a picture in its frame
 Of living flame.

* * * *

And so she left the place ; but he
 Shook in himself exceedingly,
 And dwelt within his scant chamber
 To end he might not think of her

(Tho', for her beauty, he would fain
Look on the framèd face again),
Yet, though he barred himself within,
The devil found his own way in
 With dreams of sin.

So that the third day after this
He was enterèd Hell's abyss,
And wended out into the street
Till he the perfect maid should meet :
And soon the virgin of pure soul
Came forth framed in her aureole ;
Then did he make a sudden stand
Looking into her sweet eyes, and
 Took her soft hand.

Thereat she smiled in purity
Thinking no wrong, so even he
Left her in haste and cast about
How he should thrust this devil out,
And spared himself his daily food,
Nor slept upon his bed of wood—
Yet strictly sought he out a place
Where he might feast upon the grace
 Of her sweet face.

But some days after when she turned
To see him by her, her face burned
As if the flame had risen higher,
And fallen and set it all afire :
Then did the devil him upstir
To lay his impious hand on her ;
But straightway did she bend her round,
Nor stayed her knees until they found
 Rest on the ground.

All that long night she prayed and wept,
Nor in the next day eat nor slept,
But begged before God's altar she
In her fair face might changèd be
So that no man might pleasaunce take
On seeing her, save for Christ's sake :
And the fourth day beside her bed
They found the maid lying as dead—
 Her beauty fled.

Then did this God's own handmaiden
 Go forth to meet the knight again ;
 But tho' beside him did she pass,
 He reeked not who, or what she was,
 Nor strave to speak with her ; but sore
 Longèd to see the maiden more—
 For the quick flame, at Heaven's behest,
 Quitting her head, now had its rest
 Deep in her breast.

But soon the tidings reached the house
 Where the knight kept a poor carouse
 On his own thoughts. Then did he say
 " 'This is God's deed !' " and found a way
 To see the maid and pardon ask :
 And while he hasted on his task
 And with hot tears his sorrow told,
 Her face did change to that of old
 Sweet to behold.

Then God alone them came between :
 His deathful passion grew as green
 As leaves which after winter drear
 Tell to the listener spring is here.
 And so they loved on, side by side,
 Their country's blessing, hope, and pride,
 Till painlessly, without a groan,
 Death came and bare them as his own
 To God's own throne.

Such is the legend that I took
 From out an old worm-eaten book
 —Printed in letters black and quaint—
 By Jocelinus, of the Saint
 St. Bridget named, who reared Kildare,
 Leaving a name as pure as air :
 There twain that mighty fabric planned
 Whose stones still as a wonder stand
 To every land.

FRANCIS GLEDSTANES WAUG

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE.

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO SMUGGLERS.

THE fierce rays of a burning noonday sun in the month of July, poured down upon the green hill sides in the vicinity of Fishguard, a small village in Pembrokeshire. The two streets, however, which constitute the village, are dignified by the sounding appellations, upper and lower town; the former being situated on a high cliff, and boasting of a few good houses; the latter at the foot of a steep hill, with its houses painted white—a pleasing contrast to the green slopes of the hill rising up in the rear.

Fishguard Bay looked very beautiful that bright summer day, its waters smooth and unruffled, and every tiny wave that broke on the yellow sand flashing in the sunlight. At the very extremity of the high land running into the bay, the crumbling walls of an old stone tower began to cast a shadow on the green turf beneath, as the afternoon wore on, —a quaint-looking building, the only entrance to which was a low, arched doorway, its roof grown over with ivy, and one side partly shadowed by the branches of a birch.

Usually the fort was lonely and deserted, but on this particular afternoon, two individuals, clad in plain shooting coats, were very busy within and without its walls, examining the stones, peering into every little cranny and crevice, now making a circuit of the building from the outside, and then diving into the interior, where one of them chipped the stones with a hammer, and went on his knees to rummage amongst the loose pebbles and mossy turf that now formed the only flooring.

Now if these two individuals were busy, they were followed by a third person, equally busy, only that his employment differed from theirs in this, that whilst they were closely examining the fort, he was closely examining them, for their occupation excited his curiosity intensely.

The two gentlemen so actively engaged in surveying the fort were none other than our friends, Captain Thorold and Lieutenant Norris, and their pursuer was a little, inquisitive-looking Welshman, with red hair and eyes like those of a ferret, who had met them on the road leading from Haverford to Fishguard, and had since followed them about most pertinaciously.

The regiment of the "First Lancashires" was still at Bristol, but two companies had been detached to Milford Haven under the command of Captain Thorold. The latter found so much time at his disposal that he and his friend Norris spent whole days with sketch-book and geological hammer in hand. Wherever there was an old cross, the ruins of an abbey, or old castle, or any druidical stones, there were the two officers to be found, the one sketching some such object, the other either examining and studying its antiquities, or noting the geology of the locality. On such occupations they were now engaged; but they had proceeded to Fishguard more to view a district, famous for the landing there of a small French army in 1797, and its capitulation to General Tate. Mrs. Norris had not accompanied her husband from Bristol; she was rather delicate in health, and did not feel equal to the exertion of continually changing their place of abode. It was their first separation, and they parted with many demonstrations of affection on either side, but, perhaps, there was a little speck on the horizon, though it could hardly be called a cloud. Mrs. Norris did give some slight hints to the effect that she wished things could be managed so that her husband need not ramble about so much. So soon as the Lieutenant was fairly out of Bristol, he betook himself with fresh ardour to his geological pursuits, became again more slovenly in his appearance, and expatiated to Thorold on the superiority of an old coat over a new one.

The afternoon was pretty far advanced before the two officers had finished their examination of the ruined fort and the adjacent country, and when they had done so, and were preparing to proceed on their way, to their great annoyance and disgust the Welshman continued to pursue them, sidling up to them and addressing them with mingled familiarity and obsequiousness.

"A fine afternoon, gentlemen! Are you going to Fishguard?"

Thorold gave a brief nod of assent.

"I am going there, too; so, if it's no offence, I'll make so bold as to walk with you. You are English, I see; from London, I dare say?"

"No, there you make a mistake, my friend," replied Thorold, curtly; "we are neither of us cccckneys."

"Well, to be sure!" answered the Welshman, very candidly; "I am glad to hear you say so, for there's a fine set out of wandering vagabonds come from that quarter." Here the inquisitive little man paused for a few moments, and then launched out into a perfect avalanche of questions. How long had they been in Wales? How long were they going to stop? Were they travelling for pleasure or for business? Why were they looking at the old tower and going into it? What was in that portfolio? What had the gentleman got in those large coat pockets? In short, the Welshman's curiosity as to the Lieutenant's geologising jacket was so great, that it furnished him with questions till they reached Fishguard. He inquired pertinaciously—where was it bought? How long had the gentleman had it? Why were the pockets so deep? wasn't it very hot on such a day? Did he like it better than any other coat? with a dozen more questions of the like nature, till Norris's patience was nearly exhausted.

Now and then the Welshman volunteered some information about himself; as, for instance, when he informed Thorold that he was descended in a direct line from Henry VII., who landed, when Earl of Richmond, at Milford Haven, to which ancient town the speaker's family had always belonged. Then, to the Welshman's next demand as to who Norris was descended from, the latter gave no other reply than "Adam," an answer which seemed to discompose his inquisitive persecutor.

Norris was doubly annoyed, as the company of this most tiresome individual was not only irksome in itself, but it prevented him enjoying the beauties of the scenery around as fully as he would otherwise have done.

On the west, where the sun was dipping low in a sky radiant with crimson and gold, the sea lay calm and motionless; the waves lit up with the dazzling reflection of the rose-tinted clouds above, while on the east, in contrast to all that light and blaze and splendour, lofty mountains rose up in rugged grandeur, dark and threatening, the fissures and cavities in their sides, lost in a mass of purple shadow.

At the door of the little inn at Fishguard, where our two travellers proposed spending the night, they came across an old woman in the peculiar dress of the female inhabitants of Pembrokeshire; a heavy cloth gown, in spite of midsummer's heat, and instead of a cap, a large handkerchief wrapt over her head, and tied under her chin; a head-dress this, so different to the broad-brimmed beaver hats which Thorold had hitherto seen worn by women in Wales, that he made a hasty sketch of the old lady, thereby exposing

himself to another catechetical examination from the Welshman. Was he an artist? Did he think he would sell that sketch? and if he did, how much would he get for it?

The landlady of the inn, a Miss Morgan, was to the full as inquisitive as her countryman. Monosyllables did not satisfy her, so that Norris had to go back in his pedigree as far as old Peter Norris before she really began to bestir herself about getting tea for her guests. Even after this the meal was so long in making its appearance, that Thorold sallied into the kitchen to see what progress was being made. His appearance disturbed a solemn conclave between the servant maid and the Welshman, evidently concerning himself and to his disadvantage, by the suspicious and doubtful look which the girl cast on him, whilst the non-arrival of tea was explained by the inability of the girl to light a fire, and listen to a story at the same time. The said fire-lighting, too, was a complicated affair. Peggy first having to arrange her wood faggots, and then take from the coal-box before her a lump of black-looking paste, composed of slack and wet clay, which she rolled about in her hands and made into balls, much to Thorold's alarm, when he contemplated the idea of those very hands preparing their approaching meal. The faggots, however, lighted, and the balls arranged on their top, soon ignited and made a pleasant fire, reminding Thorold, as he told Norris afterwards, of so many roasted potatoes. The kettle now boiled, and Miss Morgan herself prepared the tea for her guests, as they were enjoying a perfect feast of small oysters, boiled and pickled in salt water, and spiced whelks. Norris incautiously letting drop a few remarks as to the feasibility of sending his mother a few jars of these pickles, again provoked renewed questions from the obnoxious Welshman, who had even intruded into the parlour.

"I'll get rid of him," whispered Thorold.

"If you don't I shall pitch him out of window," growled Norris.

Thorold left his seat, and approaching the Welshman with a partly mysterious and partly cunning look, raised his hand to shade his face, and then placing his lips close to the Welshman's ear, asked, in a low and confidential whisper—

"Would you like to buy a cask of old French cognac, or some silk handkerchiefs?"

"I believe you are both a couple of d—d smugglers," exclaimed

Welshman, in sudden terror and alarm, starting up from his seat, and instantly vacating the apartment, to the great enjoyment and relief of Thorold and Norris.

CHAPTER X.

EMILE VAUCOUR.

MRS. THOROLD'S illness had been a severe one, and her recovery was somewhat slow, so that the summer had passed away, and the autumnal gales were sweeping the leaves from the trees before she felt anything of her former strength and vigour. Teresa was constantly at the Manor House—indeed, it was far more her home now than the little cottage, and Walter played under the trees in the park, and sailed his little boats in every pool he could find.

It was Mrs. Thorold's great wish to see Piers married, and public rumour assigned no later date for the nuptials than the first days of the new year. Hitherto, however, no preparations had been made, partly through Mrs. Thorold's illness, for hers was the active spirit that would carry out all details as to the bride's trousseau, and the festivities for the occasion. Teresa was ignorant in all such matters; she only appeared quietly, perfectly, and serenely happy. The change in her fortunes seemed so great, that she could scarcely realise her happiness, and then the love between herself and Thorold was so strong, so earnest, so tender on either side, that there seemed every promise of still greater happiness in the future.

It was a dull, grey morning, towards the middle of October. Mrs. Thorold and Teresa were seated in the drawing-room; Teresa in one of the window recesses, working a pair of slippers of elaborate and beautiful design, for whom we may guess; and Mrs. Thorold in a large easy chair, before a blazing wood fire, looking still pale and languid, and leaning back, now and then, with a weary air, against the velvet-cushioned back of the luxurious *fauteuil* she occupied.

Teresa had dropped her work, and she sat gazing sadly into the park without. The sky was overspread with heavy grey clouds; the dripping foliage of the trees weighed down by the fine small rain that had been falling for many hours, and the gravel walks and smooth green lawns were encumbered with heaps of sere and yellow leaves.

"Teresa, love," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, "I think the forlorn wretchedness of the park, this miserable morning, is giving you the horrors; you look quite unhappy; and, really, I feel in a rather desponding mood myself, and yet it is very foolish to be influenced by the weather."

"So it is," replied Teresa, smiling and taking up her work again, "so I will shake it off; there is no excuse for me, but you, dear madam, have been ill, and your nerves are not quite strong

yet. It is a weakness, I must confess; but," she added, in a musing tone, "this dull, grey sky, the howling of the wind, and the sight of the dead withered leaves falling so fast from the trees, brought a sort of sadness to my heart; they seemed like images of a dreary future, and of hopes decayed and blighted."

"Why, Teresa, you are quite poetical!" said Mrs. Thorold, laughing; "but, nevertheless, dear child, I don't want to hear any more of these gloomy metaphors. What are you looking at?" she added, observing that Teresa was gazing earnestly at some object in the park.

"Only some one coming up the avenue," replied Teresa. "I was wondering who it could be, calling on such a wretched morning."

"Is it a gentleman or a lady?" inquired Mrs. Thorold.

"Oh, a gentleman," answered Teresa; "he looks like a foreigner."

A minute or two later the distant clang of the bell was heard, followed by the entrance of the old white-haired butler, bearing a silver salver with a card upon it.

Teresa saw an expression of sudden pain and annoyance pass over Mrs. Thorold's face. As she took up the card and read the name upon it, she paused for a few moments, seeming irresolute to what she should do; then she said, half aloud—

"Yes, I will see him," adding, in a louder tone to the butler, "Show the gentleman in. Why is this man coming here, Teresa?" she exclaimed, abruptly, as the door closed on the butler.

"What man, dear madam?" echoed Teresa, in some surprise.

"Monsieur Vaucour, whom I have spoken to you about," replied Mrs. Thorold, in an agitated tone; "the Frenchman whom Piers so unfortunately fell in with at Paris; who taught him to gamble, and drew him into the vilest scenes of dissipation and folly; who taught him to laugh at everything sacred and holy, and led him to doubt even Christianity itself. Piers is reformed again since he loved you, my child," added Mrs. Thorold; "but we must both urge him to break entirely with this man; he has been his evil genius."

As Mrs. Thorold finished speaking, Vaucour was ushered in to the room. He was a man of middle height, with rather low brows and a sallow complexion—a man of gentlemanly exterior, with a finely modulated voice and insinuating manners, neatly and carefully dressed.

Mrs. Thorold's reception of her visitor was somewhat cold and distant, but she was too much of a lady to show her distrust and aversion in any more marked manner to a person then under her own roof.

"Madame, you will, I trust, excuse the intrusion of this visit," said Vaucour, speaking in very pure English; "but I am a stranger in a foreign land, a Royalist emigré, who has escaped to the hospitable shores of England, without friends or kindred; and I looked forward hopefully, to meeting one well-remembered face, where all are strange and new to me. I allude to your son, madame."

"My son is not here," replied Mrs. Thorold, rather abruptly.

"Alas! a fresh disappointment," murmured the Frenchman; "and," he added, "I so much wished to see him; it is of such vital consequence to me that I should do so."

Teresa here rose from her seat and retired from the room, as she imagined that Vaucour, from his manner, wished for some private conversation with Mrs. Thorold.

"I am at a loss, sir, to understand," began the latter, "why the presence of my son should be of such paramount importance to you; and, indeed, from what he has said to me, I imagined that the friendship formed between you and himself ended where it began, in Paris."

"Indeed," answered Vaucour, with a slight sneer. "I am surprised at what you tell me; though the ingratitude and selfishness of youth is proverbial, I did not expect to experience it at the hands of Monsieur Thorold, after the many obligations I have conferred upon him."

"I am surprised in my turn," answered Mrs. Thorold, raising her eyebrows with a look of angry astonishment. "I was ignorant, till now, that the heir of Brewood was under any obligations to any person whatever."

"My dear madame," replied the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, "Monsieur, your son, has kept you ignorant of many things, it appears; probably, he did not think it necessary to mention to you that he corresponded regularly with his dear friend, Vaucour. I have his last letter," he added, drawing one from his breast-pocket as he spoke, and placing it on the table before Mrs. Thorold, who recognised, with mingled feelings of anger and alarm, her son's bold, clear handwriting. "I fear my young friend has been unjust to me," said Vaucour; "your manner, madam, convinces me of that. Mine is a very hard fate, but I must submit to it. Let me, however, state a few facts. I met your son; I conceived a friendship for him. He had been kept under restraint, and, when let loose, he plunged into folly and vice. I could not restrain him: as easy could I have stayed the progress of a mountain torrent. He went on from bad to worse; he fell into dishonourable courses—oh! madame, I have proofs, if you desire to see them," added Vaucour, as though in answer to Mrs. Thorold's look of in-

dignant doubt. "Then," he continued, "your son was a man of fashion, and it was *du bon ton* to be in debt; then he came to me—he came to me, always—it was Vaucour, my faithful friend, do this; Vaucour, do that; help me to pay this bill; settle for me this debt of honour, or I am ruined, disgraced. I have a mother who loves me, but she is hard and merciless about money; hard as a rock," and here the Frenchman paused, seeming to expect an answer from Mrs. Thorold, but the latter sat cold and still, and silent, as though frozen into insensibility by these painful revelations respecting her son. "Well," continued Vaucour, "what should I do? I was your son's friend, and I helped him. I released him from the prison of Ste—— Pélagie. I was rich then, and I was willing to aid one in trouble; now I am poor, in exile, and I am in need of aid myself. Shall I beg, when others owe to me?"

"My son told me, when I last paid his debts, that he owed no more," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold. "I believed him, then, and I still believe him."

"In face of this testimony of his deceit towards you?" answered the Frenchman, pointing to the letter on the table.

"I will hear what Piers has to say," replied Mrs. Thorold.

"It is well, madame," answered Vaucour; "perhaps he will not always deceive you; but that he has done so is as certain as that you see me here. Has he told you that in Paris he was a gambler? I judge by your looks that he has told you something of his love for the game of hazard. Probably, he has told you, too, that it was Monsieur Vaucour who encouraged him in that vicious taste? but I tell you, madame, that he loved gaming himself, without need of anyone to push him on. He played the whole of one night against a young countryman of his; the latter was a fool, a bad player, and he lost. The next morning they found his body in the Seine; but your son paid some of his debts with the money he had won. Perhaps, Monsieur Thorold told you this."

"Go on, sir," said Mrs. Thorold, speaking in a calm, measured tone, though every pulse was throbbing with grief and anger; "as you have begun your disclosures respecting my son, pray let me hear them all."

"I have no wish to dwell upon the follies of a headstrong boy," answered the Frenchman; "but in justice to myself, madame, as I saw you were prejudiced against me, I considered it necessary to bring forward at least one circumstance, out of many, to show you how Monsieur Thorold has deceived you as to his past life. I hope I shall not have caused strife between you. Your son has been wild; but what will you," he added, with a sneer, "when a poor youth has been kept too long tied to apron-strings?"

"Enough, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, indignantly; "you

are becoming insolent," and she moved her hand, as she spoke, towards the bell.

"Allow me, madame, to save you the trouble," said Vaucour, with some effrontery, ringing the bell as he spoke; "I return at once to London. Madame," he continued, "as your son is not here, I must beg you to give me his present address, or to write to him and ask him to communicate with me. I hold bills of his, madame, to a very large amount, and I must now have my money. I do not wish to make any disturbance, or to act harshly towards my friend, but if he will always put me off, I must go elsewhere; I must take legal measures against my friend. I wish you a good morning, madame."

As the Frenchman uttered the last few words he bowed himself out of the room, and left Mrs. Thorold full of anger, astonishment, and grief; the former of these emotions prompted a letter, written on the spur of the moment, to her son, full of bitter upbraiding, and demanding his immediate presence at Brewood.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."

ONLY a few days had elapsed since the visit of the Frenchman to Brewood Manor House, when a post-chaise drove rapidly up to a small gate, which gave entrance to the park, and Piers Thorold, hastily alighting, at once made his way into the enclosure.

It was a fine autumnal morning, fresh and breezy, with a clear, blue sky overhead. The green turf in the park and the graceful fern leaves were yet silvered with the frost of the preceding night, though the sun shone brightly, and lent a richer hue to the leaves, tinted with flaming scarlet and orange that yet lingered on the trees.

Thorold's path lay beside a fine piece of water called Brewood-mere, the last word signifying a lake in Cheshire. The lake covered about forty or fifty acres, and was most picturesquely situated. The banks were steep in some places, grown over with thickets of under-wood, broken here and there into small open spots, carpeted with bright green turf, and in the summer gemmed with wild-flowers. Many a noble tree, oak, and beech, and elm, cast its shadow upon the waters beneath. In some places their branches interlaced each other, and formed arches of foliage; while below, the mere stretched away like a sheet of crystal, its mirror-like surface broken, here and there, by patches of the beautiful water-lily.

This had been always a favourite spot with Piers, looking upon its many beauties, as he did, with the eye of an artist; but now he

passed on quickly and hurriedly, without bestowing even a passing glance on the lovely scenery around him. His mind was occupied with violent and agitating thoughts; there was a deep red glow on his cheek, and a fierce light in his eyes as he strode on—signs of the hidden tempest raging within.

When he reached the Manor House he made his way straight to the drawing-room, and, entering it abruptly, found his mother seated there with Teresa. Mrs. Thorold started as her son entered, and her pale cheek seemed to grow a shade paler, but she never offered to rise to greet him, never extended her hand; her face only assumed a more rigid and inflexible expression, as though she were nerving herself up to her task—this was, to force her son to yield, to bend to her, to acknowledge his errors, his deceit. She loved him fondly and dearly—he was her only child—the being dearest to her upon earth; but he had been far worse than she had ever thought him, and now she must force him to make a clean breast of all, and to pass his word as to his good conduct for the future. Would he do this? As Mrs. Thorold gazed upon her son's stern face and compressed lips, she saw there, alas! a spirit as unyielding as her own; and Teresa, gazing in fear and apprehension from one to the other, felt an indistinct foreboding of some swiftly-coming evil, which should verify the painful presentiments that had sometimes filled her mind, even amidst her happiness. She would have left the room, not wishing to be present at what would be a scene of angry and bitter recrimination, but Mrs. Thorold, in an abrupt and almost harsh tone, bid her stop.

“I don't know, mother, why you should wish Teresa to be present at what promises to be a very sorry entertainment,” observed Thorold, in a contemptuous tone, as he leant against the chimney-piece with folded arms.

“As Teresa has promised to become your wife,” exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, in a tone as unconciliating as her son's, “it is fit she should not be kept quite in ignorance as to what manner of man her future husband is.”

“Oh, I have no objection,” replied Thorold; “but, probably you have already enlightened her, as I doubt not I have been the subject of many conversations, not redounding to my credit, between my mother and my affianced wife, since the visit of Monsieur Vaucour; what say you, Teresa?”

“It is cruel of you, Piers, to put such a question to me,” answered Teresa, as the tears gathered in her eyes. “I have not, and will not, believe all that has been said of you. You know my heart, and you know how dearly I love you; but I cannot blame your mother's judgment, or deny that you have wronged her. You know yourself, Piers, what she must have felt when she found how

you had deceived her; but you are too noble not to acknowledge yourself in the wrong. Do you make the first step towards reconciliation," she added, joining her hands together, "and it will atone for all the past."

"I know of nothing I have to atone for," answered Thorold, haughtily. "It is some time, now, since I was old enough to be my own master and the judge of my own actions, and I shall not hold myself accountable to my mother for what I have done, or for what I may do; that is a state of pupillage that I am by no means inclined to submit to. The past is irrevocable, so there it must rest; for the future I shall make no promises. I am not a child, to pledge myself to good behaviour, and if my mother chooses to listen to the reports, true or false, of my enemies, and to suffer them to cause a rupture between us, so be it, and we will each go our way."

"Is this an answer to my letter?" exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, her voice trembling between grief and anger. "I demanded, and I have a right to demand of you that you should declare to me all your debts without reserve. I will pay them, if they should amount to thousands, even had I to sell off the greater part of the acres of Ayleworth to do so; but I have a right to claim from you a promise that you will not so involve me and yourself again, and to some expression of sorrow and repentance for what have been more than follies in your past life—I must call them crimes."

"And I will give no such promise, and I will make no such acknowledgments of repentance," shouted Thorold, while the veins on his high forehead swelled, and his face grew deathly white, a sign of the terrible storm of passion which was sweeping through his heart. "I am not a child, madam, to be threatened or coerced. I do not ask you to pay my present debts, nor any I may contract. I shall leave this house to-day, this very hour; and if you wish this quarrel to be healed up, there must be no allusion whatever to the past, no conditions."

"Insolent and ungrateful!" exclaimed his mother. "Go your ways, Piers Thorold, and I will pray God to soften your hard, obdurate, savage heart."

"Teresa," said Piers, as he strode towards her, and caught her hand fiercely and tightly within his own; "what side do you embrace? You have to choose, girl, between the mother and the son—you must either condemn her or your future husband. Come, what is your decision?—do not keep me long."

"It is already made," replied Teresa, faintly. "I shall never love another being on earth; but though, in losing you, I shall lose my all, I must submit to that fatal alternative rather than be guilty of the injustice and ingratitude that you would have me show towards your mother, my benefactress, and the dearest, truest

friend I have on earth. My love, Piers, cannot blind me, nor can it make wrong, appear right."

"Then here we part," replied Thorold, jerking her hand from him with angry violence; "better that we understand each other now than later, when marriage would have joined you to a man whom you are so ready to condemn. Mother," he added, turning to Mrs. Thorold, "I shall never darken your doors again, save at your own request."

"That you need not expect," answered his mother, in a steady, determined voice.

"Then here we part," replied Thorold.

"And it will be a long while before we shall meet again," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, the calm tone of her voice veiling the anguish she suffered; but as he passed from her sight a cry of pain went up from her stricken heart. "Oh, my son, my dear son!"

Though the blow had fallen so suddenly and severely on Teresa, though she felt so acutely the injustice and cruelty of Thorold's conduct, all thought of self was forgotten in her care and anxiety for the sorrowing mother, whose health, not yet wholly restored, could ill bear the shock of her son's unnatural conduct. In the afternoon Mrs. Thorold became somewhat calmer, and as she had fallen into a quiet slumber, Teresa walked out in hopes to find a little relief for her throbbing temples in the cool, fresh evening air.

Almost unconscious of where she was going, she rambled in the direction of Chester, till she reached the Walls, and, finally, her favourite haunt, The Water Tower. The sight, however, of its crumbling walls, only brought her present sorrow more vividly to her mind, for there she had spent many happy hours with Piers, and there they had sketched out glowing images of the future, which now she feared might never be realised. The very sight of the fading foliage on the trees, and the sere, yellow leaves at her feet, seemed to add to her depression of spirits, speaking, as they did, of the decay of all that is earthly. The green leaves of the ivy, yet bright and glistening as of old, that twined about the old Tower, whispered, however, a simple lesson to Teresa, for they recalled to her heart the recollection of that better world that shall endure for ever—of a happy immortality beyond the grave.

Calm and soothing thoughts came over her mind, and she turned soon, with her usual childlike confidence and love, to that Source of comfort which had never failed her; the recollection of a Friend above all earthly friends. The storm of grief and desolation had swept over her, and had bowed her down for awhile, but now she rose up, once more firm and erect, and as she turned from the Water Tower, on her way back from Brewood, she uttered,

half aloud, a few words from an old book, called "The Following of Christ, and a verse from one yet older—"Do not trust nor rely upon a windy reed, for all flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof shall fade like the flower of the field."

CHAPTER XII.

"THE HIGH-METTLED RACER."

THE little town of Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, displayed, one Saturday morning in July, the usual scene of bustle and excitement which characterises the market day. Neat-looking old women, with spotless caps and the cleanest of aprons, came toiling along the dusty high road laden with baskets containing plump chickens, rolls of fresh butter, and new-laid eggs. Carts stood about the entrance to the market-place piled up with baskets, wherein, amidst layers of fresh green leaf, could be seen strawberries, currants, raspberries, and all the fruits of the season. The stalls were being set out, the shopkeepers were arranging their wares for the numerous customers who came to purchase on market day, and the occupants of every inn, from "The Crown" downwards, were preparing for their welcome labours.

"The Jolly Threshers," a small tavern just at the entrance to the little town, was no exception to the general rule; in fact, it monopolised, perhaps, more than a fair share of the custom, considering its size; but then its customers were none of the most select; field labourers, carters, and, now and then, a suspected poacher would come here for their mugs of ale, while the farmers would adjourn to the more patrician hostelryes.

"The Jolly Threshers" was a small brick house lying back from the road, with an old, red-tiled roof and latticed windows. A plot of green turf lay before it, with a giant horse-chesnut in the midst, which overshadowed the trough where the horses stood to drink, and the little inn itself. The windows were all thrown wide open this sultry morning; at one of them sat a young man at a round table, making his morning meal off a rasher of bacon, fresh eggs, and a huge loaf of home-made bread. The table was abundantly spread, though it was slightly deficient in order and neatness. The table-cloth was not too clean; the brown earthenware teapot was cracked; the black-handled knives and forks rude and clumsy; and the breakfast equipage altogether of the roughest. About the room, too, there lingered a flavour of strong ale and tobacco smoke, which would not have been acceptable to olfactory organs more sensitive than those of this young man, who sat so comfortably sipping his tea out of a cracked tea-cup, and gazing, with a

dreamy air, through the garlands of scarlet runners trailing round the little casement, at the plot of turf under the horse chesnut where children were playing, at the horses with their jangling bells drinking from the trough, and, further on still, at a little square, white stone building, enclosed in a walled-in space, with a few lime trees planted on either side, one window with iron bars outside, and over the doorway the ominous words, painted in large letters, "Lock-Up."

The solitary occupant of the bar parlour of the "Jolly Threshers," with its sanded floor and wooden-seated chairs, was a tall, strongly-made young man. The glass over the chimney-piece in the black frame, reflected figure and apparel clearly enough, though a crack across it distorted his countenance. His dress was not superior to that of the usual frequenters of the little inn. He wore a stout fustian shooting-jacket and breeches, both well-worn, and long, black, military gaiters to his knees. A very shabby old hat rested on a chair beside him, and an open volume of the "Turf Register," which he had been studying this morning, and, apparently, his thoughts were rambling upon subjects connected with the turf, for he suddenly tilted back his chair, and, putting his hands in his pockets, sang out the two last stanzas of the well-known old song called "The High-Mettled Racer"—

"What a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds!
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!"

He was just finishing his stave, when the door suddenly opened, and a short, thick-set personage made his appearance, carrying in his hand that ominous badge of office, a constable's staff. He was followed up by mine host, with his morning pipe in his mouth, his wife with a trio of little urchins peeping from behind her skirts, a red-armed servant wench, and two or three customers, who had just dropped in.

"Name of Norris, I believe?—Robert Norris? You need not deny it, for we found it in your hat, there," said the constable, advancing towards our hero, for he, indeed, it was.

"Yes," responded Norris, rather curtly, for he felt indignant at this sudden intrusion on his privacy.

"Well, then, sir, you are my prisoner, and I arrest you upon this warrant," and here the constable thrust his warrant under the Lieutenant's eyes, and held his staff within an inch of his nose. These actions so exasperated Norris, that he felt strongly inclined to pitch constable, staff, and warrant out of the window, a proceeding which would have given unqualified delight to the bystanders at the door, who were looking on in hopes of seeing a skirmish. However, they were disappointed, for Norris, recollecting that he was an

Officer and a gentleman, determined to submit to the majesty of the law; he knew also that this untoward affair must prove to be a mistake, which would soon be cleared up.

"My good man," he began, in a slightly contemptuous tone, "there is some strange mistake here; let me look at your warrant, that I may see on what charge it is made out."

"It's no less an one than that of poisoning Squire Helmsley's crack racer Sweetlip, that was to run at the York races next month," replied the constable; adding, with a threatening look, "you'll get in for it, my fine fellow—why that there horse was worth a thousand guineas, and not a penny less."

"Well, this is amusing, certainly!" exclaimed Norris, indulging in a burst of laughter. "Why, man, I am an officer in Her Majesty's service."

"Why don't you say you are the Lord Lieutenant of the county at once?" replied the constable, scornfully. "It's likely an ossifer would wear things like these here, isn't it?" and the man laid his finger on Robert's suspicious-looking geologising jacket. "Howsumever, I can't bide bothering here when Justice Dodsworth is waiting for you up at the Hall, so just step out and come along."

"It would be hard, indeed, if the justice were as pig-headed a brute as you," exclaimed Norris, wrathfully. "I shall not be long in clearing myself of this preposterous charge, trumped up by some thick-headed country clod like yourself; so lead the way at once, fellow."

"We shall see," growled the constable, as he led the way from the room, keeping, at the same time, a sharp look-out on his prisoner, and bearing aloft the volume of the "Turf Register," which, we must not omit to say, he had pounced upon.

"Oh, deary me!" remarked the landlady, as she watched the retreating forms of the constable and his captive; "who would have thought it to look at that young fellow's good-humoured, pleasant face, that he could ha' done such a cruel thing? I did think he were a bit of a poacher, from those large, queer-looking leathern pockets o' his'n, but I didn't think he were anything worse nor that."

Meanwhile, Norris, pursued by a rabble of idlers and village urchins, was making his way along the dusty high road, with fierce and angry strides, puzzling his brains to think what action or speech of his could have brought about this irritating and untoward occurrence. Soon the constable turned off from the main thoroughfare into some private grounds, where the road wound amongst shady plantations, forming a thick screen of foliage, just opening out here and there, and showing a pleasant stretch of the level landscape which characterises that part of the country; with the blue

waters of the Wye flowing between green meadows, the roof tops of Boroughbridge rising from amidst the trees, and a line of hills bounding the horizon.

At length Norris and his conductor reached the Hall, a square-built stone house standing in its own grounds. They approached it by the back road, which led into a courtyard, surrounded by offices. The *cortège* which had accompanied the constable and his captive came to a halt outside the courtyard; some sat down on the grass, others loitered about on the back road, and one adventurous boy climbed up into the branches of a wide-spreading elm, inspired by the hope of getting a peep into "the Justice's study."

Norris was ignominiously ushered up the back stairs into this apartment, a small room, rendered gloomy and sombre-looking by the overhanging branches of that elm in which the adventurous boy was seated. There were only two or three old-fashioned cane-seated chairs in the room, a few maps on the walls, and a writing table with one or two law books ostentatiously displayed upon it, amongst which "Burns' Justice" was prominent.

The Justice was a tall, wiry-looking man, with a bald head, large Roman nose, and a pair of keen, blue eyes, surmounted by very shaggy eyebrows. He wore a double eye-glass, perched on the bridge of his nose—the said glass falling occasionally, gave him much irritation, for Squire Dodsworth was not in a good-humour that morning. His hay was being got in, and there he was penned up in the study with that infamous wretch, who must needs be poisoning Squire Helmsley's celebrated racer—of all days in the week on that day previous—and thus necessitating the presence of the persecuted Justice in the study that identical morning, instead of amongst his men in the hay-field—a most trying position for a gentleman farmer, and one calculated to destroy all serenity of temper.

Opposite the Justice stood a short, hard-featured man, dressed like a groom, twirling his cap in his hand, and evidently in some trepidation at the awful presence in which he stood.

"So here you are at last, Johnston!" exclaimed Squire Dodsworth, addressing the constable; "things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace is to be kept waiting in his study the greater part of the day to serve the convenience of every tramp and vagabond that chooses to make the country the scene of his villainous exploits. Pray, what's your name?" he added, bobbing his head forward at Norris with such vehemence as to dislodge the eye-glass.

"Robert Norris, and I should wish to know——"

"Just reserve your wishes, then," interrupted the irate magistrate, "the less you say the better; keep your defence for the"

Sessions, where you will assuredly be sent. Now, listen ; this is what you are charged with—that you, Robert Norris, did maliciously, and deliberately, and feloniously compass and accomplish the death of Squire Helmsley's horse, Sweetlip, by poison, on or about the evening of the 25th instant." The squire here paused with a very self-satisfied air, perhaps increased by the half-audible whisper of the constable, "Lord, he speaks just like a judge." "Now," continued Squire Dodsworth, "you have been seen loitering about this neighbourhood in a most suspicious manner ; you have also been seen in the immediate vicinity of the stable where the horse, Sweetlip, was housed. Last night the horse died, and there is strong evidence against you. It is a serious affair ; why, a few years ago it would have been a hanging matter. You would have been hung by the neck, sir—hung by the neck," he repeated, evidently struck with the felicity of the remark.

"I think, sir, you will have cause to regret the ungentlemanly and insolent manner in which you have treated me to-day," exclaimed Norris, majestically. "I am, sir, a Lieutenant in the First Royal Lancashire Militia, now stationed at Hull. I was sent with a detachment of fifty men to York, for the purpose of escorting French prisoners through the country, and as the assizes are now being held there, we received orders to quit the city, and repair to Easingwold, which we did. I am quite at a loss, sir, to conceive upon what grounds you have trumped up this infamous, and silly, and disgraceful charge against me. I see we still have new and improved editions of Justice Shallow," added Norris, eyeing the squire with supreme contempt.

"You an officer !" exclaimed the magistrate, with an hysterical laugh, and in a tone of concentrated wrath, called forth by the closing remark of the audacious prisoner. "Why, fellow, do officers wear the clothes of a tinker or travelling gipsy ? Do officers go trudging about hedges and ditches, poking their noses into cottages, and sneaking into gentlemen's stables ? Do officers lodge in hedge-alehouses, when there are good inns ?"

"It is throwing pearls to swine to talk of antiquarian researches here," said Norris, in a tone of ineffable scorn. "But, sir, I suppose you have heard of, and seen, the remains of the Roman bath in this neighbourhood ?"

"I know a vagabond when I see him," exclaimed the Justice.

"Being fond of antiquarian pursuits, sir," continued Norris, "I certainly did go into a cottage near Aldborough, but it was only to see some tessellated pavements there. I also paid a visit to the celebrated stone obelisks in this neighbourhood, called 'The Devil's Arrows,' and I may have been seen examining them and making a sketch of them ; probably, however, you have never heard of the

existence of these gigantic and rude memorials of the ancient Druids? I poked my nose, too, as you elegantly term it, into another cottage near here, to see some relics of the battle fought at Boroughbridge, in the reign of Edward II.; possibly, you never heard of such a person? and I went to Attley Hall, to view a fine collection of ancient sculptures, not to sneak into the stables—to use again your refined mode of speech. Certainly, I feel greater esteem and respect for the Houyhnhums than I do for the base Yahoos, whom I have the misfortune to be thrown amongst at present."

Whether it was that the Squire was not versed in "Gulliver's Travels," and that he imagined some most atrocious signification lurked under these last words of unknown meaning, or that a sudden breath of balmy air from the distant hay-field, stealing in through the open window, goaded him to madness, we do not know; but he started up from his seat as though meditating an attack upon this most insolent and abusive prisoner, when a diversion was made by the sudden and abrupt descent, into a little balcony outside the window, of the adventurous boy who had climbed on to a rotten branch in order to have a better view of the interior of "The Justice's Study." The boy was lugged by the constable into the room, and scolded, and threatened, and finally hustled out. The Squire, meanwhile, having recovered a little more calmness of mind, ordered the man dressed like a groom, whom he called Dodd, to give his evidence against the bullying fellow now in custody.

"I'll tell your honour all I know about it, straightforward," replied Dodd. "I saw the horse last night just before ten—I know it was nigh on to that time, cause we hadn't but just done supper in the servants' hall, and we get supper at nine—not that we take an hour over it, but——"

"Confound you!" shouted the Justice; "are you all in league together, this morning, to annoy me? What do I care about your supper? Is this telling your tale straightforward? Keep to your evidence about the horse, you habbler!"

It was some few minutes before Dodd could proceed, he evidently finding it difficult to separate his evidence from a relation of other matters totally unconnected with it; at length, however, he went on.

"Well, your honour, I says to Jackson, that's the jockey that was to have rode Sweetlip, a tight little chap, don't weigh—I beg your pardon!" added Dodd, in great trepidation, as the Justice looked furiously at him; "to be sure, I do get out somehow, when I'm telling a story—where did I stop? oh! I know. I says to Jackson—by the way, he isn't up to things like I am, 'cause——"

"Why, you fool!" roared Dodsworth, "this is the third time

you have stopped short at what you said to this confounded jockey."

"I says," interposed Dodd, "I'm afeard that horse has been got at; for certain sure, he's been tampered with. 'Why?' says Jackson, 'you don't say so? sure you don't think he's been hoccussed? Who could have done it?' 'It don't signify at present; let's look to the horse,' says I. 'It's a serious affair, he's running from the eyes and nose, his head's a-drooping, and his coat's staring. The running at the nose and eyes looked uncommon like influenzy in a Christian, for which some hot gruel going to bed, and one's feet in hot water is a sovereign remedy—in course, no sort of beast would sit with his feet in hot water——'" Here Dodd paused in sudden terror, feeling that he had wandered away from his subject again; but, happily for him, the Justice had not noticed his digression, for he was engaged in a whispered conversation with a footman, who had just come into the study, in which the words beer and hay-makers were tolerably distinct. When the footman had gone, the squire threw himself into a listening attitude again, and bid Dodd go on. This the latter did, carefully eschewing, however, all further allusion to gruel and hot water. 'What can it be!' says Jackson, 'why he were quite well at four this afternoon;' and then the two other grooms came in, and the stable boys, and we all talked it over, and we were right down puzzled; and Squire Helmsley being in London made it worse. However,' says I, 'we'll send for a doctor from York; and so we sent for Bailey—Gill is a right good vet', but he's too fond of a drop; though, for sure, some people do say that only one glass——'"

"What, you're at it, again!" shouted the Justice, while Norris smiled in quiet contempt.

"Thank your honour for pulling me up," answered Dodd, "I'd got abroad again. Well, we did all we could, but Sweetlip died before Bailey arrived, and he said no doubt the horse had been poisoned, but that he could not at present say what with; and then he up and asked me if I had any notion how he had been got at. 'Lord bless you,' says I, 'I knows no more than a baby, and I'm real cut up about it. There's not another hannimal in the world like Sweetlip; only Squire Helmsley and myself knows the real worth of that horse—out of eleven engagements he won nine. He was the finest five-year-old ever seen—neither I nor Jackson have any sort of doubt about his stamina—he was a prime favourite, and no later than Thursday last he was backed for hundreds for York races next month.'"

Here Dodd paused to take breath, and Norris observed that if this was all the evidence against him, it was of a piece with the absurd and trumpery nature of the whole affair. The Justice

seemed himself to hesitate a little, especially when he heard the answer which Dodd gave to a question from the prisoner.

“Now, do you not know that three grooms sleep in the stables and that they have never lost sight of the horse, night or day?”

“Yes, to be sure,” said Dodd.

“Then how could I have tampered with it?”

“To be sure, that’s what puzzles me,” replied Dodd, scratching his head. “I don’t know how you could have got at ‘un; but then the poor animal has been poisoned, and some one must have done it.”

“And why must I be that some one?” inquired Norris, in a tone of indignant scorn; “I might just as well accuse you, yourself or one of the grooms, or even the constable here.”

“Lord, love you!” exclaimed the latter, in some alarm, “don’t know nothing about horseflesh; but, you do, sir, and you can’t deny it. Isn’t this here book a proof,” extending, at the same time, the volume of the “Turf Register” to the Justice “and didn’t I hear you singing about ‘the high-mettled racer sold for the hounds?’”

“What do you say to that, sir?” challenged the squire.

“The ‘Turf Register,’” replied Norris, contemptuously, “I had purchased for a brother officer, who takes an interest in sporting matters, and in my hurry in leaving York, I put it by mistake in my pocket. As for my singing a verse of ‘the high-mettle racer,’ I was thinking of what the groom had told me the night before of Squire Helmsley’s racers, and that put the song into my head; only such a blundering, thick-headed blockhead as your constable would have construed that into guilt. However, I think the sooner the curtain drops on this farce the better. I am Lieutenant Norris, and on my word, as a gentleman, I have had nothing to do with this affair; and I demand, that if you will not accept my statement as to who I am, you will allow me, at once, to send a messenger to Easingwold, when the ensign, in command in my absence, will come over and identify me.”

“Oh, of course, you know how to make up a fine story,” said Squire Dodsworth, sneeringly; “but you will excuse my believing it. You are no officer, I’ll swear, and though Dodd is a blundering witness, still certain points of his testimony rather lead me to believe in your guilt.”

“And will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are,” exclaimed Norris, with a theatrical air, certain fragments of the “Merry Wives of Windsor” occurring to him, suggested by the scene.

“Fellow, do you call me an ass?” roared the Justice, bounding up in his chair.

"I did not call you an ass," replied Norris, very coolly.

"Constable," said Dodsworth, tremblingly adjusting the refractory eye-glass, his anger having brought on a temporary fit of the ague; "bear witness, he called me an ass. Do you know, sir," he added, fiercely interrogating the prisoner, "that I am one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied Norris, with reckless audacity, and speaking again in a tone of stage declamation; "Robert Shallow, Esquire, in the county of Gloucester, Justice of Peace, and *coram*, ay, and *rotulorum*, too; and a gentleman born, who writes himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation—as all his successors, gone before him, have done, and all his ancestors, that come after him, may."

"You insolent fellow!" vociferated the Justice; "I will commit you to the House of Correction for contempt of court, for a rogue and vagrant."

"Oh, bless me!" exclaimed Norris, in a tone of mock terror; "I am greatly alarmed—I am afraid you will make 'a Star Chamber' matter of it."

"Constable," shouted the Justice, almost beside himself with indignation, "remove this fellow, and take him to the Lock-Up, and have a care you don't let him escape. On second thoughts, he may send some one to Easingwold, if he will; but he must be kept in confinement till his witness appears—and I'll swear there'll be no witness forthcoming. Mark my words," added the irate Justice, addressing Norris, "if you turn out to be a bad character, and can give no account of yourself, as I suspect will be the case, I will send you for trial at the next sessions; and, rely upon it, the justices there will give you six months with hard labour, and order you to be publicly whipped as a rogue and vagabond, according to the Act of Parliament in that case made and provided; and, moreover, you will be made to sit all day in the village stocks, as all disorderly persons, like yourself, should do."

Norris made a mock bow, and would have replied, but the constable hurried him out of the study down the back stairs, and through the courtyard into the road again, where the *cortège* yet lingered. And so they went back to Boroughbridge in procession, the constable and his prisoner in front, and tag-rag and bob-tail behind.

Norris was safely lodged in the Lock-Up, the outside of which was besieged, during the day, by a perfect mob, eager to catch a glimpse of the man who had poisoned Squire Helmsley's Sweetlip.

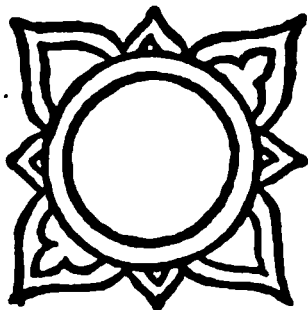
The day wore on, and evening came, but, alas! there was no release for Norris, for the messenger he had sent to Easingwold returned with the intelligence that Ensign Nevitt had gone away

till Monday. Thus the Lieutenant was left to chew the bitter cud of disappointment the whole of Sunday, which day he passed in close confinement, with no other relief than walking up and down the little room with the barred window, and seeing every church-goer pause and look at the Lock-Up, as though it were a menagerie, the room with the barred window a cage, and Norris a Bengal tiger—certainly, he bestrode his prison chamber quite as restlessly as does that royal beast his cage.

However, Sunday came to an end as other days do, and Monday brought Ensign Nevitt, who repaired at once to the Hall, and fully satisfied the old Justice as to the claims of Norris to the respective titles of officer and gentleman. The charge against him of horse poisoning was at once dismissed, and Squire Dodsworth sent an apology, which Norris received with a growl, along with Nevitt's report of the further remarks of the Justice :

“ You see, your friend was really clad in such a very shabby and disreputable manner, and had put up at such a low place as the ‘ Jolly Threshers,’ when the ‘ George ’ was close by, that I may plead appearances as my excuse.”

This was not quite the last that Norris heard of the matter, for the affair became known in the regiment, where it excited much mirth ; and Thorold wrote to him, saying, that he had not yet heard who had received the five hundred guineas offered for his apprehension.



HOW WE SAW ACHILL ISLAND.

AT ten o'clock on a Saturday morning, in the June of last year, we started a party of three ladies and a child from the hotel at Westport, in an Irish car, to see Achill. It was a glorious ambition, with something fascinating in its very vagueness. The programme of our guide-book had a certain leanness about it which we felt wild to fill in. That this is the largest island amongst the numbers scattered along the west coast of Ireland; that from one of its furthestmost points there is nothing but ocean between itself and America; that the island consists almost entirely of mountain and bog, the huts being very rudely constructed of cobbles and turf, and guiltless of mortar or chimneys, the people themselves being a very primitive race,—all this and much more we gleaned from our guide-book, seated comfortably over the hotel fire (the weather being wet, wild, and stormy to the last degree); but still it was phantasmagorical; and we all felt it would be shirking a positive duty if we returned to England without visiting Achill.

From Westport, then, behold us started. Nine miles to Newport, with peeps of Clew Bay and its 300 islands on the way, and hope strong in our hearts that, it having poured with rain all the preceding night, the weather would now surely hold up. Our driver is slightly taciturn, or else a little deaf. He has been held up to us as a brilliant Jehu, who can tell us everything we want to know; but perhaps he has told it so often that he has ended by forgetting it. Up to Newport he is concise and abrupt in his demeanour; but after resting the horse there for twenty minutes or so, disappearing into one of the "stores," and being most likely refreshed thereby, he emerges better satisfied, gathers up his reins, and informs us, after we get past Molrhanny, "We'll be well in amongst the mountains." As it is a drive of ten miles to this place, we inquire what we shall see on the road. "Nothing as he knows of, except a wildish sort of country," is all our answer; and with this we strive to rest content. As far as we can see, it is a monotonous country too. Bog and heather, black ditches, heaps of cut turf and turf-cutters, now and then one of the bright Conemara petticoats; but, for the most part, bare-legged girls and boys, either riding donkeys, with turf-baskets placed on their backs, or driving some of the very small cattle that belong to these parts. Then, again, stone cropping out everywhere, and the potatoe crop showing out amongst the stones, put in anyhow, and with deep ditches cut at certain intervals for drainage. "A very wild country this!"

we remark again, after a long silence. "You'll be seeing a deal wilder than this ere you've done with it," is our answer, and again our steed progresses. Dogs now fly out from scattered cabins along the road, showing that we are nearing a village. They fly at us with the utmost fury, and pursue us systematically with their barkings till we are out of sight. It seems as if they had imbibed a profound hatred towards us, and resented our appearance on their territories. We draw our legs, as if by instinct, close up into the car, and congratulate ourselves that we are not pedestrians.

At Molrhanny at last, and, for Ireland, rather a large village. We draw up at the little inn, the driver informing us he must have one hour here to rest his horse, and are delighted at the prospect; for the view from Molrhanny is lovely. The village stands high, commanding an arm of the Atlantic. The billows break gently on the golden beach beneath us; the sun shines forth in glory; and across the arm of the sea towers Croagh Patrick, her head in the clouds, her feet veiled in the silver mist. There is quite a crowd gathered round us as we descend. They do not see strangers here every day, that is clear. And now the little maid from the inn, with her mistress's child, volunteer their services, and with their bare feet gleaming before us, show the way down on to the beach. Here we spend a pleasant hour of idleness. One of our party searches for rare plants in the green plain; we cross over to the beach. Another draws; a third hunts for pebbles; and our little maiden builds sand castles. The damsel from the inn tells us much of the primitive life they lead here—how they get the wool from the sheep, card it, and knit it into stockings, or send it to the weavers to have it made into flannel. "But you don't wear stockings," said one of our party. "Not to do my work in," she retorts, "or to walk out in as now—that would be foolishness; but at mass and fair time, and such like, we wouldn't be seen without them. Why, for the matter of that, she herself wears out three or four pair in a year." We stand reproved, and our hour being now up, we commence once more the ascent to Molrhanny. Here we recognise the truth of our driver's words, for the country, indeed, becomes at every mile more beautiful and wild. Passing Molrhanny, the road skirts an arm of Tulloghæn Bay; the Maume Thomas mountains rising on the right to a height of 2000 feet. Four or five miles further on we cross the Owenavara River, and the sea view becomes more extensive; the bold, romantic peaks of Achill now soon appears; Lough Fahy and the ruins of Doona are passed, and we shortly arrive at Achill Sound.

So runs our guide-book; but alas! for our experiences, the glory of the morning is fading, grey mists begin to wrap the mountains, and as we near Achill Sound, all that we can perceive is that

there is a channel to be crossed over, which, though near, is getting more indistinct every moment; while a little scud of rain is drifting slowly in our faces. It is four o'clock when we reach the Sound, and our hearts begin a little to fail us. How are we to get on? We are beginning to feel very tired, and are, moreover, desperately hungry. A good-humoured Irishman steps forth, and swiftly arranges the whole thing for us. There is an inn on the other side of the Sound, but he does not think we should care to sleep there. He had better drive us on the ten miles to Dogoort: there is an English station there, and a better inn. We shall be very comfortable, he is sure; and he can stop the night there, and take us round the island next morning, and the Westport driver can wait and take us back to Westport in the evening. That will do? Well, then, he will get ready. Can we get anything to eat over at the other side? Oh, he should think so; but he could not say for certain. They kept a shop there for the island folks; but being Saturday, they might be sold out. In the ferry-boat, then, we find ourselves, car and all. It is not a very extensive Sound—not much further to cross than a broad river, but with a difference. The current runs strong and deep; the oars of the men mean work. We can fancy when the Atlantic lashes itself into fury, Achill Sound may be no pleasant passage. But we have landed; and while our driver is getting the horse to, some of our party attack the little public-house in search of food. Except beer and a supply of whiskey, there is, however, nothing to be had. We fall back on our biscuits of the morning, and decline shudderingly the extremely fusty-looking apartments into which we are invited to enter. "Will our hotel at Dogoort be like this?" we ask ourselves despairingly. We have visions, if it is, of spending it wandering on the sea-shore, or getting into some little nook or cave; but a moonlight night in glowing June, and this damp drizzle, are somewhat opposites. However, with Westport a day's journey behind us, and Dogoort ten miles in advance, we have nothing to do but to get forward. We therefore make ourselves up again in our fresh car, and endeavour, like Mark Tapley, to find sunshine out of the mist—indeed, rather to like it. Our driver is a jovial fellow—a regular Irishman. "If we don't see the mountains, sure they are there just the same; and it is beautiful the craters that they'll look in the morning." Are there no trees in the island? Well, there was a forest there once, he'd heard: those trunks of bog oak near the Bay belonged to it; but he never saw anything different to what it was now—turf and stone, and clearings some whiles for the potatoes and crops. He'd lived there all his life, and knew every man on the island. Yes, they got a goodish bit of rain, but they could pick up a living all the same, what with the turf, and cattle, and putting in the potatoes. No man need

work more than three months in the year; and as for the women, they spun the linen and flannel, and did well without Australia then; but now they were all bent on emigrating, and it was spoiling the country fast. Did we feel the road shake? That was often the case going over a bog: There were no roads in the island fifty years ago.—Where were the villages?—Well, we should see them to-morrow. We were close by the shoulder of a great hill now, and could see nothing, so it wasn't likely as we could see the cottages; besides, they wasn't there. Was little Missey cold? She must cheer up. We were soon now coming in to Dogoort—yes, that was it; that white line of breakers was the sea-line in the bay just beyond, and this was Dogoort itself.—This the inn?—Well, they did seem to be all asleep: perhaps there was no one in— They did not always stay there, but he knew where to find them and when we got in they would make us very comfortable. We thank him, but groan inwardly. We are wet, shivering, and cold. The romance of spending the night out of doors has vanished; and yet we dread the plunge into that fusty darkness. But the boldest of our party cheers us. “Never mind,” she says, as we roll in with the mist into a fireless, fusty room; “we'll just open the window, make up a good turf fire, get something to eat, and then we shall all feel better.” We take her advice; soon the room begins to assume a look of comfort; the willing maid-servant places tea, bacon, and eggs before us, and we fall to with a will. But where are we to sleep? Capital rooms up-stairs, the girl says, and leads us from one damp, shut-up apartment to another till our very spirits sicken within us. “But, my good girl, these beds cannot have been used for months: these paliasses are quite damp.” We are mistaken, she assures us with deep earnestness; but we decline to be convinced. Down we go, and take counsel of war together. To sleep in those upstairs rooms is impossible; but if the beds are kept downstairs, and always aired, as she assures us is the case, might we not bribe her to let us have three of them laid down on our parlour floor, before our turf fire, and so catch a furtive repose? The girl stares at us amazed: she will consult her mistress, and returns to assure us again—“We shan't hurt upstairs.” Finding us, however, determined either to carry our own way or to sit up all night over our turf fire, she relents at last, and the beds are brought in. On the experiences of that night we shall discourse cursorily. There is a general stickiness about the sheets even here that causes us to get up again, partly to dress ourselves, and then lie down between the blankets in preference. The poor child sleeps soundly; but ever and anon one or other of us sits bolt upright on our bed on the floor, and in our witch-like attire questions the other of the strange sounds of revelry heard outside, or arises to see if the

door is locked, or to make up the turf fire, and so on till towards morning, when, having solemnly assured each other that sleep is impossible, we all suddenly fall off into it, and are only awakened by the sun streaming in at our window. Then what hastenings to arise, and stretch our stiff limbs—to bundle out of the room our impromptu beds—to partake of as good a breakfast as they can give us, and to be off. We ramble down, whilst breakfast is preparing, to the sea-beach, and see with astonishment that Dogoort itself is placed at the bottom of a steep, precipitous mountain, of which the night previous we beheld nothing. The visitors' book is handed to us before we leave. We are sorely puzzled how to express ourselves. One of our party had composed a verse in the watches of the night, which ran thus :—

“ Achill Island is a great delusion,
This is the beginning and end of my effusion.”

But touched by the little maid of the inn's kindness, and the really comfortable meals they had given us, we refrained from this entry, and contented ourselves, instead, by writing, “ Attendant very obliging,” or something to this effect. We could not go the length yet of the entry preceding ours in the book, viz. :—

“ From Achill Sound
You come around,
A long—a wild—a winding way :
At Price's door
You halt once more
And find enjoyment all the day.”

We had had full experience of the first three lines, but about the rest we were as yet dubious. Bright, however, as the glad morning's sunshine was our driver's face, mounted, in his Sunday's best, up in the car, and wishing us the “ top of the morning ” with all his heart. “ And sure it's a beautiful day entirely, ladies, and you'll just be ra'al pleased ;” and with this delightful prognostication off we started afresh. For the first three or four miles our road rose gradually—we were retracing, indeed, the steps of the previous evening, but with what a difference ! Behind us rises Heedmore, 2204 feet, and before us the same wild track of country, but with colouring and beauty fresh caught from the sunlight. Here the *Osmundi regalis*, the noblest of all the tribe of ferns, grows in thick bushes, and shows its light, lovely green against the dark-grey stones and turf. Here is a giant heather, whose purple bells might vie with many a green-house favourite ; here the fly orchis, and, again, rare and delicate mosses, such as might gladden the very heart of the botanist. But we must get forward, says our driver, for there's a deal to be seen yet ; and so, having reached the top

of the rise, about four miles from Dogoort, he turns his horse round again straight towards the Atlantic, and soon we are rewarded by the sight of the glorious cliffs that guard the coast, with Clare Island showing faint and distant far off at their extremity. We are now nearing the village of Keel, and as the road here crosses a low, sandy piece of ground that runs right down to the sea-shore, we are requested to alight, so as to spare the horse. As we do so, we are met by a gay, motley assembly—it is, indeed, seemingly the whole population of Keel, turning out in their Sunday dress, to go to mass. On they come, drifting in twos and threes, with their bare feet, gay petticoats, and Colleen-Bawn wraps, some of the younger matrons wearing white muslin coifs on their heads, and the men, in general, indulging in high hats, top boots, and blue cut-away coats. Now and again you meet a man riding a horse, a girl or woman seated up behind him, her arm round his waist and her bare feet hanging downwards. There is brightness and independence in all these faces, and our driver is quite ready for his “crack” with them. “Well, Burke, I wish I had your photograph taken this minute: it’s yourself looks handsomer on that nice mare.”—“Sure it’s you there, Mister Donovan? I was bringing you over a party to see our grand diamonds; but it’s the good of your soul that you be after the day and not the silver—good ’cess to you.”—“Now, then (this to some children, who had placed a stone in the road), you be off with that, or it’s the blessing of the Church that I’ll be giving you, I’m thinking.”—“Och, then (turning to us), but it makes the head of me ache to listen to their blather.” So on, till the village of Keel is reached. A strange village, truly, fronting the Atlantic and those glorious cliffs, yet built “more like an African settlement,” says one of our party, who has spent many years at the Cape, “than anything else.” There is a certain order of streets in these rough cabins, built at angles with one another, and guiltless of all mortar, chimneys, doors, and windows, unless holes framed for light and entrance may be so named. “It don’t trouble them much to build up one,” says our driver; “they’ve only got to put the stone together, and then it stands as long as it will hold; when it tumbles down they leave it. When a young man marries, he and his wife live in the father’s house till he builds up a fresh cabin, and then he takes her into it.” We had thought to have passed the principal population of Keel—but no; here they swarm again—boys, girls, old men and women, left at home to mind the cabin, perhaps, surround us in a motley group, and in a confused jabber. “It’s the Achill diamonds that they want you to buy, ladies; they always have them in their pockets to sell to anyone who comes through here. You must take a few of them, please.” We do so, and admire them immensely. Of a clear, pale

colour, these crystals remind us strongly of the Rhine amethysts, and we soon lessen the stock of the ready bringers. "Stand," says our driver; "I'm going to take the ladies on.—Here, you come along with us, and show the ladies where the diamonds are found.—That's the guide's son, him as we met going up," he informs us confidentially, as an active, bare-footed fellow steps forward at his bidding. "He's the rights of the place, the showing of the diamonds: no one here dares dispute it with him. Oh, he's money laid away, he has!"

We go on again, past the coast-guard station, and up a long, rising hill towards Kemm. The lad keeps up with us, and about a dozen other boys beside him. The driver halts at last. "I'll wait till you come back," he says, "and rest the beast. You'd have had time to get up Croghan, but you'll get a good view of the cliffs up here, and from that island out there: there's nothing but water between you and America.—Now, Mike, you go on and show the ladies." So we proceed on foot, still rising up the hill, and the sea views becoming at every instant more beautiful.

"But we don't want all these children," we tell our young driver, "and we shall only pay you. Cannot you explain this to them, and send them back?" He commences instantly with gesticulations and Irish phraseology, that are as Latin and Greek to us; but finding at last all these milder methods fail him, he climbs on the back of the driver, and, heaving them back, exclaims, in very good English, "Now, boys and girls, ye haven't got the fear of God in your hearts, ye don't go home." Back they slink at this adjuration, like a flock of frightened sheep, and our guide precedes us triumphantly. We have now turned the corner of the hill, and there is the village of Kemm, consisting of two single houses in the hollow of a little bay or nook running down to the sea-shore, just in front of us. "That is all the village," says the boy; "the keeper of the mill lives in one house, and the man, or men, who put out traps for salmon live in the other. If a salmon escapes the snarers from this trap it has the run of the open sea all the way to Westport, with no power to touch it. "They are very strict about preserving the diamonds, ladies; they are just round that corner." So on we go a few more yards, when a delighted exclamation from one of our party brings us to. She has picked up a lovely diamond, quite; and here is another, and a third—why, there is quite a quarry of diamonds! Here we are all down on our knees in a moment, like a flock of delighted children, grabbling after these crystals. Pocket handkerchiefs are brought forth to wrap them up in, pockets are filled with them: the boy is laden with our spoil—some clear, bright as glass, some veined with violet; others sparkling like diamonds amidst masses of limestone, from which in vain we try to dis-

lodge them, ending by carrying away large pieces of the stone itself. Small wonder that we return breathless and laden to our car or that our driver should remark, drily, that we must have carried away nearly all the diamonds in the island with us! "Can you tell me the time, ladies?" he says, and then we find, to our astonishment, that it is between two and three o'clock, and that we cannot possibly reach Achill Sound before four o'clock; and judging at our first driver's rate of progress, it will be nine at least ere we get back to Westport. We had made good intentions, starting, of being back in time for our host's most excellent *tout d'hôte* there; but Achill and its diamonds have beguiled us from our reckoning. "We'll get on quicker after we've passed Keel," says our Irishman; and in an incredibly short space of time we find ourselves back in this village. Here is an outpost of boys and girls waiting to receive us, with a new accumulation of the diamonds rummaged out during our absence; but we have had a surfeit of these riches, so, with a little remonstrance, we are allowed to pass forward, only to be stopped again in the heart of the village by the whole of the population left there, crowding the road, leaving space only in the middle for a poor boy, of seemingly some six summers, with a head deformed, by water on the brain, to a most preternatural size. "What do they want with us?" we asked; and the answer came at once. "I must not drive you on, ladies, till you've given something to the poor afflicted. It's the custom of the place and sure they look for it." Of course our hands are in our pockets at once for our remaining small coin, and with thanks and calls after us we are allowed to proceed. "Mind, it's all for Willie," says our Irishman, as he drives off, and in reply to our questions he tells us this poor boy has been afflicted in this way for several years; that instead of the age we put him at, he might be ten or eleven. "But bless you," he adds, "he's as sensible he would surprise you. I was down this way a week or two ago, and he says to me, 'Brian, give me a whiff of your pipe.' 'Willie,' says I, 'you are welcome,' and gives it him, thinking he'd have a whiff or two and then turn off; but there he sits, as grave as a judge, and never stirs till he's smoked it all through. No, I don't think as he suffers much, though he'll never live to grow up. He'll go off quiet-like, quite painless when his time comes."

Past Keel at last, and here are all its bettermost people again returning from mass. That is a jovial-looking fellow driving a dog-cart in the middle of them. Our Jenu hails him. "Well, captain, dear," he says, "I hope we shall meet in heaven; for you've been praying and I've been fasting, and the priest tells us these are the two best roads to get there." This gentle reminder of our driver's is not lost upon us. We, too, are, like himself, conscious

of the pangs of hunger, but not at all as certain how we shall relieve them. We put the question to him. "Well, ladies," he says, "if you can hold on to the Sound, I think you'll be able to buy a loaf of bread there, and then, when I've got you over the other side, if you'll put up with my fare, there will be 'taties' and butter for you; and if the little lady should like some fresh milk, I'll have the cow driven up to the door and milked for her." After that, we shall always quote Hibernian hospitality against the world.

But to proceed. We have now got on the old road again, and are once more retracing our steps to the Sound. The country has still a very wild, bleak, desolate look, though we have the advantage of seeing the mountains and a few stray cottages. Hunger seems only to have sharpened our Irishman's powers of conversation. He tells us one racy story after another, dilates largely on the emigration movement, to which he is decidedly adverse; cheers and helps on his tired animal, almost as if he considered him in the light of a Christian; and rouses our flagging spirits with Island legends, more especially of the queen of all these coasts, who, having once been invited to the English Court, and presented by the then queen with a grand silk handkerchief, blew her nose with it and flung it aside; and on being remonstrated with for this action, remarked, "She could not tell the manners of the English Court; but she was far above using any handkerchief, however costly, again, it having once been applied for this purpose."

By this time we are again nearing the Sound, and admire much a pretty-looking Englishman's home, tastefully laid out. This, we are informed, belongs to a Mr. Pike, the only magistrate in the place, and very rich, as he owns nearly all the island. "Why, ladies, they do say it brings him in as much as £1200 a-year." He advances this fact deprecatingly, as though he could hardly expect us to believe in such an income. Only a very little further now, and here is the Sound once more, and the same dreary, fusty-looking little inn, with its ever-closed doors. Again are we invited to enter, and again as politely decline. The loaf of bread is, however, forthcoming this time, and with the pangs of hunger strong upon us, we bear our prize triumphantly across the Sound.

With renewed hospitality our Irishman leads us forward into his cottage—a very superior one to any we have seen before. "Out of the way, my fairy," he says to a pretty little toddling boy that meets us at the threshold; and then to his wife—"These ladies are very hungry; now look sharp, and see what you can find to give them to eat before they go on." The old woman is taking a pot of potatoes off the fire; the earthen floor is clean and bright, and a couple of chairs are put forward for us immediately. "In here, if you please, ma'am," says the younger woman, and ushers one of

our party into the inner bed-room, scrupulously clean and neat with its patchwork quilt and well-scrubbed white deal table, put out besides the bed with plates, mugs, knives, and forks placed in order upon it, evidently in preparation for the Sunday meal, got ready to greet the husband on his return. There is no time for ceremony, however; so saying we will only take a potatoe in our hands, and go on, we retire upon the first room. We are not let off, however, so easily. The potatoes taken out of the pot are laid down on the hearthstone to brown; butter and salt, with the morning's milk, are brought forward; and with these and our own loaf of bread we make a capital repast. Then we pay our reckoning with our driver, always excepting this meal, which he looks almost hurt at our mentioning. The car is standing ready for us to go on into Westport, and we scramble up into it with a grand provision of potatoes and salt for the road. Just as we start the ferryman comes forward. He has not been paid, he says. "Go on!" thunders our Irishman; "the ferry, ladies, belongs to me: you don't pay any more;" and with this last proof of Irish hospitality we start on our way.

But with Achill all our sunshine seems to fade; great clouds of grey mist roll in, struggling with the mountains, which rear their bold fronts, despite them, to the skies; great wreaths of smoke lying, as it were, along the whole length of these mountain fastnesses; but by the time we reach Molrhanny the mist has turned into small rain, and from thence into Westport it is a regular downfall. Reaching Westport about nine o'clock, we retire at once to our bed-rooms, have tea brought up to us, and fall asleep to dream our Achill adventures all over again.

TREVANION HALL,
OR
SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

BY EMMA ELIZA HAMILTON.

"Those creatures live more alone whose food, and therefore prey, is upon
other sensitive creatures."

TEMPLE.

CHAPTER IX.

Now, my dear, proper high-principled ladies one and all, you
cry out "how exceedingly wrong! what conduct in a young lady—
have her duties, go into the wide world, no one knows where—
ring scandal on her family; amazing assurance! If a daughter of
mine had done such a thing, I never would have seen her again—
positively disgraceful!

Virtuous matron, remember poor Eveline was not seventeen—a
child prematurely driven to actions, the consequences of which she
neither calculated nor foresaw. Without one selfish feeling in her
nature, Eveline's love was bound up in the happiness of another!
For Sibald she abandoned the world and its delights—for Sibald she
prepared to consecrate her lonely life, or die to set him free.

Those who know the morbid eagerness with which scandal in
high life is sought, will not be surprised by the avidity excited
rough circles of friends, to collect and circulate the various reports
acidating this extraordinary affair. Some said Lady Trevanion
had gone off with her husband's groom—others that she was seen

Brussels walking in Rue Namur with a German count; while
such people as did not favour Sir Sibald, declared to their CERTAIN
KNOWLEDGE that the lady, on first entering the bridal chamber,
found a coffin and dagger under the bed, and in her terror leaped
on the window and fled.

Like most of us, Charles Mansfield had plenty of dear friends
and ready to bring him full reports of these different stories.
He was young enough to smart under them, though they were all
usually untrue; but they alike kept up his wrath against Sibald,
and the determination to trace his sister—while Mr. Mansfield in-
tended that if he had any regard for the honour of their family, he
must never suffer his brother-in-law's name to be mentioned in his

Return we now to that lone ancestral hall where the Baronet, slowly recovering from a dangerous illness, shut up from all society, had naught to change the current of thought, or allay the sorrow which threatened such early blight to an existence prominently gifted by every earthly advantage.

Quillett had returned to his own house at Salopford, but usually came up in the evening to sit an hour with the convalescent Baronet. The lawyer considered this deviation of time a friendly sacrifice, for though himself at times inclined to twaddle, he had a decided aversion to hear meaningless discourse. The reiterated ejaculations, "Yes! we shall meet again! She will return!" drew from him once a sharp reply—

"Return! of course she will, when she likes; when tired of being Mrs. *Nobody*, she will come back to be Lady Trevanion. Some morning there will a flaming letter—then the lady will arrive, and you will have a fine scene—perhaps things may go on smooth a little while until one of you takes a queer fancy. It was a shame to marry you up to a little bit of a silly girl like her, scarce out of pinafores—what should she know? Your wife, Sir Sibald, should have been a clever woman of the world, who knew how to manage you and knock all the nonsense out."

"Quillett," ejaculated Sibald, pacing the chamber, and clasping his hands, "in all creation there was no other woman entirely calculated to make me happy."

"But she did not make you happy," rejoined the lawyer, with one of his sardonic laughs; "so now you must make yourself happy some way."

"Never! Quillett, never!"

"Never is a long day," says the lawyer. "You will soon be in love with somebody else."

"Never! never!!"

"Never is a long day," says Quillett.

While the desolate husband wears out the time midst fluctuating hope or repentant despondency, we must follow Charles Mansfield in his eager endeavours to trace his sister, and discover her retreat. A second spring had opened since Eveline's flight; her brother was still at fault.

Colonel Mansfield advised his nephew to remain passive awhile, content with the letters regularly sent, when her agent, the same elderly man, drew her money at Coutts's; but Charles's ardent temper dictated a very different course—he searched for and caught at every chance, probable or improbable. A mysterious notice appeared in the *Times*:—"If any person had within the last two years seen a young lady, accompanied by an older female (height, &c., described), and will give information of their abode, such would

be frankly received by C. M., addressed to the Library, Curzon Street, Mayfair."

This advertisement produced many bewildering replies; some from people fond of hoaxing; others mere guess work; written by that numerous class of people on the look-out for excitement, and the hope of coming forward into public notice.

Among these conflicting letters one seemed satisfactory. It was from an English resident in Calais, giving his own name and address, and stating that two persons, exactly answering the given description, had for six months resided at Basse Ville, in the house of an English silk weaver, a man long established in business there, whose family was much respected.

Of course this was Eveline and her faithful Anne. Charles rushed over to Calais—had an interview with M. Fordice, his correspondent, was recommended to a quiet hotel, and ready to start next day to Basse Ville. Little did he care for his pillow that night, or his breakfast next morning, though usually on good terms with both.

Before ten o'clock next day the anxious brother rang at the door of the honest silk weaver; the summons was answered by himself. Charles put his foot in the passage; the silk weaver instantly said, "Captain Talbot, I presume." Charles had not time to rectify the mistake, when the back parlour door opened, and a beautiful young lady, exclaiming, "Harry, darling, Harry!" then throwing herself into Charles's arms, she locked him in a tight embrace; the next moment, lifting her head from his bosom, and beholding an utter stranger, she retreated in confusion and disappointment.

The silk weaver then explained to Charles that the young lady was the wife of Captain Talbot, an officer in the British navy; that circumstances connected with their marriage made him desirous his wife should not reside in England during his absence, and the chaplain of his ship had formerly done duty in Calais, and, knowing the silk weaver, had mentioned his family to Captain Talbot, as worthy to be trusted with the care of his young wife. The ship was reported arrived at Deal, and the captain was hourly expected in Calais. On further questioning, the weaver assured Charles no other lady had ever lodged at that house, nor had he heard of, or seen, the parties described.

Pondering what course next to pursue, young Mansfield slowly left Basse Ville. As he turned the corner of the principal street he noticed the same person he had seen on the same spot when he entered the town. This lady was strikingly handsome, but the style bold and masculine, by no means prepossessing. Crossing the road she accosted him—

Treanion Hall.

“So I can tell you are disappointed.”
“Madam,” replied Charles; “your accent tells me you are my countrywoman; but may I ask what you know of my affairs?”
“All there is to know,” rejoined the lady. “More than you yourself can know.”

“I implore you, then, tell me.”
“Not here; jealous eyes are on me! Meet me to-morrow at this hour, in front of the little inn at St. Gatte; there I may speak freely, till then adieu; fail not the meeting.” She walked rapidly on toward Calais, and Charles, following more slowly, saw her enter the courtyard gates of a large house near the Rue Royale.

On relating to M. Fordyce the unsuccessful result of his visit to Basse Ville, that gentleman advised Charles immediately to leave France. Political feelings at this time ran high, foreigners were suspected and arrested on slight suspicion.

Disregarding this advice, Charles’s mind still bent on the chance of some trace of his sister, resolved to keep the appointment at St. Gatte, certain the lady alluded to Eveline. True to the hour he rode across the plains, so replete with historic memories, and, mounting on the table land in front of the village inn, he saw a lady, now dressed as a French peasant, pacing the narrow street. The disguise suited her beauty. She knew it; a latent truth lit her dark eyes as Charles eagerly approached.

“Tell me, madam, at once what you have to impart.”
“What impart! what can I tell but my love. I saw you yesterday—have discovered your name and the business that brought you to France. The expression beaming on your countenance me trust to your honour. Oh! break my wretched bond with your husband I detest—children I cannot love, for they are hatched from man’s brutal temper and base passions! I am free from man’s brutal temper and base passions! I will protect one who will repay thee with fondest love.”

The rapid vehemence of the lady’s speech prevented her from saying more; she ceased and grasped Charles’s arm, gazing up at him with ardent passion. The young man threw off her hand and fled to his duties, and pray to God to give you a sign of his wrath the wanton lips uttered against him.

“Tis well, base wretch!” she murmured; “your life shall answer for the contempt that I long to wait till the hour of

Charles felt a reluctance to relate this adventure to a practical business man like his correspondent Fordyce, merely saying he had learned nothing satisfactory.

In the course of the day some vague information came to the hotel, which prolonged his stay in Calais a few days longer. On the eve of the morning he had fixed for his return to England, he received a letter from the Mayor of Ghent, to the effect that Eveline Mansfield was detained against her own consent in the Convent of St. M——; that his sister was subjected to cruel penances and persecution; that the priests having learned she was rich were resolved to possess her wealth, and forced her to sign a deed giving all her fortune to the convent. Her spirit broken, health broken, the unhappy lady must sink under the oppression unless speedily rescued.

On receiving these heartrending disclosures, Charles applied to the authorities in Calais to use the French influence at Ghent, and aid the rescue of his sister. They at once pronounced the letter a forgery.

The Mayor of Ghent being a rigid Roman Catholic, would certainly have informed his bishop instead of exposing the scandal to a foreigner. The magistrates advised that the letter should be enclosed to the mayor, awaiting his answer, before taking any further proceedings.

Temporary measures were ill-suited to a brother's earnest anxiety; a day, an hour, might seal poor Eveline's fate; far better that Charles should have a weary journey, even unsuccessful, than lose the slightest chance of finding her.

It was the evening of a bright spring day when our traveller entered the ancient city. So bright a sunset made even the dull waters of the canals sparkle, lighting up the grey, tall gables and huge buildings, and taking from the inhabitants, who appeared in the streets, that sombre look which reminds one of old pictures by Rembrandt, taken from the walls.

As Charles stood before the convent-gate all around spoke peace and contentment. The Sisters of Mercy passed in and out on their Christian duties; to watch the sick beds, soothe the death struggles, bring medicines and food for the body—ah! still greater blessings; the hopes and consolations that pluck the sting from death, and let the soul depart from its fleshy tabernacle to spiritual life.

It was a propitious hour for a stranger to gain entrance to the court. The nuns passing to and fro, and parties who had gained orders for inspecting the sacred institution, severally departing. Meeting these, Charles contrived to pass unquestioned within the gates. Stopping a few moments considering the next move, he saw a female figure, in the habit of the order, trying to conceal herself behind a pillar at the side of the gate. Charles had a vague recol-

lection that he had seen the contour of the figure, but he was now too intent on the painful business before him to think where or when.

The first room opened to the court was a small parlour. Two nuns were conversing with a party of ladies, showing the fancy articles made for sale. These nuns were elderly, cheerful-looking women. The next person he noticed passed into the chapel and closed the door (the chapel was separated from the main building yet within the court). She was "the mother" of the sisterhood, the head of the institution; the governing principal—her aspect calm and benign; a woman sixty years old. Her entrance into the chapel drew Charles's attention to the spot. He approached nearer.

By the setting sun through the chapel windows, he perceived several nuns kneeling in silence on the floor. There might have been twenty—some novices; some professed nuns. The mother went round and spoke to several. The nuns continued their prayers or penances. As Charles looked through one of the windows, immediately opposite knelt a novice, so exactly resembling Eveline in figure and apparent height, that all doubt was dispelled. The young woman was peculiarly dressed—a close black veil drawn over her face, and a broad belt encircled her waist; her head was bent down as if in extreme grief.

Charles commanded his feelings until the mother, unlocking the chapel door, passed through. The indignant brother made a rush into the chapel, snatched the close veiled girl from the ground, tore off the black sheltering. A shriek of terror from the unknown novice, loudly echoed by the rest, brought nuns, priests, lay sisters, and every individual who could possibly congregate, to resent the scandal and punish the offender.

Charles, forcibly seized, vainly tried to explain the mistake; not fluent in French, ignorant of Dutch, and his accusers ignorant of the English language, the worst interpretation was put on the assault in that sacred edifice. The veiled novice had fainted. And midst the clamour, the anger, the excitement attending the unfortunate escapade, Charles was dragged to a subterranean chamber, dark and chill, whilst, most likely a far worse punishment awaited him. As he passed a fiendish laugh met his ears. There stood the baron's wife gloating on the success of the decoy.

"My revenge was not slow. Remember the woman you reproached, whose love you scorned."

These were the last human sounds that poor Charles heard that night. He laid himself down on the stone floor, but instead of sleep, came visions of terror; tortures! flames! San Benitos! an inquisition! The dawning morn brought no comfort; dim light

penetrated the one barred window. Poor Charles heard the cheerful birds as they fluttered round, turning their songs of praise towards heaven; they had liberty. Alas. . . . as this blessed word rose in his heart, the dungeon door slowly opened; a noiseless footstep approached. Now! now he would be dragged before a mock tribunal. Rising up he met the summons; when lo! there stood the lady mother of the holy sisterhood of St. U—, her aspect meek, resigned, and pitiful, as he observed her the preceding evening.

“Haste,” she whispered; “begone, fear nothing, I have resolved to save thee. Thy resemblance, voice, and feature, to the lover of my youth; to him whose early death made me shelter my sorrow within these walls,—by his blessed memory thou shalt be saved from the doom awaiting the crime thou art accused of—desecration of our holy rites. The worst motives are ascribed to the treatment of Sister Angela, now suffering from the terror you caused. I know, I know you are innocent,” interrupting Charles’s protestations to the effect. “When I beheld your countenance it so resembled *his*—I will not believe that guilt is in you. Take this key, it opens the opposite door, and leads up ten steps to a court within the convent-gates. In a watchman’s lodge a disguise is ready, in which thou mayest safely pass out. The watchman is withdrawn, on a pretence—haste; when passed out, instantly throw away the key, it might bring trouble if found upon thee.” Charles knelt down before his deliverer. “Kneel not to me, my son, but offer thanksgiving to the divine Disposer of His creatures, who led an erring mortal like me to work out thy deliverance.” As Charles rose from his knees the lady placed a rosary round his neck. “Let this induce you to think more charitably of our holy faith and institutions, and may the sister you seek find as safe and peaceful a shelter from her woe as we should have provided her with. God be with thee, my son!”

The mother waited until the key turned on the outside, and Charles’s tread sounded on the step. She then returned to the cloisters, and led the way to Matin prayers.

CHAPTER X.

WE presume the reader will not expect our friend Charles to remain longer in Ghent after this misadventure and providential escape; an escape which resulted from his features resembling those of a young Belgian, who had been dead forty years.

Still wearing the dress of a servitor at the convent, the rescued prisoner hastened to the railway-station. Journeying to Antwerp,

where, after one day's rest, he embarked in the "Count d'Orsay" steamer, arriving at the London docks the following day.

Soon after his return the papers proclaimed the interesting fact that the Baroness C——, residing in Calais, had eloped from her husband, the baron, with Captain Whiskerenski, an officer of the patriot Polish army. As the captain had no income but patriot pay, and the baroness a fortune in her own power, the speculation was decidedly favourable to Whiskerenski.

The vindictive woman never knew of Charles's escape, her satanic feelings were therefore gratified by the belief that the decoy she planned had wrought his destruction.

Nothing passed or transpired in the Mansfield family worthy of notice during the rest of the year—the third since Eveline's flight. In the autumn of the fourth year, Charles received a letter from his sister, requesting to see him. The directions for this meeting were precise. On a given day, at a certain hour, Charles was to be at the Guildford station; there he would be met by the old servant, who always drew the money at Coutts's: he would be waiting on the platform, and conduct him the rest of the journey. The brother was enjoined to be *alone*, and not disclose the purport of the letter to anyone; if not alone when he came to Guildford, he would not be brought to her home.

Eveline's injunctions were fulfilled. Charles and the guide accomplished a long journey. The affectionate brother had the happiness of embracing his beloved sister. The place of meeting and what passed during this interview, must for awhile remain secret. One thing we may mention, that when Charles heard the real circumstances of the separation, he no longer considered the husband wilfully unkind, but only giving way to his morbid temperament. It may, then, be asked why, with this softened opinion, why did not Charles, in his usual frank, honest-hearted way of proceeding, go to his old friend, hold out the hand of reconciliation, and endeavour to reunite husband and wife. This question likewise, must for the present remain unanswered. Charles sought no renewal of friendship with his brother-in-law.

Sibald was a recluse, avoiding all society. Time had softened the traces of regret; the reproaches of a repentant spirit. Still faithful to his resolve never to love another woman, never to relinquish that one faint hope that clung round his desolate heart. Against that heart lay Eveline's parting letter, the wedding-ring enclosed. In that heart throbbed faithful pulses. Years had no power to change its measured beat! But a life so monotonous has little interest for the reader; we had better return to Charles Mansfield. Popular with young and old, with the gay and the serious, Charles was the favourite of all.

The colonel as jovial as ever, Mrs. Mansfield as fond of the opera. Dozens of young ladies courted the aunt in the hope she might influence the nephew. Charles liked them all; flirted, admired, danced, gave bachelor parties, and enjoyed his freedom. Very right, Charles! but your time will come. Liberty no more shall charm. Cupid is a cunning young rogue, watching his opportunity when you least suspect. Often he creeps behind his cousin *Friendship*; you have no notion he is there until the arrow is in your breast. Reader, we are not going to give a lecture on Love at the Polytechnic—return we to Charles Mansfield's popularity in the world.

Among the families where he was received with special welcome might be mentioned that of Lord Belford. The earl himself not very brilliant, subject to attacks of gout; the countess, clever, lynx-eyed in matters relating to her own interest—three daughters.

The Lady Editha, a patent beauty—her ladyship had stood out for a young marquis till five-and-twenty, when she gave up the pursuit. Her next sister, Lady Adelaide, was decidedly plain, but considered very clever. Wrote in the "Court Journal," disliked balls and all parties not intellectual; said witty things—that is, sharp things not particularly amiable. Six years younger we find Lady Fanny. She was nothing at all—neither a beauty nor a wit, only a sweet-tempered little thing, snubbed by her sisters; tutored by her mother, whose maxims she usually forgot—in short, Lady Fanny was just nobody. Small and delicate though, a panting bosom gave the idea of a dove pigeon. Fanny's complexion was not very fair, but clear and transparent as an alabaster vase lit up within. Though nearly eighteen, the simplicity of manner and appearance made her seem much younger. Fanny was not "out." The countess intended to marry off the elder sister before presenting her. Fanny was shy and timid in company. It required many a kind word to make Fanny lift her pretty little head, and look you in the face.

During his intimacy with the family, Charles Mansfield constantly heard the sisters *put her down*, call her a silly child, who ought not to converse in company and show her ignorance. Probably this was the reason that induced him to patronise the timid young thing. Endeavouring to put her on good terms with herself; chatting away about pleasant people and pleasant doings—so kind to Fanny was Charles Mansfield. Was it surprising that poor Fanny loved him? She had never known the tender affection of family ties. She did love Charles, dearly, dearly! and how do you feel, friend Charles? decidedly not in love. None of the symptoms. Had Fanny married another man, the next week Charles would not have cared; not very much—he would have missed his little friend,

the timid smile which answered more than words. The gentle whisper, the soft hand and still greater attractions—the assurance of giving pleasure. When pleasure was scant, these amiable attentions, cool and fraternal, gave birth to other feelings in little Fanny's heart; a heart, if not endowed with the fervent passions of Juliet, was capable of strong affection. All that was loving in her nature was given to Charles.

Several of Countess Welford's dear friends—having set in committee on the case—hinted their observations to her ladyship, who laughed at the idea—"Quite absurd! Fanny was not *out*." Still, on considering the matter, she came to the conclusion it might be as well to get Fanny married and out of the way. The girl began rapidly to develop, and her mother had noticed that some men preferred Fanny's simplicity to the Lady Editha's haughty beauty, or Lady Adelaide's literary discourse. For these bright planets of the spheres Charles Mansfield would be no proper match, but would do very well for Fanny. The young man had a good income, and was of good family. With a little encouragement he would be brought to a proposal, and the marriage come off without delay. But as Charles was unconscious of this arrangement, and had no matrimonial intentions, things might have stood still, or gone in a very unsatisfactory direction, but for a casual accident.

We have not specially adverted to the most favoured guests at Welford House, Portman Square. One exception must be allowed in favour of the Honourable Mrs. Lorimer. Her husband, the Honourable Danvers Lorimer, was an official man (Chief Commissioner of the Board for arranging Luncheons), stiff and reserved in manner, with a huge opinion of his attainments in the dilettante line; having travelled in Egypt, and collected specimens from the tombs of the Pharaohs. Mrs. Lorimer's beauty was, for the drawing-room, assisted by the milliner's art and the mysteries of the toilet. The love of admiration quenched all other feelings and ruled her life. Mrs. Lorimer would not have done a wrong thing for the world—so she said; but she expected that every man who approached her, married or single, old or young, should be in love with her. She had no fashionable accomplishments. Mrs. Lorimer neither sung nor played, nor spoke French or German—neither did she dance or flirt in the common acceptation of the word. At evening parties she might be seen leaning on her husband's arm in a conspicuous part of the room, receiving the circle of admirers. She was very deaf. This infirmity she cleverly managed to conceal. Instead of random replies to speeches she could not hear, Mrs. Lorimer's answer was a gentle bow, accompanied by a gracious smile. This bow answered every purpose. If addressed by a compliment, the bow showed that she accepted it; an opinion expressed

that she coincided ; if information given, that she felt obliged by learning it—in short, the bow and a knowing smile carried the lady through society remarkably well. No very sensitive feelings disturbed Mrs. Lorimer's peace of mind, yet was there one thing that stung her to the quick—namely, the sight of young men doing the amiable to young women. She immediately interposed ; not by vulgar detraction—oh, no ! Mrs. Lorimer had better means. She never hinted at hereditary madness or scrofula in the lady's family, or that the girl was of a termagant propensity ; she simply contrived to make the admirer uncomfortable ; bantered and seized him until he refrained from further attentions. Many were the incipient courtships this plan had crushed. If, as generally admitted, the surest way to bring on a proposal is making the gentleman specially at his ease, we may conclude that to annoy and ridicule his feelings is the best way to prevent such a climax.

Charles Mansfield's manner towards Lady Fanny convinced Mrs. Lorimer it was a decided case, and she resolved to punish the girl, for a stronger motive influenced her. Charles was not one of her adorers, and, still worse offence, his aunt had declined her acquaintance. They met at a dinner-party in Portman Square, and Mrs. Lorimer contrived that he should take her down to dinner (Fanny just opposite).

“ Mr. Mansfield, this is not right,” she began, when they were scarcely seated. “ You should be next to your lady love ; see how miserable she looks ! how reproachful her glance ! (Fanny had not raised her eyes, she seldom ventured when in company.) Do change places with Captain Gordon ; say you cannot bear the fire, and return to your flame. No ?—Well, then, you must propitiate her when you return to the drawing-room. I always pity young men who are engaged ; they are a mark of observation to the company,—if very tender, laughed at ; if careless, voted unkind.” Charles assured her he was not engaged—she gave a merry laugh and nodded, continuing to tease him during the rest of dinner-time, saying, as she rose from the table, “ Let me see you very attentive presently.”

Lady Welford had no evening party ; therefore Mrs. Lorimer could not take up a striking attitude ; but she was one of those gifted women who never fail to make the best of circumstances. On these quiet occasions she was still distinguished in the female circle. Mrs. Lorimer brought her work. In Queen Adelaide's time this was the fashion at Court, and expected by Her Majesty. The custom has died out. Even ten years ago it was thought peculiar, but it answered the purpose of attracting notice. The lady having no conversational talent could still draw round her chair admirers of intense industry. When the gentlemen entered

the drawing-room, Mrs. Lorimer was holding across her hand skein of tangled embroidered silk, and as Charles Mansfield passed she exclaimed in a pretty, peevish tone—

“I wish there was no such thing as needlework; how am I to get this silk unravelled!”

“Allow me to assist you,” said he, glad of the excuse for approaching Fanny, and being a “*mark of observation*.”

“Oh, Mr. Mansfield, you are very kind and charitable!”

We may readily suppose that he could not be on a level with the lady while standing, therefore did he kneel down at her feet and held the skein. Mrs. Lorimer retained him in this interesting attitude a considerable time, finding new impediments as she twisted the silk; Charles rather wearied, but too polite to leave the task unfinished.

The Countess watched the scene with indignant feelings, enraged by Mr. Mansfield’s conduct, after being permitted to assume to a connection with the noble family of Welford. Her lady called to Fanny in a tone audible through the whole room.

“Fanny, go upstairs directly! Tell Louise to change her dress; you will be ready when your aunt calls, and accompany her and Editha to the opera; the carriage will be here in ten minutes and be quick.”

“Dear mamma! I had rather not go,” said Fanny, in an imploring tone, and trembling all over. “I do not feel well; my head aches.”

“Go!”

The mother’s order made more imperative by the stern look, Fanny left the room. She hoped to reach her bedchamber there to have a good cry; but her poor heart was too full. She got to the vestibule—there on a marble table she leaned down supporting her pretty little head with both hands, and sobbing that tender heart would break, unheeding of the two tall footmen passing with the silver trays conveying tea and coffee.

“What is the matter?” said Charles, starting up—the girls were so sad. “What ails Fanny?” (This question was addressed to Lady Editha.)

“Only she is sleepy, and should have been in bed two hours ago,” replied her sister. “It is absurd that mamma should expect the child sit up to dinner.”

“Oh! it is more than that.”

The young man rushed out, a strange emotion agitating him as he beheld the girl, shaken by some wretched grief, unable to stir or move amidst the bursts of sobs, while her mother endeavoured to force her upstairs.

Lady Welford paused. She had looked into Charles’s face

noted that which convinced her she had better return to her company in the drawing-room.

Then Charles placed his arm gently, softly, round Fanny's waist, and tried to raise her head. He felt his life depended on comforting her; presently the sobs came less hard. He did raise her up, and her beautiful bosom, heaving as it was, rested on his breast—then he pressed a kiss—a long, close kiss on her lips, and drew her into the little anteroom, and shut the door. Then he made her sit down and sat close beside, entreating to know what made her so unhappy. These kind words with another kiss, brought a flood of tears to relieve the heart and make reply.

“What is it, Fanny—tell me?”

She could not look in his face, so to screen herself Fanny hid her head on his shoulder, and, by degrees, confessed it was about the skein of silk!

With a few more kisses where he could find the least part of her face, Charles asked if she would live with him, and be his own little wife? if she would, he promised never again to hold a skein of silk for any other mortal woman.

Fanny's sweet innocent smiles now mingled with her tears, and soon chased them away. She promised to love Charles all her life, never think him unkind, and try to be a good wife. Pretty dear! she only feared her mother would be angry.

Charles promised to speak to her father (who was fond of his child because she passed lightly by his gouty chair, and read the newspaper to him in the evening).

Charles's proposal was graciously received. Lord Welford expressed pleasure that little Fanny would have a home of her own, as her sisters did not love her.

Lady Fanny's fortune was two thousand pounds (earl's daughters never had more when they married commoners; the handle to their name was considered to make up five thousand). Charles expressed indifference on this subject, as he had plenty of money. Within two months the marriage took place.

Lady Frances Mansfield improved wonderfully under the support of an amiable, loving husband. She had more self-confidence, and took her place in society with a proper spirit. Each successive year contributed to fill Charles's quiver. His wife's domestic virtue gained favour in the womanly heart of Queen Victoria, and whenever Lady Frances appeared at Court, Her Majesty inquired for the young family with peculiar interest.

We leave them at present in their conjugal felicity, and return to that gloomy mansion, uncheered by woman's love or children's joyfulness.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPUS FUGIT!—The eighth year has midway run its course bringing a genial spring, since Eveline deserted her duties, her rights, and her position. Within that lapse of time what change on the earth! Thrones shaken, dynasties swept away; fashions, laws, interests, rolled into the past! But in human nature there is no change, nor ever shall be, so long as our spiritual being—the living soul—is tied down to the feelings and passions of flesh and blood. These struggle for mastery; circumstances help on; new influences, fresh temptations, firm resolutions give way.

The desolate husband still wears his bride's loving letter near his heart, still upheld his intention never to love another; but after the first gush of his sorrow and remorse, this idea became a habit of mind rather than a heartfelt resolution. Memory had scanty food for nourishment.

Sir Sibald's brief courtship was unmarked by any of the tender recollections which rise continually; awakening at scenes and incidents, or casual words, unheeded by others, but causing the throbs of a bereaved heart to quicken. Even Eveline herself began to fade from recollection. That shy, timid girl, whose eyes in his presence were averted or cast down—the slight undeveloped figure, and small, scarcely defined features, Sibald found it difficult after so many years, to bring her palpably to mind. Still had a tempting reality presented itself, the recluse would, probably, have held on to the belief that his heart was as firmly wedded as ever to the loving, lost Eveline.

The trial was at hand! Passion, rising with mighty power, was to crush down the fading image and present to view an object real, living, breathing, firing the senses—enslaving the man.

Sir Sibald had resisted the schemes of country matrons, and the blandishments of their daughters. In the prime of manhood, the handsome Baronet (for the morbid melancholy to which he gave way had neither spoiled his beauty, nor injured his health) was a mark for matrimonial speculation, for many women would have run the risk in tempting him to contract a second marriage. Cupid's arrows had been aimed in vain. Sibald equally avoided female society and the convivial parties in the neighbourhood.

Quillett, grown old, but shrewd as ever, kept matters straight at Trevanion Hall with the same honest energy; the Baronet permitting him to save money by various devices (for the visible benefit of the next heir—a very distant cousin).

Certain charities drew off some portion of the accumulated wealth, but the donor felt but little interest in the disposal. Except

the lodges and a few cottages inhabited by retainers of the Hall, the nearest building, "The Grange," long untenanted, was a dilapidated mansion. It stood about a quarter of a mile westward from the great entrance-gates on The Trevanion domain. The once fine property was in utter neglect, when a startling report went round the environs of Salopford that the Grange had been taken for one year by a lady out of health, and that extensive renovation was going on.

Sir Sibald heard the news with a fixed determination to keep aloof; whether the lady was young or old could be nothing to him.

Madame D'Esperance was a widow. French by name, but of English birth—as was her late husband. After her arrival at the Grange, Sir Sibald, during his solitary rides, often met the carriage. It was closed. He could only distinguish a lady in mourning, accompanied by a younger person.

One evening, turning the sharp corner of a wall belonging to the Grange, and riding at a rapid pace, he suddenly came against the chariot. His horse shied; the carriage horse took fright—dashed on at a furious rate. The coachman lost the reins; and the animals uncontrolled, overturned the carriage as they stopped at the Grange gates. The shattered glass cut the girl's face; she screamed as persons do scream when they should be quiet.

Sir Sibald, shocked beyond measure, leaped from his steed to extricate the lady and her bleeding companion; but in an instant the gates were opened, two female servants carried the lady—she had fainted—into the house; the girl following. Besides the cut on her forehead she had suffered no injury. A gardener ran forward and closed the massive old gates. The whole affair passed so rapidly that Sibald felt bewildered.

Notwithstanding his aversion to the ways of the world, he could not but send inquiries that evening, expressing his concern for the sufferers. He learned that Madame D'Esperance had not thoroughly recovered from the shock; the girl was not materially hurt.

The lady "not thoroughly recovered?" Strange that a mind so misanthropic should feel interest for a stranger; a restless anxiety: it did seem strange. Next morning the Baronet sent again to the Grange; accompanying inquiry for Madame's health, was a basket of choice hothouse fruits. Answer: a note from the widow, entreating Sir Sibald not to blame himself in any way for the accident, acknowledging his kind inquiries, and "the delicious fruit."

A casual observer would, perhaps, find little worthy of notice in Madame's reply, but the Baronet, who considered himself a special judge of epistolary composition, having read it several times; decided that the note was elegantly worded, courteous, delicate, refined. Wishing to convince the lady that he appreciated its merits, he sat down to emulate them; destroying three sheets of note paper

to be addressed to her, as he entered the room. In the introductory words, he adverted to the accident which had been ordained as the means of making such near neighbours known to each other. The composition was playful, yet with a touch of severity (Sir Sibald rehearsed it fluently to the portrait of a female which hung in the library).

The apartment in which Madame D'Esperance received her visitor opened on a broad terrace walk commanding a fine prospect over the Salopian hills, bounded by a home view, varied by lawns and shrubberies of the Grange. Much had been done to put these in order. The flower-beds were bright with blossoms, and the rank grass around them had become smooth.

An elderly man-servant ushered Sir Sibald into the room. The lady did not rise to receive him. She was seated on a sofa, supported by a cushion. At the further end of the room a young girl sat at an embroidery frame. She never raised her eyes.

Sibald bowed very low, but was unable to speak, struck by the surpassing beauty of the lady. The pause was awkward, Madame making no attempt to break it. After a minute or two the Baronet recovered self-possession (the speech forgotten) to express a fear that the accident had injured Madame D'Esperance. She assured him "No." The lameness was from infancy. His heightened colour and flurried tone convinced him that all the infirmity was unpleasant.

Nothing more difficult than the attempt to describe the beauty of a beautiful woman—man must behold, must *feel* it—the beauty must touch and enter and spread over his senses, bringing its joys and sufferings. Still, the reader will expect some detail

nestled round those lips, chasing to and fro among the dimples. Poor Sir Sibald ! how could a man stand it ?

Women never fail to see the effect of their charms, Madame D'Esperance was quite aware that her visitor's confusion resulted from sudden overpowering passion. She, too, sat confused—blush after blush on her cheeks—modesty roused up at the idea of a man—a stranger in her presence—(though not alone : the young girl remained in the room at her embroidery frame). Sir Sibald tried to master his feelings, but had to endure their might : his nerves trembled under the power which subdues the strongest and the wisest. He roused himself sufficiently for some common-place remark, and then alluded to his own melancholy history. (The Baronet was rather egotistical, and if a man likes to talk of himself, he is never at a loss for a subject).

The lady confessed that she likewise, having lost all that was dear to her, she could only find repose in retirement. An hour thus passed in mutual retrospections, the Baronet rose to take leave, venturing to express the hope of being allowed another visit. A fascinating smile accompanied Madame's reply. She should be happy to see him whenever he felt disposed to call at the same hour. Who can doubt that that whenever was the next day, and the next, and the next after, and thus for a fortnight—each day the visit longer—until by that time the whole afternoon was passed at the Grange. No remark from the lady, no change of reception ; Madame on the sofa, her feet on the cushion—the girl at her embroidery frame. Sir Sibald never inquired respecting the widow's dinner hour. At five o'clock the elderly footman brought cups of tea and transparent slices of bread and butter. Now, the diurnal computation of time is considered twelve hours ; in this case, however, the day of Sibald's life was comprised in these visits at the Grange—beyond was blank, wearisome, unnoted. He had arrived at that mark in love's calendar, where everything not relating to the beloved object is distasteful.

The enamoured Baronet had frequently dilated on the charms of Madame D'Esperance when conversing with his worthy lawyer. One morning, when Quillett came to explain some intricate account, and ask Sir Sibald's signature for several new leases, he had to listen to a fresh description of the lady's beauty.

“ Ah ! of course, I told you so ; I knew you would fall in love. You had nothing else to do. That poor silly thing, Miss Eveline, is put aside before this time—no doubt she has provided herself with another husband ; some man who could talk to please her, and had plenty of humbug. There will be no bigamy case, no fear ; Miss Eveline will never trouble us. Marry the Frenchwoman, by all means.”

we may imagine the torture these practical suggestions in on sensitive nerves—on a mind wrought up to such a state any words not breathing adoration of Madame were thought fane. Sir Sibald resolved never to mention her again to Qu He turned to a more pliant hearer—the only guest admitted Hall except the lawyer—namely, Mr. Hughes, the leading m practitioner at Salopford.

Hughes was a sensible man, and while pocketing his b attendance on the household, knew how to relieve, by his agre conversation, the monotony of the master's life. Hughes w vited to dine at the Hall.

Immediately the servants had retired, Sir Sibald opene interesting subject by inquiring if Mr. Hughes had yet see new tenant at the Grange?

“I see her almost every day,” was the reply.

“Then she has consulted you about her lameness?”

“Oh, no, she will take care not to do that.”

“How mean you?”

“I mean, Sir Sibald, that she is no more lame than you In taking the bridle path from my house to Fairdown at one I can overlook the gardens of the Grange, and continually se either walking at a brisk pace in the grounds, or busy wit flower-beds.”

“My dear Hughes, you are very near-sighted. You have the girl who resides with Madame D'Esperance, and mistake for the lady.”

“Though near-sighted,” replied Mr. Hughes, laughing; “not so blind as to mistake a thin, lathy girl for a full-f splendid woman, too beautiful for any man to forget; beside

so highly gifted. This woman is most likely the cast-off mistress of some rich man, who has acted by her very liberally, and left her at liberty to form another *liaison*. She has learned your history, and comes to take her chance of entrapping you to risk a second marriage."

"She is purity itself!" ejaculated Sir Sibald. "Every look, every word evinces her modesty!"

"No doubt; who so cautious and prudish as an unchaste woman. Virtuous females are frank, no mystery about them, nothing to conceal; always *en evidence*. Madame is more punctilious; would not be alone with you for the world; but some day the dummy girl will vanish, and you be brought to confess the *void at your heart*, and beseech her to fill it."

"I can forgive all this," said the enamoured Baronet. "You have not seen her, day after day, as I have, or you would not be led away by prejudice."

"I have seen enough to admit that her beauty is of that refined character no man of taste can behold it without admiration. I go further, and say without *love*, unless, like me, he discerns the serpent's coil under the woman's charms."

Mr. Hughes's gig came round to the door; he rose and buttoned up his coat—the Baronet did not hold out a farewell hand; he only said "good evening" in a very dry tone.

"Good evening, Sir Sibald! You resent my interference, and warnings are useless; but I feel I have only done my duty." Hughes had buttoned the last button-hole at the top of his great-coat, when he added in an emphatic tone, "On one point, Sir Sibald, I pledge my professional honour—and that, at least, believe—the lady of the Grange is not lame."

Hughes drove home. The Baronet was left to his own reflections: thus he communed with himself:

"It is most strange, most unaccountable, how the cleverest people are misled by prejudice! Hughes is a sensible man, but obstinate; nothing can ever make him change a preconceived opinion. 'Tis very provoking! How is it possible that any human being can imagine guilt or frailty in that angelic creature, whose every word and look are innocence! He will persist in error, but never shall the profane utterance again offend my ears."

Sibald's visits continued daily, and were prolonged. Certainly the fascinations of Madame D'Esperance derived no aid from her conversational powers. In fact, it would be difficult to remember anything she said, except the very soft-toned brief replies to the Baronet's interesting remarks. There she sat on the sofa, looking more and more beautiful every day—really a fact! Her simple black dress, fitting close to her full, lovely bust: luxuriant braids of

dark-brown hair her only ornaments. The bashfulness which, from the first was remarkable, visibly increased. She would remain quite silent, while fast-flitting emotions caused more paleness and brighter blushes on her sweet face. That she delighted in Sibald's society he could not doubt. Her beautiful eyes sparkled with unspeakable joy as he sat gazing, enraptured, on her charms. If there was a mystery, a deep mystery connected with this lovely woman. Was it some crime committed by her husband or family—was it their low position in life? Few could look at her, and could think the stain personal.

Sibald one day ventured a hint, an oblique question as to her former residence, and the death of her husband? She trembled, changed colour, made incoherent answers; then, with determined effort, changed the subject.

Many men would have kept back suspicions of wrongs. The Baronet only plunged deeper in love, though, to speak truth, his wilder thoughts arose—he was like a man awakening from some strange dream; his senses clinging to the enchantment.

Thus passed another week—the crisis was at hand; he, too, had sat silent. The girl leaves the room. Madame D'Esperance and he are together alone. The restraint withdrawn, Sir Sibald could no longer control his pent-up feelings. Starting up he paced the chamber with disordered steps, throwing his arms aloft, while burning eyes and broken accents burst forth from the impassioned heart.

"Sibald!" said the lady—not *Sir* Sibald, as hitherto, but "Sibald, be calm." The tone was sweet and tender. He rushed back, he seized her hands as he knelt before her, covering them with fevered kisses, while, mingled with the rapture, rolled down reluctant and slow, the big, scalding tears—he could not speak, but looked up: She was weeping, yet on her countenance beamed smiles of joy. She attempted not to release her hands, but whispered, midst tears and powerful emotion, "What is it you desire?"

"I have no hopes—no expectations!" he cried, "only to die and know you pity me. Banish me not from your presence; let me see you and think you feel for my sufferings."

"Hear me!" said the charmer, gently putting to silence Sir Sibald's vehement excitement, though she herself trembled all over and could scarcely speak—"if no other tie existed, I feel you would wish to make me your wife?" Sibald again broke forth in expressions of love. "Here me, Sibald; on one condition I may still be yours—if Eveline consents to set you free."

"Eveline! ah, name her not. Ungrateful wretch am I for all her affection."

"I believe her capable of any sacrifice that may promote your happiness."

“ You know her ? ”

“ I do. ”

“ And see her ? ”

“ Constantly, and promise that if Eveline, with all her heart consents, I will be your wife. Return here at noon, to-morrow, and bear the issue to me. Now, go, the lady faltered, still agitated—go ! I can bear no more. ”

Sibald left the room. While pursuing his weary way homeward a world of contending thoughts arose—that affectionate young girl, whose only error had been too devoted love for him—the bride whose loss he had deplored for eight saddened years—now banished from his heart by an unbridled passion ! As usual, the Baronet blamed his cruel fate for exposing him to temptation, forgetful that in this world man must meet temptation—must wrestle or fall. Yet with all his weak points Sir Sibald was the soul of honour. It took not long self-communing to show that he had no right either to accept or permit the sacrifice of Eveline’s rights, the “ issue ” which Madame D’Esperance seemed to anticipate. Allowing no interval for retrograde feelings, he wrote as follows :—

“ EVELINE ! my wife, return to me ! Come at once ! My life henceforth will have only one object—to make you happy. How I mourned your loss, how I pined for you through long years of sore affliction, none but myself can tell. Come to me, Eveline ! I am a broken-hearted man ; but ever

“ Your own

“ SIBALD. ”

This note he enclosed to Madame D’Esperance, together with a pathetic farewell, as he dared not see her again or his resolve might waver. He felt that his time on earth was short, and abjured her, after his death, to be a comfort and support to Eveline. He also entreated her to think of him with compassion, and keep locked in her own breast, the secret of his fatal attachment to herself. The letter to Eveline he wished instantly transmitted. It was done—Sir Sibald had sealed his fate ! The packet, before nine o’clock that night, reached the Grange. Honour had triumphed. Conscious of having done his duty, Sibald thought to receive the recompense that feeling brings—a calmer state of mind. Man, man ! the passion so long unchecked is now beyond thy undisciplined nature to control. Vain resolve to banish the memory of those glowing charms thou shalt ne’er again behold ! dost try to recall the fragile form ! the girlish nascent beauty of poor Eveline. It never touched thy heart—now it seems vapid, like the shadow of a shade ! forgotten. Sibald struggled long—he tried to realise the fact that on the following day, Eveline, his wife, the long-lost, lamented bride, would come to claim his love—a love bestowed on another, without whose smiles he never could exist ! (Doubtless the

sensitive Baronet is in a very difficult position.) No food would I taste. Hour after hour he remained, imagining every possible unhappiness consequent on his ill-starred fate, until about midnight fevered and exhausted, his bewildered mind tottered under the burden—he cried aloud, “I shall never see her more!—I shall never see her more!”

Darting into the mazes of the thick woods, where no eye could see, nor human ear catch the sounds, he gave utterance to his misery in groans and hard convulsed sobs, still repeating, “I shall never see her more!”

The night was warm and very calm, but dark and starless—the young moon scarcely glimmered in the deep waters of the lake. Sibald stood on the brink. He gazed down on the still waters—there—there would he rest from despair!

No longer master of himself; maddened in thought, one step closer, another—then too late, when his arm is grasped by an unseen hand. That hand trembles, but retains its hold. That touch brings back his wandering senses—he is saved! Looking round he caught sight of a figure in white, vanishing through the thick shrubs. “Celestial being!” he cried: “’tis she! ’tis she watch over me!” Forgetting that Madame D’Esperance could not walk—perhaps, on special occasions, she could run; whatever the merciful agency, it had saved Sibald, causing a revulsion in his mind of a tranquilising nature. Now, no longer the fierce storm burst from his heart in terrible conflict with duty and honour.

Exhausted by the mental conflict he sank down, and pressed his throbbing heart and aching head close to the dewy grass; the stupor of grief was upon him. All that night he was there, and when the rosy streaks of summer dawn decked the East, and nature woke up to offer tribute of joy and gladness to her Eternal King—man alone was thankless! Sibald rose from the ground, unmindful of all around him, wrapped in self, and apprehension of self-misery.

The great turret clock struck six before he re-entered the house, startled the maids who were beginning operations with their dustpans, and ascended the stairs, and, having locked his chamber door, threw open the windows, inviting the cool breezes as he sat, pale and faint. He had so overtaxed every nerve of his strong frame, was so prostrated for want of food, that he could hardly cross the room, when his valet brought a note from the Grange. Sibald tore it open, and having kissed the date (“The Grange, Thursday July 4th”) and the beginning and the ending words—there was a signature—he read as follows:—

“Eveline has received your letter; her answer expect to day. You will meet it here. Remember the engagement to be at the Grange at noon. Nothing must prevent. I have a right to dictate.”

Although he felt that another sight of Madame D'Esperance would add to all he suffered, Sir Sibald experienced a strange satisfaction in the appointed interview, and set about preparing for it with no little eagerness.

The bath, strong coffee, during a well-studied toilet—brought him round ; yet on contemplating his identity in the glass, he could not but perceive the consequences of excitement (the style in which the Baronet had spent the last four-and-twenty hours by no means tended to improve his beauty). “How wan and haggard I appear !” Thus he soliloquised. “How changed will Eveline find me from the man she fondly loved. Worn and wretched.” She, too, will be changed. The little beauty of her early youth, not likely to last, must have faded in the lapse of years. Care and disappointment must have done their work. Eveline must be old before her time. I rejoice to think so. • After the perfection of angelic beauty I have adored, personal attractions in less degree would only create woeful comparisons. I shall try to forget such an attribute as beauty exists in the world !” Sibald had completed the neck-tie ; he turned his head, and espied a travelling chariot, covered with dust, dash at full speed up the road to the Grange. “’Tis Eveline !” he exclaimed ; “a telegram was sent ; she has travelled all night.” The Baronet felt certain it could be no one else. The road was only a bye road, very little frequented ; a broad lane. Rarely any carriage except the Grange equipage passed that way. The crisis was at hand. An hour to wait, and then ?

During the interval Sibald paced through the various apartments, and consulting his watch, a quarter to twelve. The Baronet commences his walk along the well-known path, now trodden for the last time ! He arrives—the iron gates opened, unusual circumstance—they were always kept locked. Passing through he gains a sight of the stable court. That travelling dusty carriage is brought out, receiving ablutionary process from the hands of a stable helper ; while two stylish men-servants—coachman and footman—lounge up and down the court, holding flirtations at the kitchen windows with the maids.

Sibald walked on, glancing at these proceedings, to the entrance porch of the mansion. The door opens ; no servant to usher or announce him ; dead silence. He proceeds to the identical room where he had passed of late such rapturous hours ; the door wide open—lo ! he enters. Two persons are standing in the middle of the room—*Madame D'Esperance*, dressed in white, supported in the arms of *Charles Mansfield*.

One instant, Sibald stands speechless with amazement, the next, the object of his passionate love has fallen on his breast, exclaiming, Sibald ! husband ! forgive me, take me, love me still, though I am only your poor Eveline !”

CHAPTER XII.

WE venture upon no attempt—knowing it would be a failure—to describe the intense rapture which suddenly converted Sir Sibald's profound misery to the height of human bliss. Hours passed ere he could realise the truth. It overpowered the man's whole nature, and Eveline had to fear that the romantic plan had not only caused her husband needless unhappiness, but rendered the transition too poignant. Well might she say again and again as she clung close, and felt the throbbing pulses of his heart, "Sibald, forgive me!"

With all Lady Trevanion's depreciation of her own merits, pride was the root of all. When time had proved how Sibald regretted her loss, how faithfully he kept his marriage vow—still Eveline could not banish the painful idea that he sought the connection more from friendship to her brother than personal attachment to herself. Under this conviction she resolved never to claim her rights and position as a wife until sure of her husband's love.

Vain were Charles's arguments or entreaties, until the lapse of years wrought such a change in her appearance, that even a clearer recollection of the undeveloped girl than Sir Sibald could command would have failed to recognise her. Then it was Lady Trevanion left her retreat in Wales, and under a feigned name approached the melancholy mansion, where, during the last eight years, she might have enjoyed happiness. From their first meeting at the Grange she was convinced that Sibald yielded up his heart; his ardour, so evident and sudden, confused her, that innate modesty—the most beautiful trait in Eveline's character—chained her tongue, brought the deep blushes on her cheeks, and, from day to day, prevented the disclosure.

This state of things might have gone on much longer, but for the farewell letter of the previous evening. The despair it breathed raised alarms which prompted Eveline to send for her brother (who, with his wife, was on a visit twenty miles off). He arrived with Lady Fanny the next morning in that same dust-covered carriage we saw sweeping round so rapidly to the Grange.

Lady Trevanion entreated Charles to break the matter to Sir Sibald. This office he declined. After the first moments had evaporated, and she was left to reveal the whole; which she did, with must admit, in a very incoherent manner. Yet, probably, had she been more precise, the husband—the lover, would have only understood that the struggles of love and duty were at an end; that the woman whose charms had intoxicated his senses and captivated his heart, was his own wife!

At four o'clock that afternoon the practical Lady Fanny had extemporised a rural repast in the jessamine-clad summer-house, thither, with her bonnie smile and lithsome step, she conducted the party. Pleasant it was to witness Charles Mansfield's honest-hearted joy at regaining the friend of his youth.

"Years ago I should have come to you, Sibald, but for my sister's obstinacy. She feared I should reveal her intention. Never mind! let the future atone for the past; we shall be happy, now, the rest of our lives." As he spoke, Mansfield grasped Sibald's hand in warm affection.

Nor time, nor matrimony had altered Charles's buoyant temper and mirthful spirits, which greatly assisted in removing the awkwardness of a first meeting; while the feelings of Sibald and Eveline were as yet too agitated for conversation.

Charles opened a vein of good-humoured raillery, and let it freely flow.

"Sir Sibald Trevanion," said he, with a very serious countenance; "are you quite certain that the lady whose waist your arm encircles, is really and truly Eveline? Is there not some other mystery as yet unfolded?"

Lady Trevanion put out her little foot, and, pointing to her ankle, said,

"Sibald cannot be mistaken when he looks there. I knew my unfortunate ankle would betray me, therefore I pretended lameness, and did not stir."

"You ran fast enough in the woods last night," replied Charles. "Sibald must have felt cool and comfortable on the damp grass."

At this moment faithful "Mrs. Ann," who had lived in Eveline's service from the evening of her flight, entered the summer-house on the plea of bringing a plate of fresh strawberries—took up Charles's remark, and then continued.

"I cannot, sir, presume to say how Sir Sibald felt, but this I do know, that the damp has given me a severe attack of the rheumatism, which I shall not get rid of all next winter."

"Were you there, Ann?" said Charles, with affected astonishment (she had related the scene once before, but had no objection to repeat the story).

"You do not suppose, Mr. Charles, that I left her ladyship to be in the woods alone all night? No, sir, by no means! When Sir Sibald's letter arrived——" (in the Baronet's presence, Mrs. Ann hesitated to proceed.)

"Go on, Ann, go on!—be circumstantial. I wish to know particulars."

"Well, sir, when that letter arrived, taking leave for ever, in a pathetic way, of my lady—that is, of *Madam Desperate*—she rushes

out with the letter in her hand, and calls to me. I was ironing a few muslin collars. 'Dear Ann, he will make away with himself! he is quite frantic.' My lady, poor dear, looked white as a sheet. 'Let us hasten up to the Hall and be on the watch.' Well, I begged of her to take a shawl, but she ran up the road in the thin white dress, just as she sat in her own room of an evening, and I after her, and we climb over the park pailing—Mr. Quillett has the gate kept locked on account of the lambs. Presently we heard Sir Sibald talking to himself and moaning so pitiful, and we get a glimpse of him up and down by the water side. My lady came close behind. He cried out, 'I shall never see her more, and was going the last step when her ladyship grasps his shoulder, and pulls him back.'

"Yes!" said Sir Sibald, with solemn emotion, "she saved me from despair and guilt! She has been Heaven's instrument. God has granted wondrous mercies! I hope to prove my gratitude by a better use of life."

"Of course, you will," said Charles; "we might all be better than we are, if we tried. Not another word. My carriage and servants are at the door to take you to Salopford station; from that point start where you like. Fanny has packed Eveline's trunk. I have been at the Hall to select your outward belongings—be off. My dear wife and I shall make the Grange our quarters for a few weeks. To-morrow, send for the children, who will delight in gambols through your grounds. Our youngest boy, Sibald—I have given him your name the little rogue is two years old, and will roll about the Trevanion lawns. I shall get fishing, while my darling Fanny prepares Eveline's apartments, arranges china, and works embroidered footstools for *her lame sister*. My first job is to hunt up my friend Quillett. We shall order dinner at the Hall, and crack a bottle of 'Green Seal' to the health of the happy pair."

Returning to the house Sibald again alluded to past sorrows but Charles forbade approach to the sentimental. Until the carriage drove from the door he kept up a running fire of joking and fun.

"Don't sigh! don't let her go upstairs."

LEGENDS OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS OF BOHEMIA.

III

THE CONCEITED BOTANIST.

A DOCTOR from Schmiedeberg, who was in the habit of botanising the Riesengebirge, or Giant Mountains, had sometimes, though unknown to himself, the honour of entertaining the magician with his bragging conversation. Rübezahl, now as a wood-cutter, now as a traveller, would join the Schmiedeberg Æsculapius, and let him have the pleasure of dilating upon the wonderful cures he had effected. At times he was so obliging as to carry the doctor's heavy bundle of herbs a good distance, and to call his attention to many healing properties in the shrubs as yet unknown to him. The doctor, who fancied himself more learned in botany and the use of herbs than the wood-cutter, once took offence at being instructed by him, and angrily exclaimed—"The scholar should be content to listen, and a wood-cutter ought not to attempt to teach a medical man. However, as you are acquainted with every herb and plant that grows, from the hyssop to the cedar of Lebanon, pray tell me, thou wise Solomon, which existed the first, the acorn or the oak-tree?"

The gnome answered: "Surely the tree, for the acorn proceeds from the tree."

"Fool!" cried the doctor; "whence, then, came the first tree, if it did not spring from the seed, which is enclosed in the fruit?"

The wood-cutter replied: "That is a question, I perceive, far beyond me. But permit me to put a question to you. To whom does this soil belong upon which we are standing—to the King of Bohemia or to the Lord of the Mountains?" (So the people called the mountain magician, after they became aware that they ran the risk of being punished if they ventured to pronounce, in the mountains, his nick-name, Rübezahl.) The Doctor did not long reflect.

"I opine that this ground belongs to my master, the King of Bohemia; for Rübezahl is only a fanciful being, mere nonsense, or a bugbear with which to frighten children."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the wood-cutter changed into a hideous giant, with flashing eyes and air of fury. He scowled fiercely at the doctor, as in a harsh voice he cried—

"Here is Rübezahl, who will nonsense you with a vengeance."

He seized him by the collar, pushed him against the trees and

rocks, and dashed him about as the devil does Dr. Faust in the play; finally, he put out one of his eyes, and left him for dead where he was, so that the doctor solemnly swore afterwards never again to go botanising in the Riesengebirge.

RUBEZAHN'S LOAN.

Easy as it was to forfeit Rubezahl's friendship, it was as easy to gain it.

A peasant in the district of Reichenberg had lost all he had in a law-suit with a wicked neighbour; and when the law had seized his last cow, nothing remained to him but his sickly wife and a half-dozen children. It is true he still possessed a pair of sinewy arms, but their labour could not procure sufficient food for himself and his family. It cut him to the heart when his little ones cried to him for bread, and he had nothing to give them.

"If only we had a hundred dollars," he said to his sorrowful wife, "we should do very well. We could buy another patch of land, far from our quarrelsome neighbour, and make a comfortable home for ourselves. You have wealthy cousins on the other side of the mountains: I will go to them, and tell them of our misfortunes; perhaps one of them will have pity upon us, and from his abundance lend us, at a given interest, what we require."

The oppressed wife agreed, but with faint hope of any good result from this proposition; still she could suggest nothing better.

The husband rose early to depart, and on leaving his wife and children he consoled them, saying: "Do not weep; my heart tells me I shall find a benefactor." Then thrusting a hard crust of bread into his pocket, he set off.

Weary and exhausted by the heat of the day and his long journey, he reached, towards evening, the village where the rich cousins dwelt; but they would have nothing to do with him—not even give him house-room. With bitter tears he narrated his misery to them; but the hard-hearted misers paid no attention to it, insulting the poor man with reproaches and impertinent proverbs. They called him a spendthrift and an idler, and, finally, they turned him out of their doors. Such a reception the poor fellow had not expected from his wife's wealthy kinsmen. Sad and silent he went away; and not having the means to pay for a lodging, he was obliged to pass the night upon a hayrick in a field. Here he sleeplessly counted the weary hours until day dawned, when he could commence his journey homewards. When he again reached the mountains he was so overcome by grief and anxiety, that he was bordering on despair. "Two days' wages lost," he thought to himself, exhausted and enfeebled by sorrow and hunger,

“without encouragement, without hope! When I return home my six poor children will come eagerly to meet me, holding out their hands for food, and instead of a piece of bread I must give them a stone! My heart, my heart! how shall I be able to endure this!” and he threw himself under a sloe-bush, giving way to his gloomy thoughts.

As the drowning man clutches at a straw, so, after a thousand vain plans and schemes, the disconsolate Veit hit upon the idea of applying to the Magician of the Mountains in his distress. He had heard many strange stories about him—how he had shaken and teased travellers, often doing them bodily injury; still, at times, he had done a great deal of good. Veit was not ignorant of the fact that he hated being called by his nick-name, still he knew no other way of summoning him; so, expecting a cudgelling, he nevertheless ventured upon it, and cried, as loud as he could—
“Rübezahl! Rübezahl!”

At this summons immediately there appeared a form like that of a sooty collier, with a bright, red beard, reaching to the very waist; fiery, glaring eyes, and armed with a pole as thick as a weaver's tearn, which he raised in wrath to strike the bold scoffer.

“Pardon me, Sir Rübezahl!” said Veit, quite undismayed; “if I do not address you by your right title, please listen to me a moment, then do what you think fit.”

This bold language, and the sorrowful air of the man, in which there was no trace of wantonness or impertinence, somewhat appeased the magician's anger.

“Worm!” he exclaimed, “what prompts you to disturb me? Do you not know that you must pay for your offence by your life?”

“Sir,” answered Veit, “necessity has driven me to you, and I have a request to make which you might easily grant. Will you lend me a hundred dollars? I will repay them, with the usual interest, in three years' time, as I am an honest man.”

“Fool!” replied the gnome; “am I an usurer, or a Jew, who lends for interest? Go to your human brothers, and borrow as much as you want, but leave me in peace.”

“Alas!” answered Veit, “that is a broken reed to trust to!”

Then he related his unfortunate story, and described his pressing need so touchingly, that the gnome could not refuse his request; besides, even if he, poor fellow, had been less deserving of pity, there was something so strange and new in his venturing to ask the gnome to lend him a sum of money, that he was inclined to accede to his wish for the confidence he had shown in him.

“Come, follow me!” he muttered, leading him deeper into the wood, through a retired valley, to a steep rock, the base of which was covered with thick bushes.

After Veit and his companion had, with difficulty, worked their way through the thicket, they reached the entrance of a dark cavern. Worthy Veit did not feel at all comfortable on being obliged to grope his way in the dark; one cold shudder after another ran down his back, and his hair stood on end. "Rübezahl has deceived many a one," thought he. "Who knows but an abyss may be before me, into which I may be precipitated the very next step I take?" and, indeed, at that moment he heard the roar of what appeared to be a tremendous volume of water rushing down a deep pit. The further he proceeded the more his heart failed him, and he was plunged into fear and horror. Ere long, however, to his joy, he beheld a flickering blue flame in the distance: the mountain cavern widened, until it became a large space; the flame burned brightly, suspended, like a chandelier, in the middle of the rocky chamber, on the pavement of which he saw a copper brewing-pan, filled to the very brim with genuine dollars. When Veit beheld this amount of wealth all fear vanished, and his heart leaped with joy.

"Take," said the gnome, "what you require, be it a small or a large sum; only draw up a note stating what you will owe me—that is to say, if you know how to write."

Worthy Veit said he did, and counted out a hundred dollars—not one more nor one less. The gnome did not appear to take notice of how much he took, turning away and looking the while for his writing materials. Veit wrote the note as briefly as he could, and Rübezahl locked it in an iron case, saying, "Now go, my friend, and make use of your money to the best advantage. Do not forget that you are my debtor, and mark well the entrance to the valley and this rocky grotto. As soon as the three years have expired you must return to me capital and interest. I am a hard creditor. If you do not keep your word, I will take what is mine by force."

Honest Veit promised to pay the sum back to the day; but he took no oath, periling his soul, as doubtful characters often do. With a grateful heart he bade his benefactor adieu in the rocky grotto, out of which he easily found his way.

The possession of the hundred dollars had such a powerful effect upon his mind and body, that when he again beheld the daylight he felt as if he had imbibed renewed life and vigour in the cavern. Joyfully he set off towards his home, and reached his miserable hut as the day began to close in.

As soon as the half-starved children caught sight of him they unanimously exclaimed—"Bread, father! oh, give us a morsel of bread, we are so hungry!" His poor wife, whose form was wasted from want, was sitting in a corner weeping, in her despondency

fearing the worst, and not venturing to question her husband ; but he took her hand affectionately, bidding her kindle a fire on the hearth, for he had brought a small sack of meal with him from Riechenberg, from which she could make a splendid soup, so thick that a spoon might stand in it. Then he gave her an account of the success of his journey.

“Your cousins are very excellent people : they did not reproach me with my poverty, they did not refuse to recognise me, nor turn me out of doors abusing me ; but they kindly lodged me, opened their hearts and purses to me, and advanced me a hundred bright dollars.”

A weight that had long been oppressing the poor wife was, as it were, lifted from her heart.

“Would that we had applied to them before,” she said ; “how much sorrow we might have been spared !” and she praised their friendship, and became exceedingly proud of her wealthy cousins, from whom she had expected so little. Having gone through so much misery, her husband did not deprive her of a pleasure which was flattering to her vanity ; but as she did not cease speaking of her rich cousins for several days, Veit became weary of hearing the praises of these misers sung, so he said to his wife—

“One of your cousins taught me a wise lesson. Everyone, he said, is the forger of his own fortune—one must strike the iron while it is hot ; so let us set to work with all our might, that we may, in three years’ time, be able to pay off the capital as well as the interest, and be free from all debt.”

He bought first one field, then another, and another, always adding to his lands. Rübezahl’s money seemed to bring a blessing with it. Veit sowed and reaped, and was already considered in the village as well-to-do and prosperous. He was annually able to lay by a small sum for the improvement of his property. The third summer he was able to rent a farm, which paid him well—in fact, he was a man with whom everything he now undertook prospered.

The time approached when Veit should return the money lent him, and he had saved so much that he could pay off his debt without any difficulty. He gathered the money together, and on the appointed day rose early, awoke his wife and all his children, and desired them to put on their Sunday clothes, their new shoes, and scarlet bodices and neck-handkerchiefs, which they had not yet worn. He himself donned the coat he wore at divine service, and called from the window—“Hans, put the horses to !”

“What are you going to do, husband ?” asked his wife ; “this is not a fête-day, nor the consecration of a church. What makes you in such good spirits ? and where are you going to drive us ?”

He answered, “I wish to visit, with you, our rich cousins on

the other side of the mountains, and to pay back capital and interest to the creditor who kindly helped me to start in life again, for this is the pay-day!"

The wife was delighted at the idea: she dressed herself and the children in their very best; and, in order that her wealthy cousins might form a notion of her prosperity, and not be ashamed of her, she tied a string of crooked ducats round her neck. Veit arranged the heavy bags of money in the vehicle, and when everything was ready, seated himself with his wife and children. Hans touched the four horses with his whip, and they trotted briskly across the open plain towards the Giant Mountains. Veit halted at a steep, narrow pass, descended, and desired the others to do so likewise. Then he said to his servant—

"Hans, drive quietly towards the mountain. Up yonder, by the three linden trees, you can wait for us, and if we tarry long do not be uneasy: let the horses rest and graze awhile. There is a foot-path here, I know; it is rather a long way round, but a pleasant walk."

Then, accompanied by his wife and children, he struck into the wood, thickly overgrown with bushes, and was amused at his wife fancying he had mistaken the path, exhorting him to turn back to the high road. Veit, however, suddenly stood still, gathered his six children around him, and addressed them as follows:—

"You imagine, dear wife, that we are going to your relations: that is not my intention at present. Your rich cousins are misers and rascals, who, when I was poor and sought comfort and shelter from them, sneered at me, scorned me, and thrust me from their doors. Here dwells the rich cousin whom we have to thank for our prosperity—who lent me, on my simple word, the money which, in my hands, has turned to such good account. He appointed to meet me here to-day, that I might restore to him the capital and interest. Do you know who is our benefactor?—the Lord of the Mountains, called Rübezahl!"

The wife was terribly frightened at this speech, and crossed herself repeatedly; and the children trembled, and showed all the signs of fear lest their father should take them to Rübezahl. They had often heard, in the spinning-rooms, that he was a hideous giant and a cannibal. Veit now related to them his whole adventure—how the gnome, on his summons, had appeared to him in the form of a collier; how he had treated him in the cavern, and lauded his liberality and charity with a grateful heart, and with sincere emotion, that the warm tears ran down his honest, bronzed face.

"Wait here," he continued, "I will now go into the cavern to redeem my word. Fear not: I will not long be away; and if I can induce the Lord of the Mountains to come, I will bring him to

you. Do not be afraid to shake our benefactor warmly by the **hand**, though it may be black and rough. He will do you no harm, **and** doubtless is pleased at his own good deed and at our thanks. **Take** courage! he will give you golden apples and ginger-nuts."

Although the timid wife had much to urge against the pilgrimage into the rocky cavern, and the children cried, clinging round **their** father, he freed himself from them, plunged into the thicket, **and** reached the well-remembered rock. He found all the characteristics of the place again, which had been firmly impressed upon **his** memory. The old, almost decayed oak-tree, at the roots of which **the** cavern opened, was still standing on the spot where it had **stood** three years before, but there was no trace now of an opening. **Veit** tried every means in his power to force an entrance into the mountain: he took a large stone, and struck the rock where he **fancied** it ought to open; he drew forth the heaviest sack of money, **jingled** with the hard dollars, crying, as loud as he could—"Spirit of the Mountains, take what is your own;" but the gnome neither let himself be heard nor be seen. At length the honest debtor had **nothing** for it but to return with his bags. As soon as his wife **and** children beheld him in the distance they hastened joyfully towards him; he, however, was downcast and grieved that he could not deliver over his money to a magistrate. Veit then seated himself, with his family, on a grassy bank, to reflect what was now to be done. It suddenly occurred to him how he had ventured to summon the gnome the first time. "I will call the Spirit by his **nick-name**; if it angers him he may beat and ill-treat me as much as he likes—he will probably answer to that name, at any rate;" **and** he shouted with all his might, "Rübezahl! Rübezahl!"

His anxious wife implored him to be quiet, and tried to stop his mouth. He, however, would not be checked, but went on the more. Suddenly the youngest boy rushed to his mother, crying in **terror**—"Oh, the black man!" Rejoicing, Veit asked, "Where?" "There he is, lurking behind yonder tree!" and all the children huddled up together, trembling with fear and crying bitterly. The father looked in the direction pointed out, but saw nothing. The **child** must have been mistaken: it was a mere shadow. Rübezahl did not, in fact, make his appearance; and call as much as Veit pleased, it was all in vain.

After waiting a considerable time, the family started on their way home, Veit walking downcast and silent along the broad high-road. Presently a soft breeze arose from the forest among the trees, the slender birches bent their tops, the light foliage of the aspen trembled, the breeze increasing as it drew nearer, till the wind shook the far-spreading branches of the scarlet oak, driving withered leaves and tufts of grass before it, and whirling up from the road

small clouds of dust, much to the amusement of the children, who, forgetting all about Rübezahl, joyously chased and tried to seize the leaves with which the boisterous wind was sporting. Along with the dried leaves a piece of paper was also blown across the road. It attracted the attention of the little ghost-seer, and he pursued it. However, when he tried to grasp at it, the wind raised it and carried it further, so that he could not reach it. He flung his hat at it, which, at length, covered it. As it was a nice sheet of white paper, and their economical father was accustomed to turn everything to account in his household, the boy took what he had found to him. When Veit unrolled the paper to see what it was, he discovered that it was the note of hand which he had written out for the Lord of the Mountains, torn nearly from the top to the bottom; and at the foot of the page was written—

“PAID BY THANKS.”

Veit was deeply affected when he read this, and he exclaimed, with exultation—“Rejoice, dear wife and children, all of you rejoice! He has seen us, and heard our thanks! Our kind benefactor, who, though invisible, was near us, knows that Veit is an honest man. I have kept my word, and am now free. Let us return home with grateful hearts.”

Both parents and children shed many tears of thankfulness; but when they reached their conveyance, as the wife was most anxious to pay her relations a visit, to shame her miserly cousins by the sight of her prosperity (for the husband's account of their reception of him had stirred up her anger against them), they drove merrily down hill, and towards evening entered the village, and stopped at the same farm from which Veit, three years before, had been thrust forth. He knocked on this occasion with assurance, and asked for the master. A stranger made his appearance, who was no relation of theirs at all, from whom Veit learned the fate of his wife's wealthy cousins. One had died, another was ruined, and a third had gone away, and there was not a trace left of any of them in the neighbourhood.

Veit and his whole family passed the night in the household of the hospitable stranger, then returned the following day to his own home and his many occupations. He increased in riches and possessions, and continued an honest, well-behaved man all the days of his life, nor did he ever forget the generous aid he had received in time of need from the Magician of the Giant Mountains.

A VERY DESOLATE ISLAND.

IN the minds of most persons possessing an ordinary share of imagination, the conception of a desolate island exists in a picture of a long curve of golden strand, within a circle of coral reef. The ripples breaking upon this golden strand are very gentle, and in their tenderness they merely kiss the beach, and then meekly retire, their mission accomplished. There appears a ridge of feathery palm-trees in the background, in bold outline against the tropical sky, and a silver stream trickles down amongst the crags.

Such a picture was probably in the mind of the young man who stood among the trees at Locksley Hall, threatening emigration. What a terrible portrait he draws of its desolation !—

“Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag ;
Slides the bird o’er lustrous woodland, drops the trailer from the crag.”

This is the ideal desolate island which suggests itself to most minds. A bright spot of endless calm, in the midst of a breathless sea, where persons who, by good fortune, are cast on its shores, invariably live with the utmost comfort, according to their own account, until, in an impulsive moment, they attract the attention of a passing sail, and return to the expensiveness of a civilised life.

To no such scene of enchanting desolation will the reader be begged to follow us at present. In the description of our island of desolation, it will not be necessary to introduce a solitary palm-tree.

Our trusty little band in South Africa had seen a good deal of palm-trees, and banian, and mimosa, and now, with our collection of horns of gemsbok and harte-beest about us, and our innumerable karosses safely stowed away, we only waited the arrival of the mail steamer to put an end to our vagabond life in this land at least.

There were three of us in this condition. There was the captain of our expedition, who looked after nothing of our arrangements, but bullied the second in command when anything went astray, and as this happened on an average once an hour, the lieutenant’s life would doubtless have been a burden to him, only that he had an inferior in position, whom he had the satisfaction of making, or, at any rate, trying to make, answer for all mistakes. I was generally looked on as that inferior, and as the rank and file were composed of Kaffirs, who were always considered beneath the dignity of bullying, I was in a most disadvantageous position, and always at the point of mutiny.

In this inactive state we had remained for several days, writing elaborate diaries, touching up sketches, oiling the locks of rifles, and arranging skins, till at last the inaction of our life became intolerable to each of us. There was a wonderful mountain above us, and we ascended it one day; there was a wonderful sand twenty miles away, and we traversed its breadth; at last, as a final triumph of *ennui*, we even spent a day in the Colonial Parliament-House, so far were our resources reduced.

At last, as I was wandering along the bay, I began to think what sort of a spot the low sandy island, which obstructed my seaward view, might be. We had heard that the name of it was Robbin Island, and we saw that it was about seven miles from the coast of the bay; but as to whether it was inhabited by another race of mankind than any we had yet known, or quite desolate, we were in ignorance. This much we, however, surmised, that it was not exactly the chosen abode of the lotus-eaters; it had not precisely that appearance which would cause an inhabitant to decline further communication with the outer world.

I found my companions sitting in the short twilight on the Dutch raised pavement in front of our house, which stood in the centre of a grove of straggling trees, not far from a lily-shadowed stream, much resorted to by washerwomen; and when I had finished my cup of coffee, I entered upon the topic of the island. It was eagerly seized upon by our household; but they were in quite as great ignorance as myself on the subject of its accessibility. In order to make ourselves enlightened, we sent a servant with a note to a trusty young colonist, to whose information we had frequent cause to be grateful, requesting him to drink coffee with us. In the meantime we resolved to visit the island, let his report be what it might; if no one had ever been on it, we determined to be the first to explore it. We were each what is called pig-headed. We made resolutions to do certain things without taking advice; we only would accept counsel as to how the things were to be done. And as we sat listening to the whistle of the large grasshopper, and watching the fire-flies glancing about the leaves, we secretly hoped the island had never been come to by the trader—that idea which has explored most places on earth.

After our colonial friend had arrived, and drank his coffee, we told him we had determined visiting Robbin Island, and wished to know from him the proper means of doing so.

“You intend going to the island, eh? Well, I wouldn’t advise you. What do you want to do there—eh?”

“Nothing, only to feel that we had been on it,” we told him. “Was it so bad that no one had even landed on it?” we asked.

“Oh, hundreds have been on it, and are on it yet,” said he

"Many persons have found it uncommonly easy to get to, and some have even been induced to take up a permanent abode there. No ; I shouldn't advise you to go."

"Has it inhabitants now—eh?"

"Yes, it has," and here the young man smiled enigmatically ; "but they are not nice sort of people—they are not generally looked on as of companionable natures."

We didn't care about companionable natures, we told him ; a race of men of uncompanionable natures was quite as interesting, or even more so, than one possessed of the most social gifts in the universe. The beauties of philology of a race do not depend solely upon its social standing, we added, warmly, and then he smiled again.

"It is not a nice language they have at Robbin Island ; it is anything but nice, and it will not bear philological criticism," said he ; "but if you are determined to go, I suppose you will go—eh?"

This valuable young man left us, promising to procure a passage in a small steamer, which he told us was in the habit of making the voyage to the island. He also agreed to accompany us thither ; but, as he went out, I noticed that strange smile upon his countenance, and I could not quite comprehend its meaning.

The next evening he came to us with the pleasant tidings that he had obtained for all a free passage to the place we sought, and back to Capetown. He showed us our government-pass, a most elaborate piece of illumination. It appeared that, before he could obtain it, he was obliged to sign a document, giving in full the names and address of each of the party, stating whether married or single, if vaccinated, and the age next birthday. This interesting document our young friend had filled in most explicitly, though he had known us only a week ; and the record that a free passage was granted to Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, the names he thought fit to assign to us, is probably still preserved in the archives of the colony. He was a very valuable young man indeed.

The next morning we drove into the town, and down to where the small steamer lay. As we approached the wharf, we were surprised at the number of the Malay population which appeared ; the ladies clad in their gaudiest shawls, and the gentlemen with their most conical and widest-brimmed hats ; each lady bearing at least two of her offspring. On making inquiry, I learned that the day was a holiday with the Malays, and on getting aboard the screw-steamer, "Gnu, twenty-five tons, forty passengers only," I found that about sixty of the interesting race had come to the intention of taking their "holiday outings" as our fellow-passengers. We looked somewhat ungratefully at our valuable friend, but he only smiled, as he had done the evening before. We did not like his smile.

The steamer had got accommodation for perhaps twenty men, or forty coloured, as the latter bear packing with perfect humour; but before we had left the land, there were ninety Malays aboard, and five white men; *five*, for in addition to our party of the commander of this craft had at one time been white; however, his complexion was quite as dark as that of a Malay from his mode of requesting his passengers to keep at a distance from the wheel, his nationality was recognised.

When the gunwale of the steamer was unpleasantly close to the edge of the water, the cable was loosed, and we glided off, leaving an interesting group of Malays and coolies exhibiting every degree of disappointment at being obliged to remain on shore. It was a day of tropical heat; the water was without a ripple, and the sky of perfect blue. As we steamed into the beautiful bay, with a light breeze upon our faces, made by our own motion, we felt in spite of our cargo, and that ominous smile of our friend, R. Island was worth the trouble of such a voyage. This was my first thought as I looked back at the flat-ridged mountain that was sharply outlined against the background of blue; and if a colour-lady, who was the nursing-mother of two naked and car-anointed children, could only have been persuaded that it was possible they could gain materially from the fact of being held under my nose, I might have been able to appreciate the effect, but she was quite unconscious of the fact that they did not produce an effect exactly similar to that of spring violets upon an European. And the little cherub continued making lunges, with the water touching my face, till I was in an agony. I think I should be glad to know those children again blindfolded.

My friends, I saw, were in an unusually bad position on the deck. They were standing just between two lines of mothers, and each was holding out his handkerchief, which he held before his face. I could not understand that sense which induced them to believe it possible to strain the atmosphere. But our guide seemed not to mind the terrible odour in the least.

“How wonderfully calm it is—eh?” he remarked, blandly.

“Yes,” said our captain, “it is an awful calm. You never happen to have a scent-bottle about you?”

The fact was we had never before experienced the overpowering presence of a genuine *bouquet d’Afrique*, in all its native purity. Only a few Hottentots, and a sprinkling of Zulus, had been among our Malay cargo, the nosegay would have been complete. Certainly, here were

“Perfumes and odours of a coast unknown
Unto the souls of furthest wandering;”

and as we approached the island, we seemed to be able to perceive a variation in the atmosphere ; such a perception is mentioned by Diodorus as being experienced by sailors off the coast of Spain ; and Milton's lines show a knowledge of the existence of the same effect :—

— “ At sea North-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, . . .
Cheered with the grateful smell old ocean smiles.”

Though we did not exactly fancy from the grateful smell that we were approaching Araby the Blest, still, the change in the atmosphere was apparent.

After an hour and a half of the endurance of this essence of *millefleurs*, the steamer's engines stopped, and, as it swung round, we could clearly see the form of Robbin Island, about a hundred yards distant. It seemed to be nothing more than a low sand-bank, perfectly barren, with a pile of rocks at one point. The curve of the shore was very wide, so as to afford no shelter as a bay. We learned that it is impossible for a boat drawing even as few feet of water as our steamer, to approach nearer than some hundreds of yards, owing to the extremely gradual slope of the strand. There are, however, moorings laid down which somewhat decrease the discomfort of the “ port.”

In about half an hour the steamer was moored, and as we had struggled to the taffrail, and so enjoyed the view over the water, we perceived a large floating box lumbering towards us, propelled by means of a stout rope, which stretched from the shore to the moorings, and being passed over the bow of the square craft, and hauled by boatmen, brought it alongside. Immediately there was a heeling over of the steamer, and we heard the commander's voice appealing to the passengers, in his own effective way, to keep back. Of course they kept back, all but about seventy, who tumbled into the box, and speedily filled it. We politely kept ourselves in the background, with a hope that that the box might be so full as to necessitate a second passage for ourselves alone ; but we were quickly made acquainted with the wonderful capacity of such a craft as lay alongside ; the squareness of the build was certainly very advantageous to passenger traffic, and the absence of seats materially added to its accommodation. It would be difficult to estimate the number of persons whom it would float, or calculate its sinking strain.

“ Any one else for the shore ? ” shouted the commander, and though we did not like the use of his “ else,” we came forward, and mildly expressed our willingness to remain in the steamer till the first load should be discharged, and not mind the delay in the

least. With the most confident smile, he assured us the boat was not nearly full, and that it was impossible it could come back for us. Certainly, as I saw the state of the boat, I well believed that he might be right as to its ever returning. From the commander's mode of expressing himself, we made up our minds to descend. As we were in the act of doing so, our sandwich-bags were demanded from us; such an unreasonable proceeding was sharply resisted by us, but, by the advice of our guide, we delivered them, promising to expose the outrage, a resolution which we trust we have now adhered to. We then had the satisfaction of seeing our neat bags laid among the provisions of the Malays in another craft, which was a genuine boat, and drawn ashore before our own started.

My descent was greeted with a sweet smile from the lady who had been my close *compagne de voyage*, and again the babes were under my nose. Thus we were drawn towards land.

When within twenty or thirty yards of the shelving beach, we noticed a large number of the inhabitants of this desolate island. Some of the male portion were very neatly clad in canvas jackets, not made very close-fitting, and with trousers of the same material. The uniformity of idea in this simple matter struck us as emanating from a single mind, whose suggestion the wearers had agreed to follow, and though not very picturesque, there undoubtedly was the charm of simplicity about the costume.

When our craft came to a sudden stop, we were amazed to see all of these canvas-clad people walk leisurely into the water in one direction. I expected that a panic would have taken possession of our passengers, but they seemed to accept this excessive form of hospitality from the natives as a matter of course. In ignorance, I asked our guide who the men were.

"Oh," said he, "these are one of the races inhabiting the island. They are not true natives, only emigrants. Observe the arithmetical *animus* of this people; it is, in fact, their peculiarity. The number on each man's arm quite does away with the encumbrance of a name. Put that down in your philological notes."

Then the truth flashed across my mind. These were convicts.

They advanced quietly, without any show of resistance on the part of the boatmen; and I was still more astonished to see them come alongside and return, each bearing a passenger on his back, the water not being deeper than to their waists. As many as twenty were in the water at a time, and a more grotesque sight I could not imagine: that was how I thought at first, but when I saw a disgusting lump of black flesh, mount with a grin on the shoulders of a white man, I felt the brutality of the convict's punishment. Whoever the inventor of this mode of reforming a criminal may have been, he is undoubtedly worthy of being placed in the niche beside

the constructor of the thumb-screw ; alas ! that such names should not be handed down to posterity, but that an ungrateful nation should defraud them of all the honour they merit.

In a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing the mother of the two babes proceeding ashore, mounted on a chair with four handles, and carried on the principle of an Indian sedan. As I looked at the smiling face of the figure, I could not help calling to mind one of the sculptures brought from Nineveh, " Bearing an Idol," it is called. On looking out for her twins, I saw them being carried, one on each arm, of an interesting convict. It was a most pathetic scene. There was the mother on her high seat going before, and here her offspring, innocent of all guile (especially the insidious cunning of soap and water), smiling in the face of the strong man, who carried them quite tenderly. I watched them, and wondered what were the man's thoughts as he walked through the shallow water. Did he think of the time when he was like one of these in form ? Did he think of those children of his own who were, perhaps, at home in the midst of some thronged town, not dreaming that their father was here, under that pure blue sky, surrounded by strange faces, and compelled to be the servant of degradation ? I watched him, and as he returned, I respected him for having controlled his feelings, for there was no tear on his bronzed cheek as he turned round to receive my weight. Then, as he bore me to land, I began to think what crime he had committed, to be compelled to bear its burden in such a literal way. Surely no man who could show such tenderness in carrying in his arms another's children, could have been guilty of a gigantic sin against his country's laws ? No, his crime was undoubtedly a light one. Most probably he had been defendant in a case of breach of promise, and having had no money to meet the damages he had come to this. This—having the collar of his jacket grasped tightly, though not unkindly, and having his ribs pressed by a pair of clinging knees.

When we were half way through the water, I felt constrained to speak to my bearer, so I said—

" I think I could say you are a father, my man. You carried those children as if you had been a nurse."

" Aye, I've been told that I was a father before now, sir, and maybe they were right, too. I don't know, I'm sure ; but if your honour could spare us a bit of tobacco, I'd feel evermore obliged. Your honour mustn't give it into my hand, but if you could put it in the breast of my jacket, none of them ashore would be the wiser."

My sentimentality got a severe shock ; but I managed, after some difficulty, to get three cigars, and a package of tobacco, out of my pocket, which I put underneath his hat.

"All right, sir; I feel them, they're all safe, and I'm obliged to you, sir. The last gent I brought ashore, I asks him if he'd like a bit for a poor fellow, and, says he, 'No, my man, but I've something better; 'ere's a tract for you to read, which'll ought to save you from the horror of your ways.' I'm sorry for it, sir, but the other gent got his feet wet before he landed. We met with an accident, sir. Thank you, sir!"

I was landed by the side of sixty or seventy fellow-passengers and my bearer returned to the boat. Farewell, F, 129! if I do see thee again, I can only hope that thy burdens may be light in the future, and that thy ticket may come speedily.

These convicts, I heard, are not without a certain sense of humour in their nature, which years of servitude have failed to stamp out. It is not unfrequently the case that, on a hot day, one of them loses his balance when in the act of conveying a well-dressed person ashore. On such an occasion, the appreciation of the humorous side of the accident is very general amongst all.

When I recovered those of my party, I found all but our colonist in anything but a good humour. They did not like the mode of transmission from the boat to the shore, and were expressing themselves freely on the subject. But they were interrupted by our guide, who said that unless we went at once and entered our claim for our bags, we would most likely never see them again. But where were they? we asked.

"At the Custom-House, of course," said he; so we hurried to that building, which we found to be a low wooden hut, without a chair, or a table, or anything official. The only thing retained by way of furniture was a floor, and on this was piled the luggage that the boat had brought from the steamer. In a truly British rage, my friends entered, and, despite the shout of the collector of customs, who was engaged in compressing the contents of things into as small a space as possible, our bags were released and borne off in triumph.

"This is a terrible place," said one; "nothing but coolies and Malays!"

"Ah," said our guide, "you would come, you know. There are other inhabitants—let us come along, and try if we can see them."

We had just passed a few miserable houses in trying to find a way the Malay excursionists had not altogether monopolised, when we noticed some half-naked blacks approaching us.

"Here are some of the principal people," said our guide. "These," he continued, in an explanatory way—"these are the lepers."

The hideousness of the wretches who limped up to us with extended hands, was beyond idea; no visionary ghoul could exceed them in horror of appearance, and while our souls sickened! at beholding such masses of unburied corpses, we were surrounded with others even more revolting. Women and men exhibiting their horrors with a view of exciting our charity. To particularise a portion of the devastation of their curse would be beyond my power. For days and nights the terrible remembrance of their appearance, haunted me; and for the moment I stood in their midst, I seemed to be surrounded by demons. The pictures of the Christian Pilgrim passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with hundreds of fantastic creatures staring at him with white eyes, gibbering before him with lean claws, and mocking him as he passed, came before me, and my heart sickened. I shut my eyes, and giving the nearest some money—all I had—and my friends doing the same, we rushed off, not caring where we went, only to be out of the presence of the unfortunate wretches who had once been men with whole limbs and unmutilated features.

“Terrible!” said I. “The desolation of this place is complete—nothing could increase it. Convicts and lepers!”

“You are mistaken,” said one colonist. “You have not seen all yet; you have not been at the lunatic asylum; but I can bring you there.”

This was more than we could bear. We looked at him for an instant, then rushed madly away.

Robbin Island is the Gehenna of Capetown. Anything that perishes of a disease is sent there to be buried; anything that is vile or loathsome, is shipped thither, whether of man or beast, and the soil being of such a sandy nature, offers every facility for hiding them out of sight. The lepers, the lunatics, and the convicts, are sent here to be forgotten.

As we walked to the strand through the thick, coarse grass, we saw a number of rabbits hurrying about; we afterwards heard that a good day's shooting may be had amongst them, and also that several kinds of wild-fowl may be found in the neighbourhood. The long mounds of sand, thickly overspread with this coarse grass, is certainly very favourable to the breeding of rabbits; but the animal which we were under the impression would be most at home here was the hyena. A more enticing *habitat* we could not conceive for that animal.

At last we were by the sea, looking out and out to the faint horizon-thread of the distance that was drawn between the faint blue of the hot sky, and the dark blue of the calm waters. There was hardly a breath in the air, it was sultry and lurid, but the sea seemed to be breathing of itself before our faces, and we felt

cool in watching its heavy, languid motion. What a splendid sea-view that was! and all without a sound of life. We looked along the brown borders of the rocky land towards the south; we could not hear the sound of the sway of the ocean-tide against that coast; we could only see the white thread of foam it left clinging around the feet of the cliffs. From the calm blue an occasional black head of a seal would rise, and after remaining on the surface for awhile, sink gradually with a splash. At our feet the ripples crept among shining lines of beautifully-moulded shells and round pebbles, and a line of delicate, leaf-like sea-weed, was spread upon grey sand. Then behind us, where the tawny growth of grassy plants surrounded the square stones, thousands of gorgeous lizards played with the sun glancing upon their polished armour. Surely it was a fair scene, with the bright light dazzling our eyes at everything we looked upon save the calmness of the sea. But we lay there, with our loose shirts open, and our brown faces shaded, without a word, for our minds were quite full of what we had just seen on the side of the island that was inhabited. We felt that it needed more than a sight of the passionless sea, and the far uninhabited coasts, to obliterate the recollection of what we had passed.

“Here is about the proper place to punish our sandwiches,” remarked our young Cape friend; and without any sign of having been affected by all he had gone through with us, he commenced lunch. We could not even look at him, but wondered if we should ever be able to eat anything again.

Leaving our bags beside him, we had a bathe, which went a good way towards restoring our natural spirits; then the captain of our African expedition gathered some particular stones relating to the volcanic origin of the island, or, indeed, they may have been to prove its non-volcanic origin. I, mindful of home, collected leaf-seaweed and shells; and our lieutenant so far recovered himself as to be able to smoke a pipe.

Towards the afternoon, we went up to the light-house, and found the keeper to be a native of a sea-port town some of our party were well acquainted with. He had left his home thirty-five years before, and *per varios causus, per tot discrimina rerum*, he had only arrived at this. We remained for more than an hour talking with him, and found that he considered himself the chief person in the island. He inhabits a most comfortable house beside his light-house, and as he has a wife and children, his loneliness has not become oppressive. We left him, knowing, of course, we should never see him again; however, we felt that we could subdue our emotion at the thought that we should never be on this island.

Then down again to the thronged beach, and into the oblong box once more, and as we stood on the deck of the "Gnu," we felt that we had not really seen a great deal.

"Surely, to spy out the nakedness of the land are ye come," said our smiling guide.

"And we have seen it," said one of us, bitterly.

"Oh, you *would* go," he replied. "You had made up your minds, I knew, when you began to talk of philology; nothing that I could have said would have had any effect on you."

We were silent, and in that silence we were borne to the wharf.

On getting to our house among the trees, I made a rush for a towel, then bidding a servant search out a fresh suit of clothes for me, I ran down to the little river, and soon had my head under water, trying to wash away all dust, and sand, and recollection of this desolate place.

Walking up the sandy avenue to our house, half an hour afterwards, I discovered that my appetite was not so very sensitive as I had believed it would be as I sat on the strand after parting with my sandwiches. I felt that it would not be utterly impossible for me to eat a satisfactory dinner during the course of the evening; but on getting into the house, I found my companions with their coats off, working among their boxes.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is dinner not ready?"

"Nothing particular is the matter," they answered, without looking up, "only the mail is arrived, and sails for home to-morrow."

The next evening we stood on the deck of the steamer as it passed out of the bay, carrying us from the land where we had spent such a life of vagabondising, sleeping one night under the roof of a hospitable Boër, and another in a hammock slung between two tall trees, with a curtain of large feathery leaves; drinking now of the wine of a benevolent vineyard-holder, and again being rejoiced to discover the deep spoor of a river-horse filled with water. The rich, short twilight, lay upon the distant shore, making it faint like the dim land of a dream, and when the stars had come out from the darkened azure, it was indeed nothing more to us than the land of a dream—a dream of rivers made shadowy by the splendid water-lily, of woods of silent trees, and leaves shaken by the flight of brilliant birds; of tracts where the large melon flourishes, and the long thick grass grows, and the swift antelope bounds; a dream full of rich, strange calmness, from the still earth to the dim blue heaven.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

THE WIDOW AND THE WIFE.**(A CONTRAST.)****I.**

GRIEVE not so much, nay weep no more,
For him thou made'st an idol here ;
He's gone a little while before,
And watches o'er thee from that sphere—
That brighter sphere—where angels dwell
With happy spirits now set free :
That one thou loved'st knows full well,
Such love is like eternity !
Now brighter hopes thou may'st renew,
For earthly love that's pure ne'er dies ;
And though a loved form's lost to view,
His spirit lives beyond the skies.

II.

A sadder picture " ower true,"
A woman gifted to enjoy
Life's richest blessings, but in lieu
Most direful wrongs her life destroy.
Less grievous from a love to part
Than live a loveless, joyless life :
Ah, chilling thought ! Ah, lonely heart
Of her with only name of Wife.
'Tis true ! and sadly be it said,
She walks her weary way in grief ;
Dead hopes, dead joys—all life seems dead—
GOD'S LOVE ALONE CAN BRING RELIEF !

• • •

FAIRY FENELLA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LAST MISUNDERSTANDING.

Cecil's illness was a very wearing one to himself and his friends. Of course the chief part of the nursing devolved upon Lucy, but Mrs. Fitzpatrick also spent hours beside his bed. She was roused of herself by the demand on her sympathy, and the tender love she acknowledged the sick man to have on her for Geraldine's sake, hallowed, if it increased, her anxiety and care for him.

The rheumatic fever lasted throughout the months of December and January. The severe pain abated towards the middle of January, but great prostration remained, and Cecil's hours seemed to be numbered.

Mr. Fitzpatrick occasionally found his way to the sick room for a few minutes or so : he and his guest were no longer enemies, indeed, but they had so little to say to one another that the visits seldom prolonged.

Poor Mr. Fitzpatrick's untamed temper had much to answer for.

It had been his rock ahead through life : he owed to it that hardly any human being really loved him, or looked upon him as a friend.

Mr. Oliver was the visitor Cecil most liked to see. Lucy used to leave them alone together, feeling sure that her dear pastor would best prepare the invalid for the solemn change awaiting him. And while Mr. Oliver "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," Cecil at first trembled, but, by degrees, suffered a good clergyman to lead him to the Cross, and there his burden

James came over to Finn Hill, also, but he had his own sorrows, poor fellow ! The severe winter was trying Fenella sadly. Instead of her cough and getting stronger, she was gradually, but surely, pining away as the days lengthened. She was in so critical a condition at the time of Cecil's return, that James and Lucy used to conceal the whole affair from her through fear of startling and agitating her. Circumstances, however, had soon made it necessary to disclose it to her.

In order to explain what these circumstances were, we must go back in our story to a fortnight after Lucy's discovery, and, con-

sequently, one month from the date of the sad quarrel at the Vicarage, so deeply repented of by two of the party.

It was natural that James should be extremely interested in Cecil's reappearance, and that he should like to talk it over with Lucy on the occasion of her stolen visits to Fenella; besides, he could help in various little ways.

One afternoon she left her mother and Hannah watching Cecil, and drove over to the Vicarage. She had to tell James the doctor's opinion of Cecil, and to consult him about some business relating to him, so she got off the car on the avenue, at the side of which James was energetically chopping wood. He threw down his hatchet, put on his coat, and paced with Lucy up and down the straight path in full view of the windows, both so intent upon their new topic of sorrowful, and almost romantic interest, that they forgot time.

"I must go to Fenella, now," said Lucy, at length.

"No, no, stay!" cried James, holding her arm more firmly; "stay with me. I want to know how he gets on with your father, and what answer has been received from Desert. I have a hundred things to say to you: you know we have been living in a whirl the last fortnight."

"So we have! Ever since I sent you that frantic note the day I found Cecil. The shock was something surprising, and I felt all unstrung. I relieved myself by writing that mandate for your presence, feeling that you could help us in some way or other."

"I am glad," observed James, "that we agreed to hide the whole affair from Fenella; it is more necessary than ever to keep her perfectly quiet. One more turn, Lucy."

"No, indeed, James, you most inconsistent of men! There is Fenella at the window, wondering what keeps me from her. I was to cut out Claude's pelise, and then to read to her, and she is naturally a little vexed that I have not kept my word. Is that the way to keep her perfectly quiet?"

"I know you think me a selfish wretch," laughed James; "stay to lecture me."

"Not so! I leave your conscience to lecture you," and she hastened to the house.

Fenella received her very coldly, and it was some time ere she would answer her kind inquiries, except in monosyllables. But her affection, blended with tact, thawed her so far that she put her *arrière pensée* into words.

"What secret have you and James between you? You walked the avenue for half-an-hour, talking most intently." "I could not quite hide the real

"Only a little business, dear Fenella," replied Lucy, colouring a little, but speaking very gently.

"It must be important business, for it kept you consulting together for an age in the dining-room, yesterday. I heard your voices going from my solitary sofa, and I confess I thought you might just as well have talked up here. You cannot have any secrets between you that I ought not to share," concluded she, suspiciously.

"We have a secret, Fenella, which we concealed from you out of kindness: we feared to startle or disturb you, but it is best to tell you now," and she told the story already known to the reader.

It was Fenella's turn to blush. She tried to apologise for her unreasonable pique, but Lucy, clasping her to her heart, stopped her excuses.

"You see how all this must necessarily engross me, darling; but you will believe in me always, and trust my love when I seem to neglect you, for, indeed, I do love you. But my duty will keep me a great deal beside that dying bed. You know Cecil was my Geraldine's beloved. She loved me, poor Geraldine! I have no one to love me as well, now!"

"James and I," began Fenella, but she stopped in confusion.

"Yes," said Lucy, quickly—"yes, I know you both care for me more than I deserve. I hope you don't miss Gerald very much; he is well and happy, and grandmamma Fitzpatrick takes wonderful care of him. He sends you this picture, and this attempt at a feather fan: he was very busy manufacturing it all yesterday evening."

"Lucy, dear, I am glad to think you love him so well. He will need your kindness, for he is going to lose his mother," and turning her yet lovely face towards the wall, she wept tears of self-pity. What could Lucy say? She reminded her that soft spring weather might take away her cough, and then careful nursing would get up her strength; but she knew that many bleak cold days would assuredly come first.

"I told Fenella, James," said Lucy, as she was leaving the vicarage. "It was best to do so, and we can talk about Cecil before her in future. Our long conferences had very naturally led her to suspect that we had a secret. Then, you wish me to send Mr. Marshall on here after he has seen Cecil? He will probably leave Derry by the first train to-morrow morning."

"Yes," sighed James, "it will be best. I know Atkins wants further advice for her. Do you think her so very ill, Lucy?"

She looked away from him, feeling intensely for him, and utterly unable to dash his hopes. His sanguine nature was not apt to see

sorrow in the distance, but Lucy saw the bereavement drawing a little nearer to him each day.

It was a fearful winter—worse than most Donegal winters—intensely cold and damp by turns. Both the patients sank, but Cecil was the first to go. When bleak, ungenial February came in, he gave up the hopeless struggle with death, and set out for happier regions.

He had not much pain at the end of his life, only excessive exhaustion, left by the sharp suffering of the rheumatic fever. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Lucy, Mr. Oliver and Mary, were all with him at the last. Lucy felt there was no need for her to grieve intensely; she had done her duty by him to the utmost, and his death left her free to devote all her time and care to another death-bed, where, indeed, her affections centered.

Ah, could her prayers—her tears, but restore Fenella to health, and spare James the cruel agony that was striding to meet him! Ah, the pain it cost her to note his careworn face—his dejected step! Even he, sanguine though he was, began to lose heart about Fenella.

It was the day of Cecil's funeral, and they were laying him, according to his expressed wish, beside Geraldine, in Ballyshandra churchyard. Mr. John Sinclair was come from Desert to show his kinsman the last mark of respect.

Lucy left Finn Hill, immediately after the procession set forth, on her way to the Vicarage. There were parts of the mountain road from which a wide extent of country could be seen, so Lucy watched the funeral winding along the Ballyshandra by-ways—now across a bog, now skirting a reedy tarn. She could recognise the vehicle of each kind neighbour who escorted Cecil on his last earthly journey. But still her thoughts went another way so often as another turn in the road hid that long procession.

Fenella was dying. This was the thought which shut out all others. It was only yesterday Dr. Atkins confessed he had no longer any hope of saving her life. Mrs. Elton was beside her daughter's bedside when Lucy entered: she rose from her post, shaking her head sorrowfully, and went away that the friends might have their talk undisturbed. The friends? Yes, firm, honest friends, now, as they had been since a few months after Fenella's marriage, until that unhappy time when a jealous mania seemed on the point of separating them. But the delusion had vanished, and Fenella now trusted Lucy with her whole heart.

"You are kind and good to me to-day, dearest," said she, stretching out her tiny, thin hand, which showed her condition even more plainly than the vivid spot on either cheek, or her too brilliant eyes. "Had the funeral long set out when you left?"

"About half-an-hour. Mary Oliver is going to spend the day with mamma, so I took the opportunity of coming to you."

"Tell me who are gone to Ballyshandra, Lucy: your father, of course, and I suppose Mr. O'Hara and Tom, as well as James and Mr. Oliver?"

"Yes, dear, and Dr. Atkins, Lionel Drummond, McFrederic, and nearly all the other farmers in the district."

"They will take me there soon, Lucy. Poor James won't believe it;—it will be the harder for him when it comes."

"My darling, I shall not be so insincere as to contradict you. I fear, oh, I fear you are right, and we must lose you."

"The children, Lucy! It seemed at first as if I could not submit to leave them. But even I do not care for them very much more than you do: it comforts me unspeakably to think how well you love them. I leave them a legacy to you."

"Thank you, dearest! they are a very precious trust. I promise to make them my first object in life after mamma; and every moment she can spare me shall be given to them."

"Lucy, if James should ever ask you to take my place here, you will consent?" She turned slightly away from Lucy as she spoke, and seemed to force herself to utter the words.

They acted like an electric shock upon Lucy, causing her to start convulsively, and cover her face with her hands. There was a breathless silence for several minutes, and then she attempted to answer, but in a charged, husky voice.

"Oh, Fenella—he will never—never! Pray, pray dismiss that thought."

"Be calm, dear, and hear me to the end. You know that I was so foolish and wicked as to be jealous of his great respect and affection for you: but all that has long been over. James needs affection and companionship, and I hope he will marry again. He could not live alone, and, indeed, I could not bear to think of his growing old, a sad, solitary man. I am selfish here, too! He will be sure to give my boys a mother some time or other, and I want you to be that mother."

"Oh, Fenella!" cried Lucy, choking with sobs, "he will never think of marrying again: James is not one to love again—no fear of his forgetting you. I can be a mother to the dear children as I am."

"I did not wish to grieve you so, Lucy. At least, make no resolutions upon the subject; but if James should ask you to be their mother, years, or even months hence, remember that it is my wish you should consent. I know he will be heartbroken for a time, but you and he loved one another once, and may again."

"Not true love Fenella: he only loved you," stammered Lucy.

There was a pause. Fenella possessed herself of Lucy's hand, and pressed her burning cheek against it, glancing up at her wistfully every now and then. As for Lucy, emotions too strong for words half-suffocated her, and she was unable to utter a single syllable.

"James loved you before he saw me, and you returned his love," resumed Fenella: "it is wonderful how clear-sighted the approach of death makes one! Many things that were dim to me in former days have come out quite distinctly since I have been lying on this bed."

"I cannot deny that I cared for James in those far-off days—years and years ago, Fenella. There was a fire on the hearth, but it went out, and left only cold, grey ashes."

"It might yet be rekindled," said Fenella, adopting Lucy's simile with the faintest smile, "and if it ever is, recollect that you will both have my best blessing. Don't cry so piteously, Lucy. I see you are crying for me, and I am happy. God bless dear Mr. Oliver for the comfort he has been to me. He helped to drive away my last doubts and fears. I have been an unusually happy, fortunate woman. Only think of it! Marrying in early youth the man I loved: my children so lovely and promising: my life unclouded by any sorrow; a faithful sister and friend to help me: no much sickness even, until this last year! But I am not unwilling to leave all this—I feel there is something in the other life much better than this earthly joy of mine: something sweeter than my husband's love—dearer than my little children's kisses. That something greater than human speech or human thought seems to grow clearer to me every day."

Lucy's heart gave a joyous bound as she listened. Here was the woman she used to call shallow, possessed of a secret almost unimaginable by her as yet. A light had of late come into Fenella's brown velvet eyes, making them far more beautiful than they ever were in her brilliant youth. Blessings on Mr. Oliver, indeed, for having helped to kindle those heavenly desires!

It could not be expected that the invalid would always be cheerful. It was in the nature of her disease that she should be depressed and low at times. On these occasions she was overwhelmed with remorse, accusing herself of not having made her husband as happy as she might have done; of having been exacting and irritable. It was then her friend's part to soothe her; to remind her of James's entire devotion to her, and his agony at the thought of losing her.

Cecil had left Lucy four hundred a-year, so that she was now quite an heiress—a very rich woman, indeed, in the eyes of Balshandra: they all declared it could not be in better hands. Whether

air congratulations were entirely disinterested or not, we leave it to the reader to decide.

Her first year's income went at once. She spent it in liquidating one of the debts that had been hanging round James's neck ever since his marriage. The creditors were getting impatient, and poor Fenella was fretted terribly because James could not pay them; besides, some officious person had lately taken the trouble of going to the bishop, and complaining of Mr. Galbraith's ruinous extravagance, a proceeding that resulted in bringing James a serious enough kindly-intended episcopal lecture. The bishop had rather taken warning for James, who, if not the most solid, was decidedly the most brilliant clergyman in the diocese, and his warning was really couched in friendly terms. James did not know he had a single enemy, and puzzled exceedingly who might have been his accuser: but somehow the whole affair got noised through the parish, and it may be imagined how it annoyed Mr. Oliver, and grieved James and Fenella, and Lucy, of course, through them. The organ, sterner, and reredos were likely to cost James pretty dear.

About a week after Fenella had tearfully confided the arrangement to Lucy, the latter entered her sick room with a blither than usual, and laid several receipted bills on the cover-table, within reach of her hands, stipulating that Fenella should present them to her husband, and that neither should attempt to touch her.

Fenella was delighted: her strength and spirits revived wonderfully for some days after, so much so that sanguine hopes were entertained of her ultimate recovery; but March winds came and mightily blighted the dawning hope. Mrs. Elton, James, and Lucy were almost always in her room towards the end. How they strove, for her dear sake, to be not merely tranquil, but even cheerful, cannot readily be described. Warm human love accompanied her as far as human love may go; and then her husband yielded her up to the Divine love, now much dearer to her, as well as much deeper and stronger than his own.

It might be thought our tale has been somewhat sad, yet naturally so, since it claims to be a true picture of human life; but we will not increase its sadness by lingering over Fenella's death-bed.

All was over. Mrs. Elton, worn out with grief and long watching, lay on nurse's bed with baby upon her arm. He was laughing, and rubbing the tears off her cheeks with his chubby fingers. He made plenty of noise, though he was the only child in the nursery. The other four were at Finn Hill.

They had been brought over by Mrs. Fitzpatrick the day before to receive their mother's blessing. Fenella kissed each child tenderly, and said to Lucy, who stood close to her pillow—

“ You will be a better, wiser mother, and not less tender than I should have been : they are my legacy to you—all five—remember.”

Lucy alone caught the words : they tried her calmness severely : gladly—gladly, would she have given up her own life could it have saved Fenella’s. The words recurred to her as she reverently entered the shaded room to satisfy herself that the only service Fenella now needed had been duly rendered.

She drew down the white covering, and gazed at the lovely face—so lovely still, in spite of months of sickness : the black folds of her thick hair resting on a brow and cheek like creamy marble, and alas ! as cold ! How she had once hated that perfect beauty—how fiercely jealous had she been of its powerful sway ! How hardly and cruelly had she judged Fenella in her secret heart ! No softer memory—no thought of her untiring loyalty, or constant sisterly love in the long succeeding years came to her then to comfort her, and as she laid her warm face against Fenella’s icy one, her grief was bitter.

A step aroused her from her trance of sorrow, and she saw James. She would have left the room, but he did not shun her society in his agony : he needed some one to cling to—some warm hand to hold.

For several minutes both looked at the beautiful, awfully tranquil face in silence, and then the thoughts which had already vanquished Lucy, began to torture James.

“ I was often cruel to her,” said he, “ cruel and selfish : she was like an angel always—I was not worthy of her. You considered her, Lucy, but I——”

“ Oh, be calm, dear James ! You were never cruel to her. You loved her dearly—you were the best and tenderest husband ; she has told me over and over again that you never grieved her.”

Thus Lucy endeavoured to comfort him, and partially succeeded.

“ You will follow her, perhaps, very soon,” she continued. “ We know where she is, for she died trusting in her Redeemer’s merits. Oh, James, think how well off she must be to-day !”

“ You loved her well, Lucy, and you were very, very kind to her. God ever bless you, my dearest sister, for your goodness to her.”

He had seated himself near the bed, and Lucy stood beside him. His eyes were fixed upon his dead wife, so long idolised ; but at length he looked away, as if unable any longer to bear the sight. He turned for relief where he used to carry his childish sorrows, and leaning his head against Lucy’s breast, while he held her hands in a convulsive clasp, he wept out his anguish.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CRACK IN THE WAINSCOT.

"I SHOULD not wonder if Galbraith were to give the Vicarage a mistress within the year."

"Oh, papa, what makes you think so? I'm sure he won't forget poor Fenella, or put any woman in her place," replied Jane, indignantly, to her father's quiet remark.

"But there's a woman in her place as it is," said Mr. O'Hara.

"Mrs. Elton, papa? Of course! She takes care of the children, and James, and the servants, and it is very good of her to stay at St. John's, for she hates the country. I heard her tell James so the other day, when he complained that she had sent Susan away without consulting him."

"She may threaten to leave the Vicarage, my dear," observed Mrs. O'Hara, smiling; "but she will not go, you'll see. Every one likes power, and Mrs. Elton better than most people."

"Galbraith is an obstinate fellow, and he can be stiff enough when he takes the notion; but Mrs. Elton is too many for him," laughed Mr. O'Hara. "In this instance the grey mare is decidedly the better horse. Now, though a man may submit to the rule of his wife, as I do to your mother, he never likes to be ruled by a mother-in-law."

"She seems very fond of the little boys," remarked Miss Georgie. "I declare I could cry when I meet them walking with their father,—handsome, little dark-eyed fellows, like steps of stairs."

"I'll bet you six pair of gloves, Georgie, that he gives them a mother before the year's out. Will you take me?"

"No, John!" "No, master!" from Georgie and Mrs. O'Hara, in a breath. "His heart is in the tomb," added the first lady.

"He has had enough of matrimony," said the second.

"Your aunt and mother reason differently," said Mr. O'Hara to his daughters. "Aunt Georgie thinks very well of mankind but your mother believes that one trial of matrimony might be enough for anybody. Well, if I die first, she won't give you another father, my dears; that's one comfort!"

"Don't be a goose, John!" said Mrs. O'Hara, energetically.

"I'll offer Kate to Galbraith: she would make a buxom vicaress."

"Thank you, papa," replied Miss Kate, with as scornful a grimace as her good-humoured face was capable of.

"He spends most of his time at Finn Hill," observed quiet Carrie, who had not yet given her opinion.

Fairy Fenella.

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"Oh, that is nothing: he goes there to get away from Mrs. Elton," said the other ladies.
"James Galbraith would soon make ducks and drakes of Lucy's fortune, if she were silly enough to give him the chance," said Mr. O'Hara.

Mrs. Oliver, who had walked over from the Glebe that morning, was writing a note at her sister-in-law's table: she raised her head as the last words were spoken, and the girls noticed that she gave a significant and well-pleased smile, but she did not make any remark. She had a very cherished plan in her head, and genuinely romantic as ever, gave it all the thoughts she could spare from Mr. Oliver. Happy woman, her own romance grew more satisfying year by year!

It was now nine months since Fenella's death. James spent the first three in indulging his grief, and very sincerely and bitterly he mourned: the following three months he gave to study, putting himself through a severe course of history and theology. He spent whole days in his library, emerging therefrom only when he had some unusual tumult in the house. And this occurred pretty often for Mrs. Elton was not quite judicious with the boys, and was bustling to suit the servants, who had been accustomed to without much supervision. But the last three months seem to have made a change in him: he no longer shunned his fellow-creatures, and the dejected air was passing away from his face and manner.

His daily walk was up Tubber Brae to Finn Hill, usually with Gerald and Cecil: and he frequently relaxed into a smile and listened to the chatter that accompanied their tripping steps. Lucy had the boys in turn to stay with her, but she devoted very much to the Vicarage, unless specially invited by Mr. Gerald.

While the Castle party were talking about him, James was proaching Finn Village, and Gerald was calling out "The boys are coming dearer, was moving up the street with the usual figure, always dear to James, and peculiar to it. The boys let go their father's hand after her. She stopped on hearing their shout, and submitted to their rapturous embraces. Then all three walked a few paces to meet James.

"I have just written three letters to America happily for me, it has been discovered that I can be the schoolmaster!"

"Are you still the property of the parish, Lucy?" she replied; "I work a good deal so, the people's extravagant g

"And you have it, Lucy ; but I thought—at least, I have been so presumptuous as to hope that you are becoming more my property than that of the parish."

Insensibly to both, their intercourse had gradually gained a different footing : a touch of the old tenderness was perceptible in James's manner, awaking strange thrills in Lucy's sleeping heart. She had made no response whatever as yet, but she did not check him : she felt as one does who hears again, after long years, a once-loved, but almost forgotten song.

She did not reply to his last question, and he repeated it.

"Are you now, or will you ever be my property, Lucy?"

The thrill in his musical voice made her colour heighten ; but she kept her face turned from him, until he gently obliged her to pause and lean against the rustic paling of the little bridge, halfway between the village and Finn-Hill gate. He then placed himself opposite her—close enough to prevent her escape ; to secure her hand when it so pleased him, and to note every change in her countenance.

She found it extremely difficult to raise her eyes, and yet more difficult to answer his question. But persistent as ever was her hero,—as bent on having his own way—as unwilling to believe that Lucy could deny him anything.

"Your property, James ? Have you ever found me backward in working for you ?" inquired she, without looking up.

"Never, dear Lucy, never ! Yet that is not what I mean. I have been indebted to your charity and benevolence hundreds on hundreds of times ; but I don't want that, now : I want your love. The Vicarage is very lonely, and my heart is lonely and empty too."

He drew off her loose, thick glove, and clasped her right hand between both his own. It was a damp, cold hand : the emotions she was undergoing tended to make it so.

"No answer, Lucy ?" said he at length, sinking his voice to its most passionate and dulcet tones. "No answer whatever ? Not even a look ? I am presumptuous, and I covet an extravagant prize ; yet still, I deserve some answer."

Leaning against the rail before her, he raised his clear eyes with their curly fringes to her face, intent on reading her eyes. Eyes like his are not apt to encounter many frowns from the time they first open on a troublesome world, until some tender hand closes them at last.

Lucy, at any rate, met them with a faint smile, and an added tinge of colour, though she raised her free hand to brush away a tear.

"Dear James," said she, slowly, "I do not say 'no,' but

neither do I say 'yes.' If, three months hence, you still wish to ask me that question, ask it, and you shall have an explicit answer. But until then we are brother and sister, as we have been for the last nine years. Remember, brother and sister—nothing more."

The tone in which she said these words impressed James painfully: he had a suspicion that she was looking back to a time when they were much more than brother and sister to one another. Would she, when they again spoke on the subject, refer to that old time; for since he had begun once more to love her, he had suddenly awakened to the remembrance that they had been lovers, and that, in his sudden passion for Fenella, he had given her up without a thought. He had injured her—would she reproach him for it? "Not likely," he reasoned; "yet the tone in which she said, 'Let us be brother and sister as we have been for the last nine years,' seemed to argue that she had a very vivid recollection of what he had so long forgotten." No! His generous, patient Lucy would not blame him—he need fear no reproaches from her gentle lips.

He obeyed her, and for three months he said no word of the new feelings with which he was beginning to regard her: if his eyes expressed them sometimes, he held that she ought to excuse him. He did not think of his dead Fenella very often at this period: in truth, Lucy gave her memory more frequent and tender thoughts than he. Her constant heart was much perplexed by the sudden revival of his old love for herself: and while she could not help basking in its genial rays, she felt utterly incapable of comprehending his versatile nature.

James was really in love once more! Other people saw in Lucy a graceful, ladylike woman, with an intellectual, but rather faded face; he saw her beautiful and charming, glorified by his new devotion.

It was a year and two months since Fenella's death. Spring was come, filled with happy, mirthful sounds, and fresh odours of larch and fir, hawthorn and laburnum. Bees hummed all the forenoon in sycamore tassels, and heavy beetles swept by each evening with a harp-like sound. James and Lucy were pacing up and down the avenue, as they did at the commencement of this history; they were to be married on the morrow. James looked very happy, even buoyant, as if never a grief had clouded, or could cloud his existence: he pressed his companion's slender arm closer to him, and looked down on her calm face with exulting happiness.

Lucy's happiness was something different: she loved James very deeply, and was grateful to God for her present joy; but she could not forget past years. The rapture and glory of her youthful love had vanished: the fire was, indeed, rekindled, and would burn

clearly and steadily to her life's end; but where were the ardent, leaping flames, so beautiful in former days?

Her desire was come—why, then, was it not altogether a “tree of life?” Why could she not rejoice as passionately as she once had grieved? Probably the reason was to be found in her temperament alone; but we opine that there are many more than Lucy in this world to whom joy and success came too late. James would be boyish and ardent when his hair was grey. As she glanced in his cloudless face, she mentally prayed that she might not sadden him, but that his gay nature might be able to brighten hers.

They went into the book-room to see what the boys were doing, and there Hannah caught them, and insisted on trying on the wedding dress, which was just completed. The old woman was in perfect delight: at last her cherished vision was to be realised.

She returned with Lucy to the book-room, to hear what James thought of her appearance in the dress.

“Now, Master James, look at her!” cried she. “Is she bonnier or no? What is she like, sir?”

“A death's head,” interrupted the bride; “I wanted a sensible grey silk that I could have worn on Sundays; but you are a real rant, Hannah.”

“You choose well, Hannah,” said James; “for she looks like a snowdrop, or a white lily—no other dress would suit her so well; she is a fair lily, pure as snow.”

She felt his gaze, and her pale face coloured a little.

“You and Hannah flatter me, but the mirror tells truth,” said she, turning to the queer old glass between the windows.

The boys were staring at her with open-mouthed admiration, and little Claude coming close to her, lisped, “Oo very pretty, Loo.”

“Of course she's pretty!—Loo's always pretty!” cried her faithful knight, Gerald. She laughed, and catching up Claude nuzzled him to her breast, covering his rosy cheeks and fair curls with kisses.

“Troth, Miss Lucy, you'd try the patience of Job himsel', making up the wean to crumple an' crush your wedding dress. I give you up, miss!” and Hannah departed in dignified anger, carrying the wreath and veil with her out of harm's way.”

“Since Claude has already crushed the dress, I suppose there's no harm in my doing so,” cried James, taking her in his arms, and clasping her tight. “We are happy, my own Lucy! are we not?” she whispered.

A shout from Gerald and Lucy interrupted her reply. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had set them to arrange the book-room, by way of giving their superabundant energy some harmless exercise, and

they had pushed out the piano from the wall, and were brushing the carpet behind it. In so doing they discovered the wide crack between the wainscot and the wall, and Gerald, thrusting his arm down to find out its depth, drew forth the old sheet of music, which Lucy had dropped there nine years previously.

"Look what has fallen into the crack," exclaimed he, holding the song before her. At sight of the damp, blue, mouldy cover the memories of that time swept over her like a flood, and she could not refrain from starting in James's arms.

Quickly freeing herself from his hold, she leaned against the piano and bent over the music, under the pretence of examining more minutely, but in reality that she might conceal the emotion she could not quite control.

But James observed her agitation, and was infinitely puzzled thereby.

"What in the world is wrong with you, Lucy? You tremble and your very lips are pale. Have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes, a species of ghost," she replied, trying to speak lightly.

He took the music out of her hand.

"What is this? The first duet you and I ever learned brought it from Dublin my first vacation. 'Our effort of genius,' you called it, because we sang those runs so well. It was lost," continued he, proceeding with the recollections evoked by sight of the song—"it was lost one day when—here he paused slightly, and resumed in a graver tone—"when Fenella and I had been singing it: but what is there in all that, my darling Lucy, to agitate you so strangely? Do you know more about the song than I? Come, tell me."

"No, no, James! what nonsense! Here, lay it by in this portfolio. We won't sing it, again—we'll get new songs," and she laughed, this time more naturally.

"Perplexing Lucy! You excite my curiosity, and then refuse to gratify it. I shall not resign this song to oblivion until I know all about it. Come, confess what recollection is connected with it."

"I don't wish to confess, James: it is something trivial—not worth speaking of."

"Tell me!" pleaded he, with his coaxing, provoking air—"I don't like to be disappointed and vexed."

"Do not be a tyrant, dear James. Let it rest! Let it rest! What do we want with ghosts to-day?"

James' arm stole round her waist, but he had no idea of yielding.

"Tell me," whispered he, close to her ear. He was as persistent, not to say obstinate, as in his youngest days.

"Well, James, I don't like to tell you, but I suppose I must. I cannot help obeying you when you look like that."

"You can't help obeying me, Lucy?" cried he, laughing—"a very good omen for our future concord! Pray, how did I look just then? It is most important I should know."

"You had a provoking smile in your eyes, and your mouth was grave: you looked as you did years ago when you used to ask me hard questions out of your college books. Gerald and Cecil, run away for a little, my dears: I have something to say to papa."

"The story I am going to tell you, James, is not to my advantage, and it may pain you; but, after all, it is just as well that your extravagant ideas of my perfection should be moderated. I was madly jealous of your love for Fenella. Poor Fenella! Dear Fenella! She is immeasurably happier even than we, else I should have no heart to speak of her to-day, or tell this tale. I am taking her old place, but she has a better place now."

She paused as if to steady her voice, and then went on rapidly.

"I could not endure to hear you sing together, and the day you began to teach her that song I was mad with my wicked jealousy, so mad that I waited until you left the room, and then I thrust the music down that crevice, intending that you should never sing it more; and when you came back and asked me had I seen it, I said 'no.' There! it has not taken long to tell."

"My poor Lucy!" cried he passionately, "can you ever forgive me? I was a blind, selfish, fickle wretch! I should have suffered, not you, for I was much the most in fault that day—indeed, you you were not to blame."

"Oh, James!" she exclaimed, looking at him in astonishment; "you, a clergyman, will not call falsehood no sin!"

She looked down again as quickly on the blue mouldy song. The clergyman was lost in the man at that moment. Now that he loved Lucy it was absolutely delicious to him to hear that she had been jealous for his sake—so jealous as to commit a fault the most abhorrent to her severe code of right. How could he blame her since her confession was the most intoxicating incense to his self-love? The mention of Fenella, which might have troubled a deeper nature, and from which Lucy had shrunk, until absolutely forced into her confession, hardly impressed him at all. He was thinking only of Lucy—of her love for him—of what she would be to him to-morrow, and for ever. His thoughts were so legibly written on his face, that she looked down, half-pleased, half-pained, and wholly confused.

At this juncture he caught her to his breast, and she said, between laughing and crying, "There, James, you know at last what you hold in your arms."

"Yes," replied he, in a low tone—"yes! I know very well what I hold in my arms!"

THE MOORISH PHYSICIAN'S PARCHMENT.

ONE traveller speaking of Spanish inns, vows that they are pestilential dens in which infamous imposters assume the title of hosts ; furnishing the guests with vermin and smoke, mingled with the odours of rancid oil, onions, and garlic. The experience of another adds that such innkeepers at times devoured their guests instead of feeding them, and a tourist, who very recently visited the Peninsula, declares the absolute necessity of carrying about one's own bed, unless you are strong-minded enough to "seek" repose on a greasy mattress, covered with a greasier woollen coverlet, which is changed every spring.

Two hundred years ago things were not better, but a good deal worse, and the inns, as one may read in "Don Quixote," were simply large caravanseries as still existing in Turkey and the East in general—the upper stories of such consisting of a spacious loft partitioned off with small cabins or stalls, honoured with the title of sleeping apartments, whilst underneath, horses and mules, drivers, cooks, and beggars, kicked, plunged, struggled, cursed and whined in dreadful chaos through the long sultry nights.

Into an inn of this kind it was that Jose de Fuez D'Alcantara, an Asturian Hidalgo, or Esquire, and graduate doctor of Salamanca, chanced to arrive one evening, possessing beyond these titles, absolutely nothing, except the well-worn clothes on his back, some twenty reals in silver, and an unbounded opinion of his own merits. Although he had not seen more than thirty summers, Sennar Jose had tried his slender, well-preserved hands at a great many things in the course of his life without discovering, hitherto, the art of acquiring the goods and riches of this world, which, according to his own estimation, he deserved beyond all other mortals. And so, after a fruitless effort to live on his wits, or the substance of his fellow-students at the far-famed university of Salamanca, he resolved upon returning to Leon, hoping to find scope for his unappreciated talents, and all things needful in the establishment of Count Don Alonzo Mendez, a distant, but rather patronising relative, who then owned one of the finest estates between Zaro and Zamora. But the very first question he put to the Posadero, or innkeeper, shattered this veritable Chateau d'Espagne.

"Don Alonzo, dead!" he echoed, in consternation at the disastrous news.

"Dead, indeed, Sennar, and buried, too," added mine host ; "splendidly buried as befitted a man of his rank and honours."

"But the estate—the castle is, of course, inhabited by his s?" faltered poor Sennar Jose.

"Well, the sole heir is a nephew, a gay young gallant, who already given a commission to Perez Cavallos, the notary of elles, to sell the domain; and unless I mistake, it will be cked down to the new owner to-morrow, sennar."

Now Doctor Jose reflected that this rich young noble might hire officials or attendants of all kinds, and, probably, give him chance of some snug little post, and, consequently told mine he would honour the Posada till the day after the sale.

The Posadero was, of course, quite content to entertain even so ble a traveller, assuring him, at the same time, that better r, or a more comfortable night's lodging could not be found in provinces, specially expatiating on the merits of the room gned to the new arrival.

"Certes," thought the poor doctor, "there is no lack of air at rate," as he espied an extensive and unobstructed view of a ring sunset sky through the paneless casement. The furniture isted of a shabby bare bedstead and thin paliasse, a cane stool, a ricketty table, whilst sundry holes and crevices in the walls plied the place of chests or cupboards, most of which being fed with rags, stonepots, and phials, and, to Jose's great surprise, a books and manuscripts to boot. But mine host informed him ; these things had once belonged to an old physician, who had bited the room for a considerable time, devoting his leisure xt studying, writing, and the distillation of sundry wonderful s which he brought with him, till certain tokens betraying him e a Moor, and the royal decree enforcing the banishment of the re race from Spain, rendered it advisable for the old man to his departure from the Posada one fine night, minus his goods chattels, the afore-mentioned books, MSS., and phials.

This had been an important day for Jose D'Alcantara, and n he found himself alone at last, all the events of his life came rding in vividly-coloured succession before his mind's eye.

"Have I not laboured and done my best all my life? yet some dent always occurred, dashing away my hopes, and rendering the very slave of circumstances," was his disappointed reflection. ow happy were the man who, following his own fancy, could ld circumstances according to his pleasure, and be himself the ter of his destiny, instead of being compelled to obey others, and e his course as events permit! Reflections of this kind seldom l to put a man in good humour, nor are they in themselves active; so Jose, wishing to get rid of them, took up one of the ks left by the Moorish physician. It was a not very lucid cription of the Universe, in Latin; so after turning over a few

ves he took up another, which contained an exposition of the
cult sciences; and, finally, a third, which proved to be a treatise
on the creation of the world.

Evidently the old Moorish gentleman was an alchemist, or
perhaps, a necromant, for in those days numbers of people in Spain,
aye, and in England, too, employed their lives in studying how to
invisible powers and agencies might be made subservient to the
will of mankind.

But Sennar Jose's curiosity was aroused, to no small extent,
examining some of the MS. containing manifold but vague direc-
tions for transmuting metals, he came on a roll of well-worn parch-
ment, thrust into a rusty tin case, the very first lines of which
caught his fancy wonderfully.

Here were magical unfailing receipts for working miracles, as
for instance, rendering oneself invisible, assuming a variety of
shapes at pleasure, travelling great distances in a minimum of time.
Next came a paragraph headed, How to make one's own will law,
and obtain all one's wishes.

The graduate of Salamanca actually leapt for joy. By San
Pedro D'Alcantara, if the receipt is any good, I am the most
blessed of mortals, and desire nothing further. "One's own will
to be law! why that's the very perfection of earthly happiness, pro-
vided it may be obtained without damage to the soul."

Carefully perusing the contents of the parchment, he found no
trace of anything considered contrary either to religious or moral
laws; nothing being requisite to the attainment of this glorious
faculty than simply to utter a request for the coveted object, power,
or virtue just before retiring to rest, having previously swallowed
the contents of a small phial, which was to be found at the bottom
of the tin case.

Jose took the phial, uncorked it, and found that it contained
dark-looking fluid of a strong but fragrant smell. He hesitated
moment, however; not that he in the least doubted the efficacy
of the formula, or of the liquid contained in the phial, for
in this respect of credulity in the marvellous, he was quite
on the level of the times he lived in; but he simply wanted
be certain that he had made no mistake, and therefore read over
heading of the paragraph once more, and found a postscript, which
had hitherto entirely escaped his attention:—

"The limitation of human power is a barrier created by
providence to save us from the consequences of our own folly.

"Aye, aye," said Jose, smiling incredulously, the old ph
is like all of his stamp, given to dress up everything with
common-places. But just now I can dispense with his wisdom
and intend to carry out his prescription to the letter. W

put the phial to his lips, uttered the prescribed formula, fast asleep.

had not the least notion how long he had slept when the began to find its way through a wide chink in the wall, ling some difficulty in arousing himself, remained for some hat sort of half-dreamy state, which so pleasantly preceeds onsciousness. By degrees, as his ideas became clearer, the the parchment and the empty phial recalled the events of ding day. Not perceiving any apparent change in himself rroundings, he came to the conclusion that the Moorish a had been like so many of his trade, a "Quack," and the ion simply a "sell."

is all a miserable deception, then!" groaned Dr. Jose. awake again in this wretched garret, with my old clothes e, and my purse as empty as a coxcomb's brain, and Heaven wished it well-filled when I went to sleep." Here he for glancing in that direction he spied the very purse in , peeping from the pocket of his threadbare doublet, stuffed f gold dollars that it seemed ready to burst open. He out of bed, rubbed his eyes, caught hold of the purse, he contents on it. They were in truth gold dollars, more ars than he had ever possessed—*marivedis*! The prescrip- no humbug, then, and he possessed the power of realising ishes.

atient to make a second trial, he forthwith wished his garret e transformed into a splendidly-furnished saloon, and his o one of costly velvet, trimmed with satin. No sooner a done. He next demanded a breakfast fit for a bishop, y pages, dressed in velvet and gold. A tempting repast ore him. The Moorish pages, sumptuously attired, entered ie and chocolate. Having perfectly satisfied his mind as tency of his wishes, he rushed into the open air in a perfect of joy.

in a few moments the penniless wanderer became richer e richest, more powerful than the mightiest; in fact, he whatever he pleased. What an infinity these few wrds d, and how much more had he not risen in his own estima- hat seemed a king, or emperor, or even the Pope, compared

Were they not all bound by the common laws of nature ibility, whereas his will was only bounded by his fancy? piece of good luck the old Moor's parchment had not fallen rant hands, who might have converted the precious talents rse!

ere safe with him, a Spanish Hidalgo, who knew how his desires, nor allow himself to be carried away by un-

The Moorish Physician's Parchment.

gnified passions, and who had taken the degree of Doctor at the university of Salamanca. No, the human race had nothing to fear from him; Don Inez D'Alcantara (he had desired the title "Don") respected himself too much to abuse the unlimited power he now commanded. Providence had reserved this gift for a worthy recipient, and he was determined to honour its choice. Had he not already given a proof of his wisdom and moderation? Another man in his position would have at once wished to be a sovereign at least, to possess countries, palaces, an army and navy, but, far from such extravagant ambition, he determined to be content with the domain of Don Alonzo Mendez, to live there as a simple modest philosopher and philanthropist, on a few millions, and with the title and privileges of a grande of Spain; and with this intent he now directed his steps at once to the little village of Argel, where the sale of the property was about to take place.

His way lying for some time along the high road leading to Zamora, and crowded with muleteers, country people, and mercantile travellers, Don Jose had an opportunity of making a good many observations, and even trying various experiments, with the assistance of his newly-acquired powers. For a pretty young girl who passed with a smile on her merry face, he wished she should meet some one she liked particularly well; for an old footsore pedlar a lift in a waggon just coming the way; for a crippled beggarman to find a gold piece in the dust before him, which were all instantly granted.

Success soon made the timid bold, and exchanging the character of benefactor for that of an avenger, Don Jose thought it incumbent to administer justice as well as kindness, and forthwith punished a vain, bragging soldier, by having his spick-and-span horse blown into the river close by; a driver, who seemed too prodigal cuts and blows, by scattering all his mules; and a grand nobleman looking down contemptuously on every pedestrian, by causing the wheel of his emblazoned carriage to break down suddenly. In fact Don Jose abandoned himself to his natural, self-conscious feelings of justice, and distributed rewards and punishment according to people's faces or appearances pleased or repulsed him.

A glimpse of the Castle of Mendez, whose beautiful walls stretching down to the very roadside, presented a most inviting aspect, quickly changed his dictatorial *penchants* into natural feelings and expressions of admiration. C

there never came a brighter summer morning! Right among the hedges and sloping banks in full bloom; patches of and carmine flowers streaked the verdant meadow-lands, and woods, wide leafy aisles, resounded with the jubilee of birds. Presently he came upon a number of woodmen, pil-

umerous regular billets of felled trees. Don Jose very soon solved that, once the estate belonged to him, he would set up a mplete system of charcoal burning, and thus combine the useful and picturesque. As to the meadows, he observed the irrigation not all well-managed, and was deep in calculations on the score of the most extensive improvements, when he came upon the rich and well-irrigated-out vineyards, which evidently surpassed his expectations. But the turn of the noble old avenue brought to sight cornfields which he deemed would make by far better meadows, whilst some waste overgrown patches close by could easily be converted into excellent cornfields. By this time he was so deep in plans and calculations concerning his future estate that he did not perceive he was allowed, till a loud, and rather uncivil demand, "Who had given me leave to trespass on the domain of Mendez?" recalled his wandering senses.

Turning round, he saw it proceeded from a young nobleman, splendidly dressed and mounted on a richly caparisoned Andalusian horse, chafing and curvetting under his rider's imperious restraint. Don Jose, instead of replying, merely measured the young man from head to foot, as he curtly repeated the same question.

"The Doctor of Salamanca," slowly replied Don Jose, with an unconscious superiority in tone and gesture. "And pray, young sir, whence when is it necessary to get leave to walk over an ownerless estate?"

"Who says it has not an owner," replied the cavalier.

"Surely so," returned Don Jose, "when Perez, the Notary of Merzelles, has orders to sell it publicly to-day."

"And are you going to buy it?"

"Just so."

"Do you know the probable price?"

"I'll soon learn that."

"What do you say to 400,000 gold dollars."

"By San Pedro, is that all, why the estate is worth more."

The young nobleman burst into a jeering laugh.

"Certes, you are a wealthy purchaser, travelling on foot despite your heavy purse!"

"Merely my habit," replied Don Jose, condescendingly.

"Far too modest, my good sir," returned the cavalier; "my half-breed, for instance, would be twice as agreeable."

"Do you think so," said Don Jose, rather ironically, as a sudden thought struck him.

"I really have half a mind to dismount and offer you my good service."

"Then your wish may be easily accomplished, for I wish you should dismount instantly."

Hardly were these words uttered when the palfrey reared and flung his rider on the sod.

"You frightened my horse," cried the cavalier, jumping to his feet, pale with rage.

"Calm yourself, I only assisted you to accomplish your own wish," quietly resumed the doctor, seizing the palfrey's reins, and preparing to mount.

"Back, fellow!" cried the cavalier, raising his whip. But the hot blood rushed over Don Jose's face.

"You forget that you speak to a Hidalgo, carrying a sword like yourself."

"Show how you can use it, then!" hissed the cavalier, drawing his own.

Under other circumstances the good doctor's common sense would have urged him to make and require an apology; but the young stranger's words had wounded him to the quick, and the certainty of having nothing to fear rendered him unusually courageous. Being of opinion, moreover, that this overbearing young noble wanted a wholesome lesson, he considered it almost a kindness to wish him a wound sufficient to punish his presumption.

The wish was instantly gratified, for with a loud cry of pain the cavalier dropped his sword, and Don Jose, quite certain of the wound not being dangerous, took no sort of trouble, but politely informed his adversary that he was sorry to have caused him any inconvenience, adding that he bore no further enmity, in proof of which he would accept his previous offer to take his palfrey. Suiting action to words, he saluted the prostrate noble in the most formal manner, mounted his good horse, and rode away.

The incident only increased Don Jose's self-confidence, and made him feel quite proud of his gallantry and prowess. Finding that there existed no effectual obstacle to his will, that he could easily vanquish all opposition, and turn every one's pride he had become so accustomed to his omnipotence, that it scarce surprised him. In fact, he could not comprehend how anyone dared oppose him, and ill-brooked such audacity, which he proved by running a poor muleteer through with his sword for not getting out of his way quickly enough. Alas! The instinct of tyranny had made rapid progress in the noble doctor's heart.

At the Notary's office he behaved more like a victor come to take possession than a mere purchaser. But his wrath became unbounded when this person, coolly enough, informed him that the estate of Mendez was no longer for sale.

That the property, for the improvement of which he had already made such admirable plans, should, after all, be without his reach

made him positively furious, and he inquired of the Notary, in the ugliest manner, the reason of this new decision.

"Very good reasons, sennar," replied the Notary. "Don Enriquez, the nephew of the deceased count, has just inherited two her legacies, and is determined on keeping Mendez in consequence."

"Soh," sneered Don Jose, "no matter what price he may be offered, he won't sell it. Are you quite certain of that?"

"He told me so this morning."

"Then he is here. He just rode out of the gates awhile ago."

Don Jose doubted not that his unknown antagonist was no other than Don Enriquez, and could hardly repress an exclamation of annoyance. The Notary replied by a few civil speeches, adding that the young count determined on keeping Mendez, as it afforded excellent shooting and hunting, which he meant to enjoy in the autumn.

"The deuce! I should have put that out of his power," muttered Don Jose, angrily; then adding, aloud. "Surely this motive alone would not induce him to refuse every offer."

"He likes the place," remarked the cautious Notary, pricking up his ears at Don Jose's big talk; "and, after all, it is well situated, and has great advantages."

"Yes, I know," replied Don Jose, tartly.

"There are woods, fields, gardens——"

"I saw them," interrupted the doctor, growing more and more covetous of possessing them.

"Yes, not only that," proceeded the Notary, "but you have not yet seen the interior of the mansion since the late count had it splendidly refitted. There's a gallery of pictures—a treasure in itself, containing specimens by the best masters."

"Pictures?" repeated Don Jose; I delight in pictures, although perhaps, I prefer statuary."

"The chateau is full of that, too."

"Is it possible? And the library?"

"There is one of 50,000 volumes," said the Notary, well used to puffing.

Don Jose made a gesture of surprise. Such a treasure, such a mine of intellectual wealth to remain in the hands of an upstart fool, a gay young ignoramus.

The Notary shrugged his shoulders.

"Sennar, he is the scion of a noble family."

"But," snarled Don Jose, "he is a regular scamp."

"Only a little hot-tempered, which has involved him into a few affairs of honour with other young nobles, but in the end not

! *The Moorish Physician's Parchment.*

rise than most of his position, and then he owns a large estate—
very large estate."

"Ha, I see!" muttered Don Jose; "he is a quarrelsome due—
st. I ought to have cured him by cutting off his sword han—
d, and rendered a service to humanity."

During a moment's pause some persons were heard rushing u—p—
stairs, the door burst open, and a servant appeared, pale wi—
th terror.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the Notary, frightened out—
of his wits.

"A misfortune—a terrible misfortune! Don Enriquez h—
fought a duel."

"Well."

"And been wounded."

"Dangerously."

"No, but when attempting to pursue his opponent, who rode off—
on his horse, he fainted from loss of blood, and fell on the road."

"Was he found there?"

"Yes; that is, the wheel of a crowded waggon passed over h—
his right arm, cutting the hand clean off."

"San Pedro, how dreadful!"

"Some people lifted him up," continued the man, "and
brought him home."

"Then he may be saved yet."

"Alas, no! when passing through the courtyard a moment since,
a big stone fell from the scaffolding where the masons are at work,
and killed the wounded on the spot."

Had a flash of lightning fallen, the consternation could not have
been greater. Don Jose actually screamed aloud with terror and
remorse. This was all his doing, and the thought wrung his heart.

"It cannot be true!" he cried, trying to disbelieve the fearful
tidings; but the door reopened, and scared-looking servants carried
in the corpse still bleeding.

This was too much for the unhappy Doctor of Salamanca; h—
could not endure the sight of so such misery. He made a grea—
effort to escape—a violent emotion shook his frame and mind. A
sight fled from his reclining head, and his senses vanished.

In the garret of the Posada, on the scanty paliasse opposite t—
open window through which the morning light was streamin—
awoke the contrite reformer.

The first feelings of the Doctor of Salamanca were joy a—
gratitude. The terrible vision was a short, but painful less—
The draught he had taken, according to the prescription of
—ician, was one of those strong narcotics imparting

dreams the vividness of actual life, and thus what he had
ed reality proved to be but a strangely-disturbed dream.

But Don Jose was quite roused now, and once more taking up
old parchment, found several passages he had slipped the pre-
s evening, and which caused him to shake his head with
rnful conviction.

To be able to do as one pleases, I thought hitherto to be the
acme of human happiness, not considering that the human
if left unbridled, leads us from ambition to extravagance, from
to tyranny, and finally, to cruelty of the very worst descrip-
; and certes, the old Moor was but too well justified in asserting
the limitation of human power is a barrier erected by Divine
vidence to save us from the curse of our own folly.

Don Jose, once more simple Doctor Jose, ended a long and
d life as major-domo of the beautiful mansion of Mendez.

H. E. D.

SHAKESPEARE HEROINES.

IMOGEN.

AD MORTEM FIDELIS.

THE fair Fidele. O that we dared write
Such motto o'er our tomb, when we shall pass
From this world to a better. Flesh is grass
But the true self survives the grave's dark night,
And thus we would be known. Forgotten quite
The transient talents which approval won,
And passing admiration. Though our sun
Sank at midday, still memory should be bright.
The chaste white soul that nothing can allure
From virtue's path *that*—bringeth peace at last.
That, when the little day of life is past
Makes our remembrance deathless to endure,
Makes our reward among the angels sure ;
Whatever else of us in death may die
This dieth not, but lives eternally,
Shrined in the sweet old legend "Blessèd are the pure."

MAURICE DAVIES.

ERNESTINE.

THE joyous summer-time is dead.

Ernestine !

The blossoms and the birds have fled,

The moaning wind and sobbing rain

Chant dirges at my window-pane,

Ernestine !

My heart is heavy in my breast,

Ernestine !

I have a grief that will not rest ;

It burns within my soul like flame,

And sobbing shudders at your name,

Ernestine !

There is a shadow on the floor,

Ernestine !

It haunts my path for evermore—

A fearful shadow, dark and long

The ghost of an unburied wrong,

Ernestine !

There is a spirit in the room,

Ernestine !

I see from out the gathering gloom,

A face like yours, pale, sad and fair,

Framed in rich braids of soft brown hair,

Ernestine !

O face reproachful, patient, meek

Ernestine !

I watch it, but I dare not speak—

I wronged its beauty, and I know

Your deep, unutterable woe,

Ernestine !

Yet I am punished for my crime,

Ernestine !

Leave me, O leave me for a time !

Stand not within my darkened room,

Silently pointing to the tomb,

Ernestine !

Though in the days of long ago

Ernestine,

I loved you and I told you so,

And then forsook you in your youth,

To mourn for blighted hope and truth

Ernestine !

Though I did this, are you to come,
Ernestine,
Thus white, and motionless, and dumb ?
Are you to be for ever nigh,
Haunting my footsteps till I die,
Ernestine ?

Avaunt, away ! I am a child,
Ernestine !

To tremble at such fancies wild,
The Future is before me yet ;
New loves await me ; I'll forget,
Ernestine,

Why is your mournful face still there,
Ernestine ?

What ! will you drive me to despair ?
Do you remain to make me mad ?
If I were dead, would you be glad,
Ernestine ?

I think you would ! Revenge is sweet,
Ernestine !

Your wrongs and miseries are complete ;
Back from my path ! I will NOT die !
Your wrath and vengeance I defy,
Ernestine !

Your face is fading ! it has gone,
Ernestine !

Silence doth reign ; I am alone.
Darkness is round me, deep and black—
Light ! give me light ! come back, come back,
Ernestine !

Come back O pale and perfect face !
Ernestine !

Come back O airy form of grace !
What though I bade you, sweet, depart,]
You are the life-blood of my heart,
Ernestine !

Though we shall never meet again,]
Ernestine !

Though my repentance is in vain,
Yet when I find you up in Heaven,
By you, my sin may be forgiven,
Ernestine !

VIVIAN CLIFFORD.

REVIEWS.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.¹

THE taste for dramatic poetry is scarcely so strong as it might be. Nor, indeed, is the taste for any sort of poetry cultivated to the extent that it ought to be in a country which has always been remarkable for the production of divinely-gifted singers. It happens, therefore, that works are occasionally overlooked, which, judging from internal evidence, would seem likely to attract a large circle of readers. Mr. Lowth's book is in many respects a most remarkable performance. The attempt to treat of the character and period selected by the author argues great ability, and the success of his effort shows that he had not overrated his own powers. It is not our intention to offer anything in the way of criticism upon this work. We produce the author's preface and an extract from the body of the drama, and recommend the reader for further information, to the book itself.

"The various writers on the early books of the Old Testament have been unable to fix on the precise locality of the Land of Tob, to which Jephthah fled when driven from his father's house. The author, therefore, ventures to offer a few observations on this point.

"Josephus considers that Jephthah was a son of Jair, a judge in whose residence was in Havoth-Jair, a district in Bashàn, lying to the north of the Lake of Tiberias. When Jephthah fled from Havoth-Jair, he pursued his way by the shortest road to the country which would offer him facilities for the adventurous life he proposed to himself, and it is therefore not very surprising that he made a long and unnecessary journey for this purpose. If the Land of Tob lay to the south of Ammon, as some writers have supposed, he would have had to traverse Bashàn, then the whole of Gilead proper, cross the Jordan, then traverse almost the whole length of the Amorite country which Moses had won from Sihon, before reaching the Land of Tob. The Gilead chiefs, when they sought Jephthah, would also have been compelled to make the same long journey. And there would have been this in addition to the difficulty in their way—that at this time all that Amorite country was in the hands of the invading Ammonites. The messengers would scarcely have been able to capture him. But all this difficulty would be obviated if the Land of Tob lay to the north of Ammon, and not to the South. Perhaps it was only a small lying district of Bashàn, on the edge of the Eastern desert.

"There has been drawn an analogy between Jephthah and David, in the adventurous life of each, as a leader of a band of freebooters, having no fixed abode. This is true, but with a difference. David was never long in any one place, being perpetually hunted from place to place.

¹ *Jephthah's Daughter: A Dramatic Poem.* By G. T. Lowth. London: Robert Hardwicke.

Moreover, his adventurous life did not last many years. Jephthah was a resident in the Land of Tob for a number of years, his daughter growing up there. It is probable, therefore, that in this length of time he had married, and had been so successful a commander of his irregular levies, that he had been enabled to become a possessor of house and lands, of flocks and herds—in fact, a chief in the country. It is not likely that he had lived all these many years in one place as a mere freebooter. David lived principally in caves; but the Land of Tob was probably a country of towns and villages, and it is therefore suggested that Jephthah was something more than a mere captain of a band of ‘vain men.’”

The following passage will illustrate sufficiently the poet's style.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

(On the Mountain.—A Tent.)

TIRZAH (*sola*.)

“How good my father was to let me come.
He would not say me nay to my request,
To the last prayer of his unhappy Tirzah.
How often as I sit upon this height
Do I look back upon the loving life
I passed with him at home at Eshtaol.]
There is our village on the distant plain.
From here I see it. How I know each spot;
And though 'tis far and any stranger eye
Could scarce distinguish it, yet does my heart
Point out each speck—the roof 'neath which I slept,
The garden where my pretty flowers grew,
The place where sheltered from the mountain winds
The lambkins bleated all their plaints to me.
How happy was my life! And in the days
When springtime came, and we left house and garden,
And pitched our tents upon the sunny plain,
And lived with all our flocks and herds around us—
From here I think I see again the tent,
And hear the flocks and all the lowing kine,
As they came home at eve to ask for water.
It was a happy time! And then Ahilud—
One day he came, I ne'er forget that day,
When he appeared—'twas at the sunset time—
And laid himself beneath the acacia tree,
And made the birds fly up and down to him.
And when I went to see what this might be,
This stranger youth he was so beautiful,
And looked at me with eyes that pierced me through.
Then did I feel there was another life
Than living with my father in his home
Among the bleating flocks and lowing kine.
How new it was to me!—how different!
My life seemed wholly changed from what it was.
It seemed that all I loved before was lost,

And I was living in a life to come.
And so I dreamed, and dreamed, what could it be.
In these my dreams I ever saw one form
And that was he, the stranger youth, that lay
Beneath the tree with those two cooing birds
And looked at me with eyes that pierced me through
And struck my life—my beautiful Ahilud.”

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.¹

It does not seem probable that the gloomy prophecy of that sapient critic who told us that the taste for fiction was dying out, and that the issue of novels would speedily cease altogether, is likely to be fulfilled—at least, in our time. The demand is as lively as ever, and the supply continues to increase in quantity, and also, let us venture to assert, in quality. The reading public is growing daily; and from the ranks of the reading public, the writing fraternity is daily recruited. Mudie's has become a national institution, vying in the number of its members with the Stock Exchange itself. May it prosper! We stand far more in need of the artistic fictions of Oxford street than of the artful fictions of Capel Court. The present book will, we should imagine, be as great a favourite with the members of the literary exchange, as North-Western shares with members of the less romantic establishment in the City.

The story is a simple one. It is that of a little child related to two families who go through life hating each other with bitterness. The cause of the feud is the marriage of which the child is the result. How she is sought by both, and finally abandoned by one—what her poor little soul suffers in the battle that she has been made too early to fight,—all this is matter, for the enjoyment of which we refer our readers to the tale. The portrayal of Star's character—Star is the pet name of the little orphan—is worthy of very high praise. The picture is one which may be hung not far from that of little Nell. The writer has evidently taken great pains with this personage, and may be congratulated upon the undoubted success that has attended the effort. The style is easy and graceful. The scenery is clearly and delicately painted. The characters are all human beings—which is high praise to accord to a modern work of fiction; and while they are all consistent, none of them are dull. The only objection to incident is to a scene in the second volume. Instead of painting the trial scene, one of the most important of the

¹ Between Two Fires : by the Author of “Not Easily Jealous.” London : Chapman and Hall.

the author makes its progress known by the transmission of letters from friends inside the court to their relatives who are waiting in an adjacent house. This device is, of course, to avoid the necessity of presenting a scene which has been done *ad nauseam*. The author may have adopted a similar method when the Battle of Waterloo occurred during the period of his story, and affected the position of the *dramatis personæ*. There existed reasons in this case, however, which do not exist in the present—and we think that the author of the novel before us would have heightened the effect of his work by giving us a description of the trial itself. This is, however, somewhat hypercritical. The novel is a most interesting and will, we have no doubt, obtain the popularity that it

The following extract will illustrate the writer's powers of description, and a certain tender sympathy which she manifests in her treatment of child-life :

the seasons wore away. In winter Star raced and romped about in the snow, generally alone, sometimes with one of her few playmates, rolling on the ice with rosy, glowing fingers, and cheeks on fire with exercise in the frosty air. In summer, she climbed the trees and sat for hours in the shade of her favourite old apple-tree, reading her story-books, or making daisy-chains to adorn herself and Pincher, who behaved himself as an uneasy, but patient victim when wreathed about with dandelion neck-laces, daisy girdles and buttercup bracelets on his big, underbred paws."



TO MY SOUL.

WHEN wilt thou speak to me, my Soul?
 Thou has been dumb through many years,
 Heedless of all my questionings,
 Heedless of all my hopes and fears;
 I know I AM—but nothing more,
 I know this Life must, some time, end;
 But tell me, whither wilt Thou go,
 My Being's essence, whither wend?

There is a Book of Holy Writ,
 Its mysteries none can reveal;
 Yet priests of every grade and kind,
 In vain profess to break the seal:
 The greatest sages that e'er lived,
 Sages in language, and in lore,
 Are but like children, gazing on
 The far horizon from the shore.

To human ken the bounds are brief,
 Beyond is darkness black as night;
 A chaos that confounds the mind
 Lost in the awful Infinite:
 What is this mortal covering
 That thou art wearing to decay?
 Why am I formed so wonderful,
 And yet—so soon to pass away?

Thou art not Life—for Life exists
 In myriad forms of things I see;
 Those forms, however beautiful,
 Possess no particle of Thee:
 Art thou a breath, direct from God
 To human nature lent—Not given?
 When this frail frame returns to dust,
 Wilt Thou its semblance wear in heaven?

Oh, my mysterious self, unseen
 Yet ever present—where was't Thou
 In my primeval state of life
 Ere care traced furrows on my brow!

Was't thou enshrined within my breast
 (When all unconscious I reposed)
A latent spark, that Time alone
 Could to myself—myself disclose ?

Unfold, my Soul, the secret spell
 That palls my senses, makes Death, dread ;
What takes the sunshine from my life ?
 Where wilt thou go, when I am dead ?
My heart is passing in eclipse,
 Now beaming Hope, now doubting Gloom ;
Shall I behold Thee evermore,
 Beyond the portals of the tomb ?

I feel—Hereafter there must be,
 Think—God another name for Love ;
That never-ending space exists,
 Where countless spheres for ever move :
The self-created, Perfect God,
 My soul—I cannot comprehend ;
Can'st Thou unfold the Mystery
 Of no Beginning, and no End ?

T. J. OUSELEY.



NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

THE TRUE MOUNT SINAI.

A DISTINGUISHED and learned traveller left England in the latter part of the past year, in order to discover the true Mount Sinai. On his way to Alexandria he lighted, to "his surprise and delight," as he expresses it, on two passages in Irby and Mangles' Travels, in one of which it is recorded that, upon leaving Gharundel, a place which is situated between Kerek and Petra, and on the east side of the Ghor—that is to say, of the prolongation of the valley of the Jordan, south of the Dead Sea, their direction being S.W.—they could see, at a distance to the left, as far as the eye could reach, the Haj, or pilgrim road to Mekka. They also noticed three dark volcanic summits, very distinguishable from the sand. The lava that had streamed from them formed a sort of island in the plain. The second passage adds that on their arrival at Showbec, or Shobek, they had a most extensive view, comprising the whole skirts of the desert, as also of the volcanic hills previously mentioned.

Upon this Dr. Beke, the distinguished traveller in question, proceeds to remark, writing from Alexandria to the *Athenæum* (No. 2410): "It is within the range of possibility that Mount Sinai itself is one of these 'three volcanic summits' of Irby and Mangles; but I doubt it, being rather of opinion that the mountain which 'burned with fire unto the midst of heaven,' at the time of the delivery of the Law unto Moses, is a separate volcano, standing further to the south, but situate always within the same volcanic region as the other three, and forming part of the same chain of mountains of igneous origin." "The Harra Radjlâ, of which Mount Sinai forms a part," Dr. Beke goes on to say, following his "Mount Sinai a Volcano," "appears to be now shut in by the Wady Arabah on the west, Palgrave's route through Máan on the north, and the Hadj road between that town and Akaba-esh-Shami on the east."

The latter remarkable pass, and which played a much more important part in the wanderings of the Israelites, probably as Hormah, or the entrance into the mountain land, than has as yet been clearly made out, is designated, in Dr. Platé's map of Arabia and Syria, laid down under the superintendence of the late General Chesney, as the Akabah Ailah and Bel Nejd, or "the Gate of the Lands." The mountain chain in which it occurs, east of Wady Arabah, is

designated as the Jebel Tur Hesma ; but the chain south of Kerek, west of Ma'an, and east of Wady Musa, Mount Hor, and Petra is marked as the Jebel Shera—the modern version of Seir, or Edom.

The theory that Mount Sinai, which “was altogether on a smoke,” was a volcano, is a very plausible one, although it might be objected that the smoke thereof, ascending, as it did, “as the smoke of a furnace,” and the whole mount “quaking greatly,” that Moses might still have been enabled to ascend up to the top ; whereas, had it burned with fire unto the midst of heaven, the feat would have been of difficult accomplishment. There is nothing in the time allotted—the third month after the children of Israel had gone forth out of the land of Egypt—that militates against the possibility of the Wilderness of Sin being east of Mount Seir, or Edom, or of Horeb and Hor being the same mountain.

The difficulties lie in the account given of the movements of the Israelites previous to, and subsequently to, their arrival in the Wilderness of Sinai, and when they camped before “the mount.” There can be little doubt, in the present state of the inquiry, of the correctness of the identifications established between Raamses or Rameses, and Heliopolis, between Succoth and Scenæ Veteranorum ; between Etham and Pithom, Patumos or Thum ; between Pi-hariroth and Heroopolis, with its Bay, and between Baal Zephon and Serapion. But when we come to the Wilderness of Shur, with its bitter waters, its twelve wells, and seventy palm-trees, and to the Wilderness of Sin, although there exists a certain amount of unanimity in regard to the identification of the sites of Marah and Elim, we are no longer in the same certainty.

The barren regions east of the Bay of Hahiroth, or Heroopolis, were evidently known to the Israelites of old as the Wilderness of Shur, and it is remarkable that in Numbers xxxiii. 10, the Israelites are described as removing from Elim and encamping by the Red Sea, before they entered upon the Wilderness of Sin. Now, this may just as well have been upon the eastern branch of the Red Sea, as to suppose a retrogressive movement to the Hammam Farûn, or Baths of Pharaoh, or to the Wady Tai'yibah,—the valley of good things.

Neubauer tells us, in his able work upon the *Geography of the Talmud* (p. 40), that the Targum of pseudo-Jonathan translates the word Cin, or Sin, by “iron.” The Wilderness of Sin would, then, be the wilderness of iron, and the mountain of Sinai, the mountain of iron—Sin and Zin being convertible terms, as in the instances of Sion for Zion, and Sidon for Zidon. It is true that Josephus placed the mountains of Iron at the north-east end of the Dead Sea (*Bell. Jud.* IV. viii. 2). But Neubauer remarks that tradition would confirm the opinion of Levinsohn (*Eree.*

Kedoumin, t. ii. p. 159), that all the encampments of the Israelites, until they reached Moab, were comprised within the desert of Sin. This appears, indeed, to be the rational view of the subject, Sin, Sinai, and Zin being merely different readings, signifying, not as commonly read "thorny," or "craggy," but the wilderness and mountain of "iron," a figurative and most felicitous expression of the character of the whole region. The desert of Zin is more particularly associated in Numbers (xx. 1), with Kadesh Barnea, the sanctuary in the wilderness. The same holy place, or sanctuary, is described as being in the desert of Paran (Numbers xii. 16, and xiii. 26), and in Deut. i. 1, as being in the plain over against the Red Sea—that is to say, the Gulf of Akabah, and as eleven days' journey from Horeb by Mount Seir. Seir was the name of an Edomite or Horite duke (Gen. xxxvi. 20-30), and Mount Seir is the same as Mount Edom. If Horeb were the same as Jebel Musa, there would be no crossing of Mount Seir to reach the Gulf of Akabah; but it would be so if Mount Hor, or Jebel Harûn, or some other mountains in the neighbouring chain, represented Mounts Horeb and Sinai.

Elim, where were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm-trees, has been identified with the Wady Ghurundal, on the Gulf of Suez and its neighbourhood, simply because it has been supposed to be within *one* day's march from Marah; but there is nothing in Exodus or Numbers to countenance this deduction. On the contrary, it is said in Exodus xvi. 1, immediately afterwards, that they (the Israelites) took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the Wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the *fifteenth* day of the *second* month after their departure out of the land of Egypt. In Numbers xxxiii. 10, the Israelites are described as removing from Elim and encamping by the Red Sea, before proceeding to the Wilderness of Sin. There is nothing in this record, therefore, that militates against the Israelites having proceeded directly across the desert of Tih to the mountains of Edom, by Nakhel and Themmed, which, or some earlier site in the desert, may represent Elim. Wherefore should the Israelites, pursued by Pharaoh's host, have hung upon the shores of the Gulf of Suez, or have gone so far out of their way as to get involved in the so-called Sinaitic group of mountains? Two months and a-half of journeyings would have more than sufficed to have carried them to the mountains of Edom, the Hor, the Wady Arabah, or to the shores of the Gulf of Akabah.

Moses was acquainted by a previous journey with Horeb (Exod. iii.), and had kept there the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, who was a priest of Midian. There is no proof whatsoever that the Midianites were ever settled in the so-called Sinaitic peninsula.

The land which they possessed seems, on the contrary, to have formed part of Edom (1 Kings, xi. 18, compare v. 15), and they were defeated by Hadad (Gen. xxxvi. 35) in the field of Moab. Forster, in his *Historical Geography of Arabia*, vol. i. p. 321, 322), says: "The primitive site of the ancient Midianites, or, to speak more properly, of the tribes descending from the children of Keturah, is among the best-ascertained points of sacred geography. From comparison of the contexts, where mention is made of them in the Old Testament, we collect, with certainty, that this people lay intermingled with the kindred tribes of the Ishmaelites and Amalekites, from the borders of the land of Moab, to the country round the eastern head of the Red Sea, or the Gulf of Akabah."

Moses, then, led the Israelites, in the first place, to the land where he had previously so long sojourned, and where he had friends among the Midianites, although the Amalekites and the Amorites were inimical to him, and in this country was the mountain of God, Horeb, or Hor (Exod. iii. 1.)

Dean Stanley remarks upon the events which are recorded as having occurred at Horeb previous to the Exodus, such as the burning in the bush, in connection with Mount Sinai, that "the special use of 'Horeb' and Sinai in the Old Testament has been often discussed. It appears to me that this depends rather on a distinction of usage than of place. 1. In Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, Sinai is always and exclusively used for the scene of the giving of the law, Horeb being only used twice—for the scene of the burning bush and of the striking of the rock. (Exod. iii. 1, xvii. 6, are doubtful; Exod. xxxiii. 6 is ambiguous.) 2. In Deuteronomy, Horeb is substituted for Sinai, the former being always used, the latter never, for the mountain of the Law. 3. In the Psalms, the two are used indifferently for the mountain of the Law. 4. In 1 Kings, xix. 8, it is impossible to determine to what part Horeb is applied." (*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 31.)

One thing is certain, and that is, that Horeb was in the land Midian, and that land appears to have been in Edom; and Mose was especially enjoined by God to serve Him upon that mountain when he had brought forth the people out of Egypt (Exod. iii. 12). But Sinai may, as afterwards described, have been a separate mountain in Edom. The identification of Horeb and Sinai with Sirbal and Musa, in the peninsula of the Red Sea, has to depend upon tradition and a particular and now generally-accepted version of the wanderings of the Israelites. Dophkah and Alush stations, on the way to Rephidim, have never been even proximately determined; but Alush was placed by Eusebius and Jerome, the oldest and best authorities upon such a question, not on the way to Sirbal or the Wady Fairûn, but at Gabalene, in Edom. Wady Fairûn,

or Pharaoh's valley, which has been almost universally identified, in recent times, with Rephidim, was certainly the seat of a Christian community before the time of Justinian, to whom we are indebted for the founding of a church and monastery to St. Catherine at Jebel Musa; but it was the community of Paran, and the episcopacy was that of Paran—not of Rephidim. Paran, or the Wady Fairûn, also abounds in water, whilst the Israelites are described as wanting water at Rephidim. Some, it is to be observed, have sought for Rephidim near Ras Jihan, on the Red Sea; others near Petra.

Granting, even, that the group of granitic mountains in the south of the peninsula represent Sinai, we find much discrepancy of opinion as to the individual mountain itself. Sirbal was identified with Sinai by Eusebius, Jerome, and Cosmas—that is, by all known writers till the time of Justinian. The description of Horeb by Josephus (*Antiq.* II. xii. 1), as a mountain, the highest of the region, with good grass growing around it, would apply to Jebel Harûn or Hor. Dean Stanley also remarks that, although Jebel Musa is the only place where any traditions can be said to linger, Sirbal enjoyed, in earlier ages, a larger support of tradition. This, at least, is the natural inference from the Sinaitic inscriptions, which, of whatever date, must be prior to the age of Justinian. Elsewhere the Rev. Dean suggests that probably the tide of Syrian and Byzantine pilgrims chiefly turned to Jebel Mûsa; the African and Alexandrian to the nearer sanctuary at Paran. Mr. Palmer is credited, by Captain Wilson, with having brought to light an Arab tradition, which places the rock from which Moses brought water in Wady Fairûn, at a spot called Hesy el Khatlatîn, not far below the position assigned, by the earliest Christian tradition, to Rephidim. This, Mr. Holland remarks, was when Sirbal was held to be the traditional Mount Sinai. Lepsius, and other modern writers, have still held by the identity of Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, and that both are represented by Sirbal.

The chief argument brought against this view of the subject, and adopted by most recent travellers, is that there is no open space in the immediate neighbourhood of Sirbal for the encampment of a vast multitude. Bartlett urged against this, that with the Wady Alayat added to Wady Fairûn, space could be found; but the great mass of travellers have followed Robinson in giving their verdict in favour of the plain of Er Rahah, some twenty miles and more off, and of the "mountain of the law" being represented by Ras Safsafah, or Susafiyah, a spur of the Jebel Musa. This, with the exception of Dean Stanley, who prefers Jebel Sena, or Sina, a stronger argument presents itself alike against both Sirbal and Jebel Musa, that they are neither of them volcanic; and it is

necessary to have recourse to a miracle, or to the art of pyrotechny, to explain away the phenomena recorded as attendant upon the giving of the law (Exod. xix. 18). But it is not actually necessary to go further for a natural explanation of such phenomena, than in those pseudo-volcanic phenomena presented by the spontaneous burning of naphtha and bituminous substances which are so common in the east, and which are met with on the peninsula, and the actual presence of which, at any particular locality, would, next to the presence of an active, or formerly active, volcano, be more satisfactory and convincing than the less conclusive data to be derived from wanderings difficult to explain, from traditions often varying, from questions of space required by a multitude, itself exposed to the danger of the usual Oriental exaggeration, or from the conclusions arrived at by travellers, too often influenced by the results obtained, or servilely followed, by those who have preceded them.

It was not until the sixth century, after pilgrimages had come into fashion, that Justinian erected a monastery and stationed a garrison below the crest of what was then accounted to be Mount Sinai. (*Procopius de Edificiis*, lib. v.) The Middle Ages present us with several records of visits made to the same spot, notoriously that of Antoninus, of Placentia, about A.D. 572, and that of Sir John Maundeville, in A.D. 1322, at which time there were there a church of our Lady, a chapel of Elijah, a chapel of Moses, a cave of Moses, the monastery of St. Catherine, the vine of St. John the Evangelist, the cave of Elias, even to the site of the "burning bush," which would show that in those primitive times, Mount Catherine was looked upon as Horeb, and Musa as Mount Sinai, just as Sandie, another old traveller, identified Horeb with Ras Susafiyah, and Mount Sinai with Jebel Musa.

It is a remarkable fact, connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, that supposing the site of Mount Sinai to have been satisfactorily determined, which it has not, not one locality can be positively recognised between the mountain and Ezion-geber, on the Red Sea, although nineteen different stations are recorded. There was Kibroth Nattaavah, "the graves of lust," where the poor wanderers suffered, very probably, from devouring the red-legged cranes, of which Dean Stanley saw a prodigious flock in the wilderness. There was Hazeroth, or "villages," the site of which has been sought for, with much that is interesting in the identification, at Ain al Hudhera, by Burckhardt, or at Al Ain, by Bartlett, both springs, first met with on crossing the wilderness from the Tur to the Gulf of Akabah, and at the head of inhabitable valleys which lead down from the wilderness to the sea. Here, also, was Kadesh Barnea—the Holy Place or Sanctuary—where the Israelites dwelt during the long interval when the spies were sent forth to recognise

the Promised Land. The discovery, by Mr. Palmer, of ruins at a spot now designated as Erweis el Ebeirg, has established the existence of a permanent site in the neighbourhood, and that this Kadesh (for Jerusalem was also a Kadesh in its time, as well as Kadesh en Mishpat), was in the vicinity of the Red Sea, is determined by the statement in Deut. i. 1. As to Ezion-geber, or the "Giant's back-bone," the port on the eastern arm of the Red Sea adjacent to Elath or Ailath, where Solomon constructed his merchant fleet (1 Kings, ix. 26), for which mariners were provided from Tyre (2 Chron. viii. 17), and whose commercial prosperity Jehoshaphat sought to revive (1 Kings, xxii. 48; 2 Chron., xx. 37) it is one of the few sites that, from the time the Israelites crossed the Bay of Hahiroth, or Heroopolis, that can be satisfactorily determined. It may or may not be precisely the Wady el Ghudyan; but there can be no question but that the port lay in the vicinity of the actual Akabah, and the islanded ruins of Ailath. As to the seventeen stations enumerated in Numbers as lying between Kadesh Barnea and Ezion-geber, nothing is really known. Mosera, or, in the plural, Moseroth, where Aaron died and was buried, according to Deut. x. 6, has been placed, by Wilton and others, west of Mount Hor. Hor-ha-gidgad, as the Gudgodah of Deut. x. 7, has also been identified with the Wady al Ghudaghidh, south-west of Mount Hor; and the other sites appear to have been localities of little import, such as the "place of broom," the "heap of ruins," the "place of assembling," the "mount of beauty," the "cliff, or precipice," the "fertile spot," and others at which the Israelites halted during their wanderings in and around Mount Hor. The Wady Tai'yibah, or "fertile vale," sought for by Schwarz on the western shore of the Gulf of Akabah, and Ebronah, or Abronah, the "passage, or ferry," at the head of the Gulf, appropriately led the way to Elath and Ezion-geber.

On the way back from the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, whither the Israelites may have been driven by the hostility of the Amalekites and others, they followed a different route to Mount Hor, encompassing the Land of Edom by Hor-mah, or the land of Hor, on the coast or border of Edom (Num. xiv. 45; xxi. 3) and which was, most probably, the well-known pass on the pilgrim route to Mekka, variously designated as the Akaba esh Shami, or the Akabah Ailah. The events which attended upon the sojourn of the Israelites at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, the return of the spies, the hostility of the Amalekites and the Canaanites, and that of the King of Edom; the discomfiture of the Israelites, and the journeying, by way of the Red Sea, to "compass the land of Edom,"—are all succinctly related in the Book of Numbers. The identification of Jebel Harûn with Mount Hor depends upon

tradition, upon its being emphatically the mountain on the border of Edom, the statement of Josephus that it was near Sela or Petra, and the modern name and traditional sanctity of the mountain as connected with Aaron's reputed tomb. But the comparative geographer will bear in mind that "Hor," in Hebrew, simply indicated a mountain, and that it is exceedingly unlikely that Aaron should have died or have been buried on a mountain of over 5000 feet in elevation, and so near to the capital of the hostile King of Edom, to whom messengers of peace had been sent in vain.

It is not necessary here to follow the wanderings of the Israelites beyond Mount Hor, the more especially as their footsteps led them by the better-known country east of the Dead Sea, past the fords of the Arnon to the plains of Moab above Jericho; but a more accurate determination of Zalmonah, supposed to be Ma'an, and of Punon, identified with the copper mines of Phaeno, in Idumæa, is desirable, in order to throw light upon the true Mount Hor.

Much, very much, it will be seen, remains to be done before a perfectly satisfactory explanation can be given of the long wanderings of the Israelites, no matter what theory is embraced with regard to the "True Mount Sinai." But one point we would certainly dwell upon with some insistence, and that is, that it is not necessary to find out a once-active volcano to explain away the phenomena attendant upon the "giving the Law." Those pseudo-volcanic phenomena, which are so common as to be almost characteristic of parts of western Asia, quite suffice to render the occurrence of such at the spot, and at the time, both of the burning of the bush and the giving of the law, quite possible and perfectly intelligible.

Lambent flames, visible to the naked eye, especially at night-time, are to be seen at the present day, arising from these causes at Kir-Kuk, supposed to be the Ecbatana of Assyria. (*Ainsworth, Res. in Assyria*, p. 241, *et seq.*) The gases evolved near Bakû, on the Caspian, light up the sea upon the application of flame, and are made to supply a modern Pyræum of the fire-worshippers, as they once did those of the Sassanians, all over Babylonia and Susiana, and the renowned thermal fountains of Biram, which gave out flames in the time of the Jews, the Baaras of Josephus, the Callirrhoe of the Greeks, to which Herod the Great resorted to during his last illness, was still a kind of pseudo-volcano in the time of the Jewish historian.

Neubauer, in his *Geography of the Talmud*, speaks of the place, which Eusebius and Jerome call Baris, or Baru, and which Josephus describes as being in the valley of Machaerus, now Wady Zerka Ma'in, and where flames were seen in the night-time (*Bell. Jud.* viii. vi. 3), as identified in the Talmud with the valley of

Hinnom—the type of hell (Matt. v. 22), and the place Baris, with the Gate of Gehenna, or the place of punishment in the future world (Matt. v. 29, 30 ; x. 28, &c.)

The Talmud of Babylon, *Sukka*, 32-6, speaks of two palm-trees as being in the valley of Hinnom, between which a stream of fire issued forth. The Mischna speaks of these palm-trees as being on the mountains of Sin, or of “iron.” Gehenna signifies in the Talmud, “a subterranean fire.” (Neubauer *Géo. du Talmud*, 36-37 ; *Tal. of Baby. Sabbath*, 39 a ; *M. Weisner Schilch*, *Baby. Talmud. fasc. ii. p. 217*).

It is probable that Sodom and Gomorrah, not being in the neighbourhood of active volcanoes, but in that of the Dead Sea, well known for indications of pseudo-volcanic action, were buried or destroyed by similar phenomena, or by the earthquakes and subsidences which resulted from them.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the “startling news,” mentioned in the words of the *Globe*, has arrived from Cairo to the effect that Dr. Beke has identified a mountain, one day’s journey north of Akabah, and 5000 feet high with the true Mount Sinai, called Jebel en Nur, or “Mountain of Light,” which, in its favour, as it would seem to indicate the presence of pseudo-volcanic phenomena. But the epithet is by no means uncommon in the Orient. Thus we have a Jebel en Nur with a castle on its summit, and nothing volcanic about it. No inscriptions and sacrificial remains have also, it is said, been found upon the mountain; but to any one who has read the history before, it will be evident that the new identification requires careful consideration in a variety of bearings before it can be received as satisfactory. “Unfortunately,” says the *Globe*, “when we heard Dr. Beke had started out to discover the true Mount Sinai, we knew before he could accomplish what he had set his mind upon.” No man predetermined to succeed in such a matter could be unsuccessful.” For ourselves, we simply postpone our decision until it is something more valid in this search than the tradition of patriarchal Haran and Rebekah’s well.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE.

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONLY GOSSIP.

STILL and quiet, like most old cathedral cities, York had relapsed into its usual repose, after the excitement and turmoil of the assizes and race week.

The month of August was over, and the King's gold cup, or rather the hundred guineas substituted for it, had been won—noble racers and dapper little jockeys had disappeared from the scene. The assizes had been held, and barristers with flowing gowns and horsehair wigs with dancing pigtails, no longer haunted the streets in and about castle gate and the courts. All the gaieties, too, were over, and the assize ball, so eagerly looked forward to by the fair maidens of York, was now a thing of the past.

The detachment of the First Lancashire's had returned from Easingwold to York, and the old banker, Mr. Norris and his wife, had come to pay a visit to their son. The latter was now the father of a fine little boy of some three months old, and occupied with his wife, lodgings in Little Lake Street, a quiet thoroughfare, narrow and dusky at all times, from the shadows of the tall, old houses on either side; sombre brick buildings, with the entrance-doors in deep recesses, approach direct from the street by one or two stone steps. Just beyond the house where Norris lodged was the Minster yard, and from their windows they could see the fine old cathedral, the two pinnacled Western Towers, and the Lantern Tower undecorated, but grand and imposing in its very bareness and simplicity.

The banker and his wife sojourned in Blake Street, at Etridge's Inn, a pleasant, roomy old family hotel; and here the two were seated after breakfast one warm September morning, a few days after their arrival in York. The room they occupied was to the back of the inn, and beneath the windows and on every side, there were pleasant views of fine gardens full of shady trees, radiant flower-beds, and wide-spreading plots of green turf—a pleasant contrast, this, to the dull sombre street in front.

Robert had just called to pay his morning visit, and to make an apology for the non-arrival of his young wife, who usually accompanied him. Never very strong, she seemed to have become still more delicate since the birth of her child. This matter was discussed for some little time, with anxious solicitude by Mrs. Norris, for though she had at first been opposed to her son's marriage, yet when it had once taken place, she put aside her prepossessions, and behaved in the kindest and most affectionate manner to her daughter-in-law. When this disquieting topic had been duly discussed, Mrs. Norris took up another, which had also given her some uneasiness.

"Well, now, Robert, tell me about Piers, how is he going on? It is truly shocking to think that nearly a year has elapsed, and that this sad difference between mother and son should not yet be made up. They are two haughty spirits; one must make the first step towards a reconciliation, and yet neither will—of course, it ought to be Piers. He has really behaved very badly, and his mother in such broken and failing health! why he may never see her again alive; as to poor Teresa, I really think I pity her the most—she has wasted away to a shadow, and you can see that all her cheerfulness is forced; and yet she is so uncomplaining, so unselfish, always putting aside her own griefs to try and soften those of others. She deserved a better fate than to have met with such a man as Piers, who has thrown her love to the winds. I have no patience with him, and I shall tell him so if he comes here this morning."

"My dear mother, you know Piers of old," replied Norris; "if you begin to rate at him he will only make a low bow and wish you a very good morning. There will be less chance than ever of a reconciliation if he thinks his mother has commissioned her friend to meddle in the matter."

"If he thought that, Robert, he would be making a very great mistake," observed the old lady; "for Monica is very bitter, and if I only mention his name, she interrupts me directly, and says 'never speak of him,' and then, of course, that poor Teresa looks heartbroken. I do so pity her; she spends all her spare hours at that old Water Tower, and most dismal it must be to sit moping

there and thinking over the past; and thinking of Piers, of course."

"As to Teresa," said Robert, rather stiffly, "she has not acted with all the sense and prudence I once gave her credit for. I am surprised at a woman of such discernment falling in love with a man like Thorold—a man beneath her, I consider, in intellect. He is showy and fascinating, but though we are, and always have been, close friends, I cannot allow that he has any great or shining parts. Now Teresa is a clever woman, and she would have shown better judgment in fixing her affections on some more kindred spirit."

Here Norris paused, but he looked more than he said, and Mrs. Norris understood those looks, and comprehended that they signified "here am I, an infinitely better man than Thorold, I offered myself to Teresa, and she refused me. I don't rejoice in the misfortunes of my friends, but still I cannot feel altogether so sorry as I ought to do, perhaps, for this breach between the woman I once loved and the man who succeeded where I failed."

From certain words which Robert had now and then let drop, Mrs. Norris suspected that her son had made an offer of marriage to Teresa and had been rejected, and thus it was that she was able to interpret his looks on the present occasion. All further discussion as to the merits or demerits of Teresa were stayed, however, by the entrance of Thorold, whom the old lady, guided by her son's advice, received with her usual affection and warmth.

"Piers," began the banker, in a jocular tone, "have you heard how things are going on at Fishguard? In the July of last year we had terrible reports of two daring smugglers, who ventured about in broad daylight; one of them a most disreputable-looking fellow, with a very suspicious coat—" and here Mr. Norris paused and laughed heartily, and looked at his son.

"I have heard no news of smugglers, lately," replied Thorold, following up the old banker's lead; "but what did you think of the horse poisoning at Boroughbridge, and the escape of that miscreant in fustians?"

Robert joined in the general laugh at this allusion to the scrape he had got into whilst on detachment at Easingwold; but when the laughter was over Mrs. Norris assumed a rather serious air, and turning to her son, began a lecture on dress, more to the amusement of Thorold than his friend, one of whose foibles was an utter disregard as to personal appearance.

"My dear Robert," said the old lady, in a tone of plaintive reproof, "I could wish, and I am sure it must be the desire of your estimable young wife, that you would pay a little more attention to your exterior. This last affair, to my mind, has gone beyond a joke; to be dragged like a malefactor before a magistrate," added

Mrs. Norris, severely, "is, I think, a disgrace and a scandal, considering that you are of one of the oldest families in Chester, we do not expect to find a gentleman in fustian clothes."

"Well, my dear mother," answered Robert, in a tone of slight irritation, "had I affected the gay attire of my friend Piers, I might still have been arrested for the horse-poisoning, merely from my proximity to the stables, for there are such gentry as swell mobsmen."

"Whatever you may say, Robert," replied the old lady, I maintain that a decent exterior in your position and rank of life is not only advisable, but necessary. However, do not let us quarrel about it; only I hope you will oblige me in this respect, my dear son, by dressing a little better. I have brought you a present from Chester, and I will send the parcel to your house this afternoon. You will find in it a full suit of clothes, a blue coat and pantaloons and two buff waistcoats; now do get them well made, and buy a new hat to wear with them. There are two coats and a waistcoat and some small clothes for your servant, and also for yourself a pair of black silk and two pair of buff leather breeches."

"In the halcyon days of courting, Bob, you had a great predilection for leather breeches," said Thorold, smiling.

"Now that I have a wife and child," replied Robert, in a dignified tone, "I have something of more consequence to think of than leather breeches. But," he added, turning to Mrs. Norris, "I thank you very much, my dear mother, for your kind present. I know I am not very particular about my dress, and it shames me that I should cause you a moment's concern about a matter which I might so easily remedy."

"Ah, friend Robert," observed Thorold, in a tone of some emotion, "you must be a happy man when you reflect how trivial and slight are the occasions for concern that you have given to the woman who suckled you at her breast; you have not added one grey hair to her head, or brought one line of care to her face."

"My dear Piers," said the old banker, "to see our faults is one great step towards amendment. You make me hope, by what you have just said, that the breach we all deplore will soon be filled up."

"Perhaps I shall ask your mediation some day," replied Thorold. "However, for the present, we will waive this unpleasant topic, and turn from my affairs to your's, or rather Robert's. I know he wants to advise with you on the all-important subject of his boy's name—you know, of course, that I am to be his son's godfather."

"Oh, we have had some correspondence by letter upon that point," answered the old banker, smiling. "Mrs. Norris wishes the child to be called Oliver. As for me, I am really quite indifferent."

as to what name my little grandson may bear. I have, perhaps, a slight preference for Peter; but, at the same time, I have a decided objection to two Christian names, and I do not think that Oliver will couple well with Peter, or any other name; in short, I would have it a whole Oliver or none."

"Oliver Peter," ejaculated Piers, "that certainly doesn't sound very euphonious. Poor Robert has had a dreadful time of it over this name. I know the laird of Glenalmond sent him a list to choose from, comprising the names of some of the reputed Scottish kings, Grimus, Fincormacus, Mogaldus, and a dozen others that I cannot remember: I think he wavered over Amberkelchus."

"Why, surely, Robert, you never thought of giving the child such an outlandish name?" exclaimed Mrs. Norris, with uplifted hands.

"Only one of Thorold's inventions," replied her son.

"Well, but Robert," resumed the banker, "your desire to please every one in this respect puts me in mind of the fable of the old man and his ass. But, to turn to another subject, what have you done about the inoculation? Your mother and I would have preferred the old mode rather than the vaccine method, thinking it to be both surer and safer; however, you, as the parent, must be the best judge."

"If he isn't he ought to be," interposed Thorold; "for to my certain knowledge he has done nothing since he returned from that ill-starred expedition to Boroughbridge, *via* Easingwold, but study folios and voluminous treatises on the subject."

"Talking of folios, Robert," interrupted the banker, "what made you send to me for that old book of 'Baptiste Porta?' Really, my dear son, with a wife and child and nurse to move about with, I would advise you not to encumber yourself with a library, too."

"Oh, that is the queer old book he pores over into the small hours of the night," said Thorold.

"It is a very learned and interesting work if you would only take the trouble to read it," replied Robert, rather severely.

"There is no need; I have heard it already, at second-hand, from you, Bob—Why, Mrs. Norris," he added, turning to that lady, "your son has made himself acquainted with the characters of all the officers in our regiment, and the Lord knows who else, by morally dissecting, with the aid of the defunct Porta, their eyes, noses, mouths, and I wot not what else besides. Major —— has little hollow eyes, therefore he is a deceitful man, *vide* Baptiste Porta; Ensign ——, has a hooked nose like a crow's, and, therefore has the impudence of a crow, and is equally prone to thieving, *vide* same authority; Lieutenant Norris has a very long head, a

sign of great impudence, according to our Italian author ; so his exploits at Fishguard and Boroughbridge are not to be wondered at."

"Well, I consider that book a most abominable work," exclaimed Mrs. Norris, with some vehemence. "The idea of any person sitting down to draw comparisons between human faces and those of brute beasts ! and then giving illustrations of one man with a face like a cat, and another with a face like a monkey ! I think the man might have employed his time to much better purpose."

"Your favourite, Teresa," said Norris, with a laugh, "lauds Porta up to the skies whenever she goes to the Water Tower."

"Oh, nonsense !" replied Mrs. Norris, "I don't believe it ; what can she know of him ?"

"Well, not much, perhaps ; only she almost ranks him with one of her saints, since I told her that he invented the camera. But be that as it may," continued Norris, "there are very excellent remarks in the book, and I have derived considerable information and instruction from it. Now in speaking of nurses for children, he gives some very judicious hints. He says the minds of such persons should be as free as possible from vicious passions ; and, he goes on to say, this rule prevails in the brute creation, for if lambs are suckled by goats, the wool of the former will become harder, and so if goats are suckled by lambs, the goats' hair will be softer ; and Scotus, he adds, tells us of a boy who was nursed by a goat, who, when he grew up, walked with bounds like a goat, and gnawed the bark of trees."

"Come, Robert, that will do for the present," remarked the banker, laughing at the latter part of his son's speech ; "it will take some time to digest that."

"Well, I should like to keep the book for awhile, father, if you have no objection," replied Robert.

"You are quite welcome, my dear son—but I only would not have you incommode yourself with too much luggage ; you will find it tiresome, in your frequent removals. Where do you think you will be ordered to next ?"

"The regiment, at present, is dispersed all along the sea coast," replied Robert, "to protect it from smugglers ; but——"

"A capital arrangement, is it not ?" interposed Thorold, jestingly ; "considering our real characters, as discovered at Fishguard—set a thief to catch a thief, you know the old adage, Mr. Norris."

"Very true," answered the banker ; "so we may expect to hear of some wonderful captures of cognac and real lace ; but what part of the sea-coast will you be likely to be sent to, Robert ?"

"To Scarborough, most probably, which I rather regret ; for it is extravagantly dear at this season."

"Oh, but ultimately our destination will be Scotland," observed Thorold.

"Flora will be much pleased at that," said Mrs. Norris.

"And so is her husband," remarked Piers, "his geologising jacket will be in constant request; indeed, I look forward, myself, with no small pleasure, to innumerable excursions amongst the hills. I shall sketch, while he makes notes and break stones. We will send you some specimens of our joint labours."

"You are planning plenty of work," said the old banker.

"I wish all my days had been so well employed," replied Thorold, a touch of bitterness mingling with the usual cheerful tone of his voice; "then I should not have to brood over recollections of the past, which embitter the present. However, I am always treading on this hateful ground, which I ought to avoid rather than approach. Mrs. Norris, what say you to a walk on the walls this fine morning?"

"I should like it very much," replied the old lady, as she prepared to accompany the two young men; "Norris, I know, will prefer to remain within doors for awhile, to read his paper. I always so much enjoy a walk round our own walls."

"Oh, but you will not be able to walk round the walls here, they are impassable in some places; the people of York do not keep their walls in as good order and repair as we Cestrians do ours: in fact, they have been neglected since General Fairfax and his Roundheads thundered away at them with their artillery, and shattered them about the ears of the citizens."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FIELD DAY.

THE corn-fields on the slopes surrounding the valley in which the old town of Haddington reposes were growing yellow with the coming harvest, and the brightness of the summer morning was upon them; but the summits of the beautiful Lammermuir hills were barely visible, from the bluish haze, which the sun had not yet quite dispersed. In the town itself there was light and shadow mingled; a depth of cool shade under the wide-spreading leafy branches of the giant old elms and beeches that overshadowed the gable ends and quaint red-tiled roofs of the cottages scattered about the entrance to the old town, and a broad flood of light on the wide and roughly-paved thoroughfare of Court Street.

The houses on either side the street looked still and quiet enough; hardly a face to be seen at the casements lying far back in those deep recesses. No wonder, for Jacky Hayes, the celebrated drummer of the First Royal Lancashire Militia, had drawn almost

every man, woman, and child from the cool shelter of their houses into the glaring heat of the sunlit street to listen to his drumming, and see his performance with his drumsticks.

Jacky Hayes was standing at the door of the old "Bay Horse" inn. A quaint, rambling building was this, long and irregular, one storey high, with a very steep roof; walls rough-cast and washed yellow, and the green leaves of some creeping plant twining round the low doorway where Jacky stood, with the signboard portraying an impossible horse above his head. At the drummer's elbow stood the landlord, while the whole staff of domestics loitered on the narrow, spiral stone staircase in the background, and in the street in front, a confused assemblage of all classes, ranks, and station, were admiring and gaping. Rich Mr. Miller, the banker, Mr. Leslie, the doctor, in his solemn old barouche with the two grey horses, shopkeepers from Market Street and High Street, ladies on their way to market, servants, and a host of truant boys and girls; the boys watching with parted lips and distended eyes the wonderful evolutions of the drumsticks, which Jacky, with the rapidity of lightning, sent flying up into the air, continuing the tune with one stick, whilst the other performed a somersault, and then catching the latter with wonderful dexterity, and, at the same time, sending up the other, all without an instant's delay in his performance.

A fine, smart-looking fellow was Jacky Hayes, a favourite in his regiment, and, indeed, a favourite everywhere, for he was good-tempered, honest, and mirthful; and he could sing a song as well as perform extraordinary feats of drumming. More men were enticed into the First Royal Lancashires by the drummer than by the recruiting sergeant himself. That very morning there was many would-be soldier in the troop of gaping, admiring urchins collected before the Bay horse, and their admiration was increased tenfold when Jacky began to give forth the following stanzas of an old song in a fine, clear, and rather melodious voice:

"A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me,
He cuts such a flash
With his gorget and sash,
And makes such ado
With his gaiters and queue,
Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid?
Sing rub-a-dub, a dub rub-a-dub, a-dub a-dub, dub-dub."

The chorus was taken up energetically by many of the bystanders, and it is hard to say how long the entertainment would have lasted, affording, as it did, so great enjoyment to the people, and the certain contingency of money and drink to the indefatigable drummer, had it not been suddenly interrupted in a very unlooked-for manner.

Some one standing outside the crowd had noticed in the distance, at the top of the rising ground, the approach of two military horsemen, one riding rather in advance of the other. For an instant all attention seemed to be diverted to the new-comers, and the drummer's ear caught the words "General Durham." In one moment Jacky slung his drum over his shoulders, caught up the descending drumstick, and without one word of adieu to mine host, or even the shadow of a smile to the pretty chambermaid on the staircase, dashed through the crowd, under the legs of Dr. Leslie's grey horses, almost causing them to take fright, scattered the children right and left, continued his flight up Court Street, followed, at a respectful distance, by some of the crowd, who had been struck with apprehensions that he was seized with a sudden attack of madness.

Meanwhile, on flew Jacky from Court Street into High Street, where the ranks of his pursuers increased, and from High Street into Church Street. Here he passed the beautiful river Tyne on his right, and ran, not to the narrow old stone bridge which lay a little to one side, but straight into the river itself, only knee-deep, however, at that point. As Jacky plunged in, a cry arose from his pursuers—"He has taken to the water," uttered rather in a tone of disappointment, for they had expected the unusual excitement of a case of hydrophobia. The drummer soon reached the opposite bank, and then made off in the direction of the barracks. These stood at a short distance from the Tyne, on a pleasant and extensive rising ground facing the high road to Gifford, commanding a view of the ruins of the fine old church on the opposite banks of the river, its clear, blue waters, and its thickly-wooded banks.

The barracks were only wooden huts of one storey high, with red-tiled roofs, and the outside walls of planks, painted black. Into the barrack-yard rushed Jacky, astonishing his wondering comrades by the brief and unintelligible exclamation, "He's coming!" when he disappeared like lightning into his own quarters.

This being one of the weekly field days, the regiment was about to be drawn up on the parade-ground, and officers and men were falling into their places, when the cause of the drummer's sudden alarm appeared in the person of Major-General Durham, followed by his orderly. So abrupt and unexpected was his arrival, that it threw the whole regiment into surprise, mingled, too, with some consternation, for General Durham was known to be a martinet. Woe be, then, to the transgressor of military discipline! and one transgressor there was on that parade to a certainty—that one was Jacky Hayes, who had flagrantly violated decorum and propriety, if not discipline, that morning, by the riotous entertainment he had afforded the townspeople. Yet Jacky, having quickly changed his

nether garments, stood on parade with dry gaiters and polished shoes, firm and unabashed, whilst another comrade, drummer Tomkins, a steady young fellow, shook in his shoes as the general drew near; so often does vice bear the appearance of virtue, and *vice versa*!

The major-general was received with two ruffles of the drum the officers saluted, and the men presented arms. The general then passed along the regiment, while the band played a march. After inspecting it, he returned to the front, and addressed the colonel.

Colonel Tonge was a fat, fair, florid little man, with an intensely good-humoured face, a man much beloved by both officers and men. General Durham was a tall, thin, rawboned Scotsman with the national high-cheek bones, blue eyes, and sandy-colour hair; an expression at all times stern, and now rendered doubly terrible by an ominous frown.

For himself Colonel Tonge had no fears, for he was thoroughly acquainted with every branch of his duties; but he felt sundry misgivings whether all his officers would come up to the standard of merit required by so exacting a commander as General Durham.

"All the drummers present, Colonel Tonge?" began the general, in a tone of voice that sounded as though it had proceeded from a speaking-trumpet.

"Yes, General Durham," responded the colonel, inwardly surprised at the question.

"Ah!" growled the general, fixing a savage glare on the unfortunate and innocent Tomkins, who immediately showed still more evident signs of guilt; "I thought I both heard and saw one in town not half-an-hour ago, entertaining all the rabble with the antics of a Merry-Andrew—a scoundrel in His Majesty's uniform comporting himself, by Heaven! like some clown at a fair. I could only recognise the rascal!" added the irate general, fixing poor innocent Tomkins an ominous stare, as much as to say, "Take care, I know you!" and thereby throwing that wretched and wrongfully suspected individual into a cold sweat.

"What is this gentleman's name?" now inquired the general after a moment's pause, spent in taking a close and apparently unsatisfactory survey of the dress of our friend Robert Norris, who had only recently received his promotion.

"Captain Norris," answered Colonel Tonge, looking in some dismay at the captain's boots. The fact is that Robert Norris had been on a geologising expedition that morning, and his mind was too full of minerals and fossils to give much thought to his military accoutrements.

"I think, Captain Norris," said the general, with cutting severity, "that the standing orders of your regiment require officers

to pay some attention to the neatness of their dress and appearance;" and as he ceased speaking he directed a wrathful glance at the captain's boots, which were not only soiled up to the knees, but anything but brightly polished, nor, indeed, were his white kersey-mere breeches snow white.

"Call out the names of the men of the front rank of your company, Captain Norris," said General Durham, with a deepening frown on his brow.

Norris commenced and got on correctly with the names of the men, which were tolerably familiar to him: Brown, Jones, Hogg, Badger, and other euphonious appellations flowed glibly enough from his lips, until he came to two new recruits, and here he hesitated and faltered.

"Myers," whispered some friendly prompter.

"Mica," said the captain, aloud, confused and bewildered, and his brains probably running on his minerals.

"Doesn't even know the names of his men!" ejaculated the general, whose sharp ears had caught the whisper. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir; a raw ensign of three months would know his duty better. I have more questions to put to you, sir," he continued, "but I quite expect that you will be as little able to answer them as this last—I hope I may be mistaken." The general expressed this charitable hope, however, in a manner that showed he would be rather disappointed than otherwise if the captain should acquit himself better.

"Allow me to observe, General Durham," said Colonel Tonge, "that Captain Norris has not been in the Grenadier company for more than a month during a whole year and a half. I am sure you will consider that an excuse for not knowing the name of every man."

"No excuse at all, sir!" shouted the general. "I could get all the names and know a company individually in four-and-twenty hours. I hope all your captains don't resemble Captain Norris, that is all I can say.—Now, sir," he continued, addressing himself in a stentorian tone to Thorold, "I will trouble you with a few questions."

Thorold put himself into an attitude of attention, and the general forthwith commenced.

"How many men have you in hospital?"

"Three," replied Thorold, without the slightest hesitation, he having received a telegraphic communication from the fingers of Adjutant Okey.

"Do you visit them, sir, and report if they want proper comforts?" continued the general.

"I saw private Black, yesterday," answered Thorold, with

great effrontery, taking into consideration the fact that the hospital was a place he never set foot in. "I inquired particularly if he had taken the pills at bed-time, and the mixture as before, but I think he did not quite consider them as comforts. The doctor can tell you all——"

"I don't want to know your thoughts, sir," broke in the general, who appeared to be to the full as indignant with the man who could answer his questions as with the man who could not. "Now, pray," continued the general, fixing a threatening look on drummer Tomkins, who was grinning spasmodically from sheer fright, "how many shirts have each of your men? How often do they change their linen? What have they got in their kits?"

"Four shirts, three pairs of socks, ditto nightcaps, ditto handkerchiefs," answered Thorold, with great gravity, consulting the fragments of one of his old washing-bills, which he held concealed by his pocket handkerchief, which he had taken out.

Something in Thorold's manner seemed particularly offensive to General Durham, who, therefore multiplied his questions tenfold, in the hope, as it appeared, of catching him tripping; but the hope was not realised, for Thorold was ever ready with an answer to every question—that he paid his men himself—that he kept his own books—that he inspected their quarters and their messes—knew how much the bread and meat cost per pound. We are bound, however, to confess, that in some of these replies, given in a very off-hand manner, the line of truth was not very strictly adhered to; yet sharp as General Durham was, he would have had considerable difficulty in unmasking the culprit, so he finished his questions in that quarter.

"Now, Colonel Tonge," said the general, after a pause of a few moments, "of course, I am quite satisfied that you can handle your regiment as an officer ought to do—indeed, Lord Rosslyn's report is a guarantee for that; but I should like to see one of your captains put it through some movements. Captain Norris, do you take the command."

Norris, rather nervous at this sudden trial of his abilities which he was to be put to, drew out his pocket handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his face; but, unfortunately turning his pocket inside out in his embarrassment, there fell from it some small specimens of minerals, along with a geological hammer—articles which he had conveyed, in a fit of absence of mind, into the pocket of his uniform coat.

"Have you any other avocation, sir, than that of an officer in His Majesty's service, that you should fill your pockets with such rubbish?" asked General Durham, fiercely. "Your slovenly appearance is disgraceful, sir."

n something of a geologist—am fond of geology, sir,” Norris, in an angry tone, indignant, as he was, at his so-called minerals being styled rubbish.

“Nothing of a geologist!” repeated the general, with a sneer. “You would better have been a stonemason. I wish to Heaven you were to be something of a soldier. Take the command, sir, and see what you can do.”

Adjured, Norris set himself to his task with all the patience a mason could muster. He gave the words of command very correctly, and the column did its work well and steadily. As yet, however, the general’s brow did not relax—not, in short, until the other movements had been equally satisfactorily performed. His face began to assume a milder aspect as though he would say, “Well, this young fellow is not so bad a soldier, after all, in the use of his hammer and his bits of stones.” But this change of countenance was only the calm before a storm. The unfortunate general intended to form the battalion in close column from the line, in order quickly and in force to make an attack on a well-defined and confined situation; but either through nervousness, or, or both, he misplaced the words of command, and so, in order to complicate and mix up the different divisions, that the companies tried ineffectually to disengage themselves to the right and left, whichever would conduct them towards their place in the column, while others stood facing and staring at each other where they stood, the Grenadier company opposite the Light, and all the battalion companies jumbled up together! In their uniforms the soldiers might have been taken for the crowds which throng round the polling-booths at an election, or an unlawful assemblage, the magistrate reading the riot act, as represented by General Durham; or, in short, a body of men thrown into inextricable confusion by the blunders of some one who had no knowledge of the Terpsichorean art. The latter simile, doubtless, infuriated General Durham, for he shouted, or rather yelled out:—

“And the devil! what have we got, now? It’s a country country dance! By Heaven, he’s going to treat us to a country dance!”

CHAPTER XV.

“NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT.”

Old High Street of Edinburgh wore its usual air of bustle on a bright sunny morning in August, shortly after the visit of General Durham to Haddington barracks; and under the shadow of the old houses there sauntered a gentleman, clad in the

military undress of the time—a blue frock coat, white kerseymere breeches, and long black-topped boots up to the knee. This was no other than our old friend Robert Norris.

The previous evening, Colonel Tonge, with several of his officers, Norris amongst the number, had been invited to dine with General Lord Cathcart, at Edinburgh, and afterwards to attend a ball given at the Assembly Rooms in George Street. Both dinner and ball had been on a grand scale, and the officers in garrison at the Castle had been there in force. After the ball broke up, at an advance hour, many of the officers adjourned to the Royal Hotel in Prince Street, to finish with a supper and wine. Norris, however, was not of their number, for his tastes led him to seek a night's lodging, and repose in another quarter than the patrician hotel to which his brother officers had repaired. He wished to be in the old town that he might begin early in the morning, an investigation of some of its quaint old buildings, its closes and wynds, so dear to his spirit of antiquarian research; also, he wished to save his purse—which, however, he did not always do by going to shabby inns or lodgings, for the landlords and others generally discerning his quality, under what was often even a shabby exterior, mulcted him to a far greater amount than he would have had to pay at a really good inn.

However, we will accompany Norris in his rambles on the morning we speak of. The inn he had put up at for the night was in the "Nether Bow," nearly opposite John Knox's house; and, at an early hour before his breakfast, he had been surveying this old relic of past ages from his bedroom window. Now he strolled out, and drew close to its walls to take a more critical look at it, before leaving to return to Haddington. This ancient sombre building, projecting, as it does, into the High Street, and robbing it of half its width, looked still darker and more gloomy when contrasted with the bright sunlight. Norris paused and gazed admiringly at the solid and irregularly constructed stone tenement, which had survived so many centuries. Then out came his memorandum-book, and down went jottings about its gable ends, finished off with the corbel steps, or crow-steps, so frequently seen in old Scottish buildings, its mullioned and transome windows, and the outer stone stairs by which the first floor of the house is approached, another peculiar feature of many of the old dwellings in Edinburgh. The little rude image beneath the window, from which, it is said, John Knox used to address the multitude, and which is supposed to be a representation of the Reformer himself, brought a scornful smile to the lips of Norris, and, staunch Protestant though he was, the ejaculation—"Rude demagogue!"

After Norris had finished his scrutiny of the Reformer's house he consulted his watch, and finding that he had yet some little time

pare, he walked slowly up the broad High Street, gazing at its stantial stone buildings of irregular architecture, some sevenies high, others even eight and nine stories. Had any one been watching his movements they would have been amused, perhaps surprised. Now he would dive down some one of the numerous steep, almost precipitous closes, so narrow, as scarcely to measure two paces in width, yet once the places of residence of the rich aristocracy, and heedless of infection from these, now fever-ridden spots, he would push his way amongst swarms of squalid, half-naked, wretched children, and stop to write down his notes, oblivious equally of their presence, or their laughter, and gaping derision. He did not, however, always confine himself to the middle of the ill-paved thoroughfares, but, on more than one occasion, he would scale one of the narrow turnpike stone staircases, built outside an ancient dwelling, by which its several upper floors, flats, as they are called, are approached, and he would make a brief halt on a landing where there was some window or small opening, lost in admiration over the high-pitched roof and crow-stepped end of some tenement on the opposite side of the close, thus obstructing the descent of the occupants of the different flats, or the ascent of a fish-wife with her "caller herrin;" or he would be jotting down his observations upon old wooden-fronted houses, jutting out into the narrow close, storey above storey, each one projecting further the higher it rises, until the blue sky overhead is almost hidden by overhanging gables.

At length Norris reluctantly tore himself from these, to him, pleasing scenes, recollecting that he had a call to make in St. Andrew's Square. Accordingly he bent his steps to the North Bridge, and, sauntering leisurely over it, admired the prospect, first on one side then on the other—the high terrace of the old town terminating in the abrupt and rugged rock, on which stands the castle, then the rocky eminence of the Calton Hill, at that time free of all edifices, save the old observatory. Wrapped in his thoughts, Norris at length reached the corner of Princes Street, where he met one of his brother officers, Lieutenant Nevitt, formerly Ensign Nevitt, whom our readers will remember as the officer who had to come forward to identify him at Boroughbridge.

"Well met, Norris," said the lieutenant, taking his friend's arm; "but where are you off to in such red-hot speed? nicely you've us all the slip last night! I would challenge any hotel in Edinburgh to furnish a better entertainment than we had at the Royal.' By the way, Norris, where did you put up?" added Nevitt, smitten with curiosity to know where his friend had lodged, and suspecting, at the same time, that his lodging had not been in any very patrician part of the town. Norris was known

to be seldom very particular about his quarters, and to eschew fashionable hotels; he had also been heard to exclaim, in no very measured terms, against the extortions practised at the hotels upon strangers, especially Englishmen.

"I was not going to the 'Royal,' " replied Norris, tartly: "they are all alike. I have not forgotten having to pay one guinea for a very moderate dinner and a small modicum of wine, at one of your fine Princes Street hotels. There are other good and respectable houses of entertainment in Edinburgh besides those in Princes Street; you need go no further than Leith Street," added Norris, with a spirit of evasion worthy of a politician of the first order; for he implied, by what he had last said, or he wished to imply, that he had himself put up at some hotel in Leith Street.

Nevitt was not, however, to be so easily put off, so he pushed his inquiries further, and forced Norris to assign a definite place for his night's lodging, rather to the vexation of the latter; for he felt somewhat ashamed, when it came to the point, to confess in how common and low a tavern he had installed himself, and he answered his friend with an air of irritation, such as a man often assumes when he knows himself to be in the wrong.

"If it is so very necessary to your peace of mind, Nevitt, to know where I lodged, I must tell you that it was at the 'Thistle Tavern,' in the Nether Bow. It is just opposite John Knox's house, which I was very anxious to examine, and, therefore I wanted to be near it; besides, there are other old buildings in the Canongate, which I was desirous of inspecting—at any rate," added Norris, in conclusion, "they are very moderate in their charges at the 'Thistle,' and for this very reason, that no strangers or Englishmen go there; Scotchmen, you know, look sharp after their money."

"And what may be the quality of the Scotch who frequent this paragon of taverns?" inquired Nevitt, in a rather derisive tone. "There is an old piper, who plays before St. Giles's Church—I fancy he patronises it; the forlorn and ragged appearance of his plaid would better harmonise with its walls than the uniform of an English officer. I can well believe that none of our countrymen frequent it, and, certainly, none of those who hold His Majesty's commission. However, I can well understand that the low scale of charges was a great recommendation in your eyes."

"Well, Mr. Nevitt," answered Norris, rather stiffly, "I suppose a man may put up at what inn he chooses, without being called upon to consult the opinions of others, any more than he would do in the choice of a hat or a pair of boots."

"I disagree with both your suppositions," replied Nevitt; "an officer owes a certain regard to his rank, and, therefore, he should

not choose a low place of entertainment to lodge at; and then, again, an officer, though he need not ask advice on the subject, should be careful not to appear in a battered hat, or worn-out shoes, as such appendages may earn him the repute of being a rogue and a vagabond, and may ensure him a night's lodging in a lock-up, as happened to a friend of mine once."

"Have you ever heard of the motto that has reference to the 'Thistle?' " inquired Norris, in a tone of concentrated wrath.

"Not I," replied Nevitt, carelessly.

"*Nemo me impune lacessit*," answered Norris, looking sternly at his friend.

"Oh, indeed! I understand, I haven't forgotten all my Latin, yet," replied Nevitt; "but all I say is, that if I had been seen entering such a pot-house, I should have considered I was bringing disgrace on the regiment by thus forgetting my position as a gentleman."

"You may talk about gentlemen, sir, as much as you please," retorted Norris, in a passion, "but if you were a gentleman yourself, you would not have made such a remark as that which you have just uttered.

"Pray, sir," said Nevitt, in a would-be calm and dignified tone, though somewhat shaken by the inward commotions of his soul, "what am I to understand by that observation?"

"Whatever you like," replied Norris, in a tone and with looks implying that nothing short of swords or pistols would satisfy his present sanguinary frame of mind. "You will find me at barracks all the afternoon, sir, so I wish you good morning."

"I shall not fail to inquire for you, sir," replied Nevitt, with a look, breathing equally murderous intentions with those of his friend. "Good morning."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEQUEL.

SOME three or four hours after the meeting of Captain Norris and Lieutenant Nevitt, Captain Thorold strolled into the barrack yard at Haddington, having been absent, since an early hour in the morning, on a long ramble amongst the Lammermuir hills. The first object that attracted his attention was a little boy, apparently about a year and a half old, who was playing about on the open space, partly covered with turf, and partly trodden down, that faced the little huts, forming the homes of the First Lancashire's.

He was a pretty boy, with bright blue eyes and finely formed limbs. Seeing him, as he then appeared, one would have taken him for the child of a private soldier. He was barefooted and bare-

headed, and his hair was bleached almost white, doubtless from constant exposure to the summer sun, while his skin was tanned a dark brown from the same cause; his outer garments consisted simply of a coarse cotton blouse, secured round the waist with a belt.

The boy seemed to know Thorold, for he trotted towards him with an exclamation of great joy.

“Thou unhappy little varlet!” said Piers, addressing the child as though it could understand him; “does thy father want to prepare thee for the life of a wandering gipsy, that he brings thee up in this mad fashion?”

Thorold, leading the child by the hand, advanced to one of the huts, and as the door was open he entered, and found himself in a small apartment, simply furnished, with a strip or two of carpet on the floor, a table littered over with books and papers, a few chairs, and a couch placed underneath the casement window. On this couch rested a pale, delicate-looking woman, of handsome features and graceful person, with large blue eyes and reddish hair. She was gazing out rather pensively, upon the fine outline of the distant mountains.

This was Flora Norris, our hero's wife, and Norris himself was seated at the table writing a letter, pausing, every now and then in the midst of his task, to look with an air of mournful gravity at his wife. The latter would have risen on Thorold's entrance, but he earnestly entreated her to rest on the couch, observing that he was sorry to see her looking so unwell.

“I do not grow stronger, that is certain,” replied Mrs. Norris. “I thought,” she added, with a sad smile, “that the very fact of my drawing near to my native mountains would revive me, and that when the pink heather was in bloom, I should wander amongst it as blithe and well as in days gone by; but that will never be, I fear, now.”

“You see all this travelling fatigues Flora,” observed Norris, in a melancholy tone: “look how she has been knocking about for the last year: from York to Berwick to start with, and a dreadful journey it was, for you well remember what stormy bad weather we had in November—the cold could not be kept out of the chaise; she was obliged to stay some days in Durham, for when I came up with her there, on our march, I found her quite ill. The same thing happened at Newcastle and Belford; she was obliged to stop at each of those places, quite prostrated. And then at Berwick—well,” he added, shrugging his shoulders, “you Thorold, yourself experienced the inconvenience, the miseries, the wretchedness of an abode in that vile place—the filthiest hole that was ever the residence of civilised beings. I cannot find terms sufficiently strong

herewith to describe the beastly foul state of its thoroughfares, and the interior of its houses ; and I will add to this catalogue, the ominably nasty habits of the inhabitants of some of these houses. In fact, Berwick had but one recommendation in my eyes——”

And here Norris paused abruptly, having talked himself nearly breathless.

“What may that be?” asked Thorold, who had been laughing at his friend’s vehemence.

“The air, the pure cold air, the only thing its wretched inhabitants cannot vitiate and corrupt,” replied Norris. “The intensely cold climate suited Oliver amazingly : I inured him to it, for he was out of doors the whole day. Whatever you may say to the contrary, Thorold, I maintain that my system is a good one. Look how strong and hardy the boy is,” and here Norris pointed triumphantly to the barefooted child with the bleached hair ; “he eats on water porridge for his breakfast and supper, and mashed potatoes for his dinner, and he sleeps on a hard straw mattress.”

“I do not approve of this hardening process, Captain Thorold,” observed Mrs. Norris, with a sigh ; “but Robert is a little obstinate at this point. You know we nearly lost Oliver at Berwick. Many children were suffering from the intense cold, and at last my poor boy, all of a sudden, had an attack of inflammation of the lungs. I sent for our surgeon at once, and I am sure we are indebted for the child’s life to his promptitude ; he put on four leeches directly, and so completely reduced the inflammation, that Robert judged the boy fit to travel three days afterwards, though I thought it was great risk.”

“Look at the Highlanders !” said Norris, not noticing his wife’s remark, “how hardy their children are ! what a rigorous bring-up they have, and yet they live !”

“Aye, to be sure,” answered Thorold ; “but we don’t know how many of them die. Now, Bob,” he continued, “you have the aspect of a savage, of an unmitigated barbarian, with regard to that. Look what great splay feet he’ll have, hair like tow, and a skin as coarse and brown as a field labourer. I consider you are doing a positive injury to that child, bringing him up in such a wretched manner. What do you mean to do with him ? is he to be a gipsy ? If so, he mayn’t inherit the talents of a Bampfild or a Carew, and in that case, he will descend to mending the farmer’s wives pots and kettles, and carrying off their barn-door fowl.”

“I have never heard of the Spartan youth falling into such glorious practices,” replied Norris, rather loftily ; “and I have seen——”

“By jove, Bob,” interrupted Thorold, “if you are going back

as far as the Spartans, I have done with you! I suppose I shall some day find you concocting a dish of *black broth* for this luckless child."

"Let us dismiss the subject, Piers," said Norris. "We shall never agree upon it. You know, I have my crochets."

"Granted," replied Thorold, with a smile. "And may I ask was it one of your crochets that induced you, a married man, to come and live in barracks, and bring a lady into them, too?"

"Oh, that was quite as much my wish," observed Mrs. Norris, with a smile. "We took lodgings at first in the town, but we found them so very dirty and inconvenient, that we thought it best to come into barracks; and as the barrack-master was so kind as to give us his own hut, I much preferred it. Besides, Robert is so often away on his excursions, through Colonel Tonge's kindness in giving him leave of absence, that I am left a good deal alone, which is very miserable in lodgings, particularly if one is not comfortable with the people. I had a dreary time of it when you and Robert were on your grand tour in the Highlands, and," she added, with a smile, "performed the feat of walking seven hundred miles in one month; but here I have, at least, one friend near me, my countrywoman, good Mrs. Okey—and she is such a kind creature!"

"I will tell you our chief reason for coming into barracks," said Norris, with a look of indignant scorn and contempt. "We have just been speaking of the dirt of Berwick; but what shall we say," he added, raising his hand and his eyebrows, "to the filth of Haddington and its inhabitants? No tongue can describe it, no language is strong enough to express it. We went into lodgings that had been occupied by some Scotch field-officers. Well, I tell you, Thorold, had that house been the hut of a Hottentot, it could not have been more disgustingly dirty. Flora abhors the nasty habits of her countrypeople as much as I do, but she will not speak out; I cannot disguise my sentiments, and I say that the plague-spot of dirt infects every hole and corner of a Scotch town."

"Oh, I know, I remember your wretched forebodings when we got on the route for Scotland," said Thorold, laughing. "You had made up your mind to live on nothing but eggs as long as we were in the country. Well, one would have thought them, at least, proof against dirt—but, pardon me Mrs. Norris, that awful hair you found in one when I breakfasted with you! I shall never forget the horror I felt," said Thorold, with assumed gravity.

"I should think not," remarked Norris, dryly, for he half-suspected that if his friend had not artistically introduced the offending hair into the egg, he, at all events, knew more as to how it came there than he ever chose to admit.

Mrs. Norris merely smiled at her husband's vehement attack on

habits of her countrymen ; but Thorold, now thinking it best to end a conversation which might cause her some little pain, rose to take his leave. As Norris went with him to the door, he said, with an air of grave and mysterious import—

“ I will come with you to your quarters ; I wish to speak with you on a matter of some importance.”

Norris deferred his communication till he was fairly seated in Thorold's room, and then he poured forth a full relation of the arrest, and ended by asking Thorold, as his most intimate and trusted friend, to be his second.

“ Of course, Norris, you may always command me in any way you please,” replied Thorold, “ and I'll be your second ; but, confound it, Bob, what hornets' nests you do manage to poke your head into,—

Boroughbridge you get yourself arrested for horse-poisoning ; and now, at Haddington, you are going to figure in a duel. If we are ordered to London, I should expect to see you at the bar of the Old Bailey.”

A tap at the door stayed any further conversation between the two friends, and in answer to Thorold's “ Come in !” Major Haynes presented himself—a sleek, fat, dapper little man was the major, with a perpetual smile on his face.

Norris and Thorold arose from their seats, and then Major Haynes said, with one of his most cheery smiles, as though he were the bearer of the most delightful news in the world :

“ I have been to your lodgings, Captain Norris, and they told me I should find you with Captain Thorold, at his quarters.”

“ I imagine, Major Haynes,” said Norris, with great politeness, “ that you are the bearer of a message from Lieutenant Nevitt.”

“ Exactly so, my dear sir, you have hit the mark,” replied the major, his form of speech probably being influenced by the current of his thoughts.

“ In that case, I will leave you with my friend, Captain Thorold, who will arrange matters for me,” observed Norris.

“ Aye, do, Bob !” said Thorold ; “ you can go and take a stroll, and look in here again in an hour.”

Norris left his friend's lodgings in a rather unpleasant frame of mind. He regretted sincerely, in short, that he was going to fight a duel—not from any motives of fear, for he was a thoroughly brave man ; but he had always held duelling in abhorrence, and had looked upon it as a species of madness, that because one man had insulted another, the injured party should feel himself bound to give that man also the chance of shooting him.

Norris walked slowly away from the barracks, and entered the suburb called Gifford Gate, and from thence into Nungate. Absorbed in his gloomy reflections, he passed along under the shadow

of the old and irregularly-built houses, some of them falling to decay, and their crumbling stone walls and red-tiled roofs marking their age; for the red of those old tiles had faded white, and moss had coated the stone walls. Turning down a court he reached — the river side: the old ruins lay before him on the opposite bank, and at his feet flowed the clear blue waters of the Tyne, glistening in the sunlight, and reflecting the four pointed arches of the ancient stone bridge. He crossed the river by the narrow old bridge, and stood, for a moment, looking down the broad stream, partly shadowed, in some places, by overhanging trees. Close beneath him the river was shallow, and boys were wading about in the cool clear waters, and on the bank he had quitted, a horse was standing with head bowed down, drawing deep draughts from the refreshing stream.

Leaving the bridge Norris came into Church Street, and turned his steps towards the old church, sauntering slowly along under the shade of the fine avenue of trees that leads to the ruins. The very sight of them, perhaps, added to his melancholy, for he seated himself on a pile of fresh mown hay, and sat gazing sadly on this beautiful wreck. The fine square tower in the middle of the church yet stands, but its roof has gone, and not a vestige remains of the graceful lancet windows but the cavities they once filled. The fine red freestone of which the old church was built, has defied the hand of time, and the walls yet stand, but they are coated with moss, and tufts of long grass and wild flowers spring out from every rent and fissure, and encircle the arch of what was once a beautiful Gothic window, filled with stained glass. At length Norris rose from his seat on the heap of sweet-scented hay, and walked into the ruins. Within the roofless massive old walls, the clear blue sky was above his head, and at his feet a thick growth of grass, where once had been the pavement of the church, on which devout worshippers had knelt and prayed till the devastating waves of blind fanaticism swept over and destroyed the ancient edifice.

Norris forgot, for awhile, his cause of uneasiness, in the contemplation of the wreck around him, and his thoughts reverted to John Knox, whose birthplace was in Haddington; and he looked scornfully and angrily at the small vestige of the beautiful old church that had been preserved. The arched doorway at the west entrance, being intact, afforded him some pleasure, though he did not like the effect of the white patches amongst the red freestone, showing where the repairs had been carried on.

He lingered a long while in the graveyard, and, surrounded by the homes of the dead, his thoughts began to take a still more melancholy turn. How soon might he not be lying under some green mound in that very spot, cut off in the prime of youth — and all for what? If he had run away with another man's wife, well

then, he would deserve to lose his life in expiation; but it was an absurdity, a folly, nay, a crime, to stand a chance of having a bullet through one's heart merely for having gone to a shabby inn.

Close at his feet there was a small grave, a grass-grown mound, planted thickly with many-tinted flowers, with a stone cross at its head, telling how it was a little boy who slept beneath, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Then his eyes grew dim at the thought of his own wife and child—how soon might the one be a widow, and the other an orphan!

Gradually, however, his thoughts became calmer and more tranquil; perhaps the quiet and the beauty of that sweet solitude helped to soothe him—the fragrance of the summer air, the golden sunlight falling, in slanting rays, through the foliage of the noble elms and drooping willows upon the moss-grown stones and old monuments scattered all around, and above his head a thrush, singing gaily in the lovely drooping foliage of the graceful birch, at the foot of which he was seated, his back resting against its long, slender trunk, covered with silvery bark.

The church clock striking five, reminded Norris of the lapse of time, and he rose quickly, and walked back to the barracks at a smart pace. On entering Thorold's lodgings, somewhat to his surprise he found Nevitt seated there.

"Am I to be the spokesman, Major Haynes?" asked Thorold, before Norris could speak.

"If you please," replied the major, with a more beaming smile than usual, which enraged Norris so much under the circumstances, that he wished Haynes were going to be his adversary instead of Nevitt.

"Well, my dear fellow, began Thorold, "the major and I are both agreed that this is the most absurd affair to fight about that was ever heard of. We cannot consent that there shall be any chance of the First Lancashire's losing a valuable officer, such as either of our friends, for such a trumpery matter. Nevitt is willing to make an apology; he knows, and grants that you are the best fellow in the world, though you do wear a battered hat sometimes, and lodge at a pot-house. So you must shake hands and be friends."

Nevitt advanced at once and extended his hand to Norris, who grasped it very cordially, and the lieutenant made a very ample apology.

"Now you shall all dine with me;" said Thorold! "and we'll drown the recollection of this absurd affair in a bumper of claret."

“With all my heart,” said Nevitt; “and Norris, you are right, good fellow, and I don’t mean ever to fall out with y— again; but,” he added, with a laugh, “you can’t deny that it w— a d—d shabby inn!”

MIGNON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

KNOWEST thou the land where citron sheds its bloom,
Where golden orange bursts its leafy gloom?
A gentle wind from the blue heaven set free,
High stands the laurel, hushed the myrtle-tree.
Knowest thou the land I love?
Thither, beloved one, with thee would I rove!

Knowest thou the house? on pillars rests its dome;
There is the lustrous hall, the glimmering room,
And statues say, that look on me so mild,
“What have they done to thee, alas! poor child?”
Knowest thou the land I love?
Thither, dear guardian, with thee would I rove!

Knowest thou the mountain and its cloudy track?
The mule is slowly wending through the rack;
In caverns dwell the dragon’s ancient brood;
Down falls the crag and over it the flood.
Knowest thou the land I love?
Thither, dear father, with thee would I rove.

ALBERT EGMONT—

A LITTLE ACCOUNT OF A QUIET PLACE.

MANORBEER, or the Manor of the Barrys! my mind dwells with assurance upon the name, a something of the reposeful quiet which **g** about the place comes over me as I write the word, for it was **at** I wanted, quiet for fretted nerves, repose for wearied brain, from the ceaseless round of company and fashion; freedom from conventionalities of life—and quiet, in the truest acceptation **the** word, I found at Manorbeer.

Who has not felt that to see the same course of life every day, **e** entertained in the same way, night after night at many different houses, to have the same routine of work every morning, and all little samenesses of every-day life pressing upon us constantly, at last, a wearying effect on the mind, to escape from which we at times we must leave home, we must lay down the pen which **as** daily to drink up the ink before us with no very perceptible **int**erruption of the business that remains undone—we must quit our little hobbies, as well as our necessary work, and even escape, a little time, from the familiar faces of our dearest friends? And **w**omen feel this, who have comparatively less to do, at all events, monotony of work, how much more necessary must this change be to busy men, the workers in town and country—whose overworked brains are daily exhausting more than the daily strength **by** which nature supplies them! To effect this change we rush to the Continent, with its endless varieties, its skies of changeable beauty, its scenery of untold loveliness; or we go to London, and plunge into dissipation of a pleasurable, but fatiguing kind, and by tiring the body, while we rest the mind, manage to obtain something of the refreshment we require; or we accept the invitations kind friends shower upon us, and, exchanging one kind of company for another, find change even in that. But I believe **there** are times when quiet and real loneliness are the remedies we **really** want for overworked states of body or mind; for we live in an age when everything is done in a hurry, and no time is the cry of all. “No time for my work,” saith the worker, “for the evening shadows close upon me almost as soon as my day has begun, the interruptions each period brings in its train leave me but a narrow margin for thought between.” “No time,” saith the idler, “for amusements are so many I cannot attend to them all, and the **noise** and merriment which fill up my spare moments leave me but **no** time for the reflection the serious recommend.”

Surely there should be times when, away from the din and

bustle of life —away from most of the elements that distract and disturb, man can have time to commune with himself, and only being able to divert his mind with simple pleasures, can find out what kind of creature he is, separated from those accompaniments which become, to most of us, parts of our nature. For this purpose I would recommend the quiet which can only be found in a place where fashion has not penetrated, where customs continue primitive, and where Mrs. Grundy is not so much disposed to look after us—such a place we discovered at Manorbeer. So near to that great thoroughfare the railway is it, so close to frequented Tenby, that you would think it would soon lose its primitive ways ; but it is as much removed from the customs of ordinary life as if no railroad penetrated to its neighbourhood, no tourist foot ever trod the smooth sward of its sea-girt land.

On first arriving, we were so flattered by the civility of the station-master, who seemed to have time to take a personal interest in us ; so struck with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, so refreshed by the breezes which came to us from the sea, unadulterated by the smoke of chimneys, or the sight of many faces,—that we almost forgot that we might not be able to find, in this rural retreat, a place where we could even get a night's shelter. This fear, however, soon forced itself upon the mind, as we understood our only chance of accommodation was a cottage belonging to the inn. We found, upon inquiry, that we could take the cottage, indeed, but as it had not been inhabited for some months, and as we really had heard of such things as damp beds and walls, which require fires to dry them, we almost shrank from trying the experiment, particularly, when we found our only hope of attention lay in the prospect of one of the innkeeper's daughters coming by day and leaving us at night, the possible prey of midnight robbers. We had also taken our money in cash, which, though convenient to ourselves, we did not intend to be ready for the convenience of any chance visitors. Then pangs of hunger seized us (it is very unromantic, but people will want food), and we applied at the country inn for refreshment, receiving answer that the only thing that could possibly be prepared for us, was a meal of ham and cabbage. At last we heard there was one lodging in the place, and that, by some happy chance, it was vacant. So we turned our nearest steps towards a pretty rural cottage, with a real cottage garden, with its simple flowers before the door ; and here we were welcomed by a pleasant woman and her pretty niece, with hair Rubens might have loved to paint.

A nice little sitting-room and two homely bedrooms were offered for our consideration, and we gladly closed with them, and then fully gave orders for our dinner of ham and cabbage to be prepared.

re had intended to stay at Tenby, we had not burdened ourselves with plate, therefore our conventional minds were somewhat shocked by finding we had to eat with a steel fork. However, experiences are useful, and this one taught me to have some sympathy with the lower classes using their knife in eating, as the difficulty of conveying food to the mouth on the three-pronged fork is greater than it appears. But kindness and obliging manners soften all inconveniences, and we soon made light of those we had, and learnt quite to love the dear little cottage, which, with the far rock rising just behind it, formed quite a pretty picture. For a night's rest—nay, even before—we took active steps for the mitigation of any fear of actual starvation. As the butcher's daily call was not expected for some days, and as even then he could only bring what was ordered, it was perfectly clear that no meat could be procured for at least a week. We next found that the fowls at the neighbouring farmhouses were too young to be killed—that no fish had happened to be caught, and that vegetables, which were supplied weekly, could not be expected for several days. Eggs seemed difficult, and, sometimes, impossible to procure. We inquired for wine at the inn, and were told it was not kept because it was never asked for.

How to live became a real difficulty, there being only one shop in the place, which only supplied grocery, cheese, &c. At this time, however, we found we could procure a tin of Australian meat, and very soon many happy chances presented themselves. We actually saw a man carrying crabs, and a woman selling soles. Our next door neighbour generously gave up to us a fowl she had reserved for herself, and, after a little time, we found money could procure some things, even at Manorbeer. Fowls, ducks, &c., were brought to us from time to time—eggs appeared from different sources, and although we could scarcely ever procure any fruit but apples, we managed to have them dressed in different ways.

One day, taking an excursion about three miles off to the ruins of Lamphey Palace, we happened by accident to call upon the innkeeper, who, certainly, supplied Manorbeer with the most excellent food. As soon as I could I inquired into the postal arrangements, and found I found as primitive as they could well be. The grocer's shop was the post-office also, and an old woman, with the orthodox Welsh hat, answered my inquiries to the following effect. That there was a post once a-day, which went out at a quarter to two—letters arrived *about* eleven; to expect them at any stated hour seemed unreasonable, and, sometimes, we did not get them until five, or after. That the postmen left the letters as it suited his convenience, that is to say, he went through the village on his way to the neighbouring hamlet of Jameston, and left them at any

houses he happened to pass, but did not go out of his way. "You are in his way," added the old woman, condescendingly, "and so you will get your letters."

On Sundays no post either came in or went out; and the old woman seemed so shocked at the inquiry, I could not pursue it further. Penny stamps could be bought, but none of a higher value. Any person sending a letter abroad, must employ the postman to put on the requisite stamp at Tenby. Of halfpenny stamps they sometimes had a stock, and sometimes not. Post-cards they did not keep at all. No money-orders were ever issued from this post-office, neither could they be paid. Another slight inconvenience was that there was only one horse in the place, so visitors had to be accommodated by turns. When we left we were told our only resource was to be taken to the station about an hour-and-a-half beforehand, as the horse was required later for another party leaving.

We next inquired as to the possibilities of bathing, as machines were, of course, unknown, and discovered that there was actually a bathing-house, and that some of the people of the place had tents which were erected on the sands. The next difficulty was to procure bathing-dresses, which seemed happily resolved, by hearing there was actually a draper's shop (I could scarcely believe my ears) at the neighbouring hamlet. To this shop we at once set out, through a lane, which would have formed an agreeable walk but for the drizzling rain, of which you have so much in Wales. The chief obstacle to finding it consisted in the extreme difficulty my companion had in believing it, from its appearance, to be a shop at all; but having, after some discussion, resolved on entering, we discovered it to be a reality, though, like most human expectations, we had formed our ideas of it too high. A youth, who seemed to have a very vague idea of the value of things, and who we could have cheated to any extent, produced, for our consideration, some pieces of linsey, in various stages of mildew. We proposed to buy it at a reduction, considering it might possibly be a benefit to the shop to sell it. The matter assuming such an important aspect as the purchase of nearly all the linsey the shop contained, the owner of it appeared, to conduct the matter in person. Upon our inquiring as to the reason of the things becoming so mildewed, she informed us that the shop had been built by a gentleman and lady, who were so excessively near in their views, that they would not afford mortar wherewith to put the stones together, but had used earth instead. The consequence was that the place became so damp that nearly all the goods were spoiled, as there was no possibility of keeping them dry, certainly, a serious inconvenience in a draper's shop. We gave the woman our utmost sympathy, and

and her so pleasant and obliging, that we made several shopping excursions to the same place, as we found several useful articles could be procured there. And here I would say a word as to the obliging ways of the Welsh people.

In Wales, as in Cornwall, you are free from that fear of being overreached in little things, which is so unpleasant to encounter, the peasantry are very independent in feeling as to matters of money, and seem above looking out for every little service to be paid for. We soon became known in Manorbeer as *the ladies*, to distinguish us, I suppose, from the ladies of the Castle, Vicarage, the Terrace—a row of four private houses at the other end of the village.

We found out that our pretty cottage had its history. A very rich lady, who owned her thousands in land and money, had taken the fancy to build this romantic retreat in her old age; and there she spent her last days. A strange circumstance it seemed, showing how insufficient are the riches we desire to make us really happy, and how no handsome house, with its carpets of velvet pile, could this rich lady find the repose she secured in this simple cottage. This story accounts for its being built in the best situation in the place. Being on the highest point in the village, it commands a most extensive view of Manorbeer Bay, and the surrounding hills. Nearly opposite its windows are the fine ruins of Manorbeer Castle, the ancient stronghold of the De Barris—and the old grey church which belongs to the same period as the castle; which, as the guide-book informs us, was built in the reign of Henry I., upon land supposed to have been granted to the De Barris, at the Conquest. Here, one of the rooms of this ancient stronghold, Geraldus Cambrensis, a member of the family, first saw the light. How the quiet and natural beauty of the place must have fostered the love of study in the great historian in his youth! One can almost imagine how accustomed he must have become to the repose which surrounded him, until, to his studious mind, the monk's life became gradually the most acceptable. Some say his ambition caused him mortification, and that he died disappointed, because the episcopal robes of St. David's were denied to him. I would rather think of him, if I could, as the contented student and religious recluse, who did not seek to put himself forward for the honours which this world gives.

Very painful is the fact that the old castle was taken away from the De Barris by Henry IV., after which it seems they wandered into different parts of Ireland, where, in course of time, the name became a common one; and Manorbeer, their ancient home, came into the possession of a stranger. It was gratifying, however, to find that their memory had been handed down as a tradition in the place, and that after the lapse of many centuries, the people

still loved to think of the ancient proprietors ; so much so that the mere fact of our being supposed to have some claim to be descended from them, was enough to ensure our being treated with respect and consideration.

The Castle is now the property of Lord Milford, and is rented by a gentleman who has taken a fancy to roof in a part of it, and reside there three months in the year, when he makes himself popular amongst the people, who seem much to respect him. On certain days the De Barri flag still hangs out, which now only means that on these days the castle cannot be shown to the public, but we were given gracious permission to sit where we liked at any time, to sketch the ruins we loved so well.

A noble old woman—a perfect picture of a real Welshwoman, with her scarlet petticoat and high hat, shows the castle. It is supposed that there used to be a subterranean passage leading from the castle, either to the church or to the old priory, the ruins of which stand close by. Part of this priory has been converted into a cottage for the sexton and his wife. The walls extend some little distance, but only remain in fragments. There are several points of interest about the church, which mark customs belonging to ancient times. It must have been built, in the first instance, in a very original and primitive manner, as the arches of certain windows bear traces of having been made after the wall was built—that is to say, holes in the shape of arches were knocked out of the wall, and added, as it were, as an afterthought. Like many old churches, it has a screen. I could wish the custom were revived in our modern churches ; there seems so much more reverence in completely dividing from the rest of the church the place which, of all others, should seem most sacred in our eyes. There are several corbels on parts of the walls ; one appears to have been used for the purpose of attaching some kind of ladder to it, which appears as if a part of the tower where this corbel is placed, had been used as a monk's retiring chamber. In a niche in the chancel lies a recumbent figure of an ancient crusader, with knees crossed—hand resting upon his sword, and with the lion at his feet, which shows that he died in battle. The shield, which is in perfect preservation, show the quarterings of the De Barris—namely, three bars drawn across. A person of some importance he must have been, for until a few years ago, when the church was restored, he rested in a mortuary chapel attached to the church. Passing from the church and ascending the hill to the left, may be seen a quoit rock, and a little further there is a curious cave, called the Long Cave.

There are many pleasant excursions to be taken from Manorbeer, so that the wholesome monotony of quiet may be broken by the excitement of seeing places of interest ; but I will not dwell on

our visits to Milford Haven, Pembroke, &c., as the points of interest there are too well-known to need description; and I would fain avoid the error which some fall into, even in their letters of writing, like a guide-book. I feel amused, however, to remember how we looked forward to supplying all our wants in the way of shopping when we went to Pembroke, and the difficulty we found even there in finding the commonest things. After some inquiry we found a fancy shop, where an old woman waited upon us with such extremely slow movements, that we feared we should lose the last train. "Be your hands clean?" she inquired of a young person who came forward to assist her to measure some braid. Awful questions for a laceworker to hear! I would advise those who wish to see Lydstep caverns, which are within a walk from Manorbeer, to go to them at the full moon, as if they wait a day or two over that date, they will not be able to see more than three of these curious caves, as they will be completely shut in by the sea. The colouring of the rocks in the Cave of Beauty is almost equal to the serpentine at the Lizard. Not far from these caverns is the pretty little island of Caldy.

Returning through Lydstep, we prevailed upon an old woman to get us a cup of tea as a special favour. I employed the time in trying to find out something about the food products of the place; but it is a characteristic of the Welsh people that they are most chary of answering questions, and seem to feel it necessary to be on their guard against the curious. The utmost information I could obtain was "that the farmers did mostly farm." When we returned to Manorbeer, I was told this old woman was a great churl, and that her having made tea for us was so great a wonder, that I must have made the request in a manner which, for once, must have touched her. I remember I adopted a very humble and piteous tone, and I would advise all ladies who are in any difficulty, to appear as tired and helpless as they may feel, for such an appearance produces attention and kindness in cases where mere money cannot procure it.

The last few days of our stay at Manorbeer, were clouded by a very sad occurrence. A young lady, a passing stranger, but a favourite in the place, on account of her winning ways and extreme beauty, was drowned, while bathing, in Hill-Bay. We wondered how such a place could be considered safe for bathing at all. It is a cave closed in by dreadful-looking rocks, and in a very lonely situation. But there it certainly was the custom to bathe, and some preferred it to Manorbeer Bay. There, on a day when the waves were dashing up with unusual violence, and when there was a fearful ground swell in the sea, two ladies ventured forth to bathe. Lost! suddenly lost, as one angry wave carried her forth, and dashed

her against the pitiless rock was the young girl, who, a moment before, had revelled in her youth and daring. Fainting and half-drowned was her sister borne back to the shore by the relative who watched over their safety, and who nearly lost his own life in saving hers. Their shrill and fearful cries of terror roused a quiet artist, who, accompanied by some ladies, was sketching in the field above, whose cries aroused the reapers in the adjoining meadow, who were shortly joined by others; and they ran to and fro, and, frenzied with fear, searched far and near, knowing that perchance in some place quite close to them, each moment might fast be bringing death to her they sought in vain. At last she was found. One wave had taken her out to meet her doom, another had brought her back, and seated her upon a narrow ledge of rock, with her head resting upon another rock above like a child asleep. Oh! the horror of that discovery—the difficulty of rescuing her from that strange position without risking other lives—the dreadful bearing of that lifeless burden over a length of way that seemed interminable to the nearest farm—the agonised efforts to restore life, the utter uselessness of every attempt. I turn cold as I remember how we shuddered as each account was brought to us.

The next day the cloud, as of a fearful calamity, was over the quiet village where the accident stood alone, not as one of the many catastrophies which occur in a town. Strong men trembled as they spoke, and knots of awe-struck women met together in the lanes. “How are they?” we would ask in the shop or of any passer-by, and all would know we meant the mourners. Never shall I forget the solemnity of gloom which was on every face in Manorbeer. Sunday came and we wended our way to the quiet church where, only a week ago, she, who had so suddenly been called away, was amongst the worshippers. Very appropriate and solemn seemed the service, which must have been congenial to the feelings of all present. The hymns chosen were from those selected for the Burial Service, and the sermon marked out in a striking manner the Providence which directs the accidents that are fatal, as well as those from which we are saved.

It seemed a sad conclusion to our stay in this peaceful retreat, and although I left it with regret, I could not but feel that any enjoyment in the place, must, of necessity, be much overshadowed for some time to come. In a few more days we said farewell to the scenes, which, in a short time, had grown familiar to us—the ancient castle, the grey church, the bay and the hills around, became objects in the distance as we drove away, and amid the many distractions and events which awaited us in our home in a large town, our visit to Manorbeer soon belonged to the memories of the past.

EXPERTA.

LEGENDS OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS OF BOHEMIA.

V.

THE PATIENT MOTHER AND HER REWARD.

ONE day Rübezahl was sunning himself near the hedge of his garden, when his attention was attracted by a woman wending her way up the mountain quite cheerfully and unconcernedly, although very heavily laden ; for she was carrying a child in one arm, another on her back, while she was leading a third by the hand, and a somewhat bigger boy was following her holding a rake and an empty basket, which was to be filled with leaves for their goat.

“A mother,” thought Rübezahl, “is really a good creature ; there is one dragging herself along with four children, and fulfilling her duties without a murmur—she will load herself still with that basket ; I call this paying dearly for the pleasures of matrimony !”

These reflections put him in a good humour, so that he felt inclined to enter into conversation with the woman. She placed the children upon the grass, and began stripping off the leaves from the bushes : meanwhile, the little ones grew impatient, and they set up a chorus of crying. The mother instantly left her work—she played about with the children ; singing, dancing, and talking to them—rocked them to sleep, and then went back to her work. Soon, however, the midges stung the little sleepers, and they recommenced their screams. The mother was not in the least impatient ; she ran into the wood, picked wild strawberries and raspberries, and then nursed the youngest infant. This maternal treatment greatly delighted the gnome. The little fellow, however, who had been riding on his mother’s back, could not be comforted ; he was a refractory, obstinate urchin—he flung away the strawberries which the affectionate mother offered him, screaming all the while, as if he were being beaten. At length, her patience being sorely tried, she exclaimed : “Rübezahl, come and eat up this naughty boy !”

Instantly, the magician becoming visible in the form of a charcoal burner, went up to the woman, and said—“Here I am ! what do you wish ?”

This sudden appearance greatly terrified the woman, but being of a stout-hearted, resolute character, she soon regained her courage and presence of mind.

“I only called you to make my children cease crying ; they are

now quiet, and I do not require your aid ; accept my thanks, however, for your kind intention."

"Are you aware," replied the gnome, "that those who summon me here do not go unpunished? I will keep you to your word. Give me your screamer that I may eat him up; I have not had such a dainty morsel for a long time." So saying, he stretched forth his blackened hand to seize the boy.

Like a hen when a kite is hovering high in the air above the roofs, or a mischievous dog is prowling about the yard, first by her anxious cackling entices the little chickens into the safe shelter of the hen-house, then, with feathers ruffled and outspread wings, begins an unequal fight with her stronger enemy, so the woman boldly attacked the black charcoal-burner. Doubling her sturdy fists, she cried: "Monster! you will have to tear my heart out before you shall rob me of my child!"

Such energetic conduct Rübezahl had not expected, and he instantly drew back surprised. He smiled kindly upon the woman, and said—

"Do not be angry! I am not a cannibal, as you seem to imagine, nor do I wish to do you or your children any harm. But let me have that boy—the little screamer has taken my fancy; he shall be dressed in silks and satins, and I will educate him to be a fine clever fellow, who, one of these days, will be able to keep his parents and brothers. Demand what sum you will for him, and I will pay it."

"Ah!" laughed the woman, "so the boy pleases you? he is a splendid little fellow! I would not part with him for all the treasures the world contains."

"Simpleton!" retorted Rübezahl, "have you not three other children, who give you trouble and anxiety enough? You have a difficulty in feeding them, and you are tormented with them day and night."

"That may be, but I am their mother, and I must do my duty by them. Children may be an anxiety, but also a great pleasure."

"Charming pleasure!" exclaimed Rübezahl; "day after day to drag about brats, to look after them, to do everything for them, and to bear all their screaming and naughtiness!"

"Indeed, sir," she replied, "you little understand the joys of a mother. Every trouble and fatigue is repaid by a single fond look, by a smile or a lisp from the innocent little creatures. Just look at this darling; how he clings to me, yet was not he the one who screamed so lustily? Ah, would that I had a hundred hands to work and slave for you, you dear little things!"

"But your husband; has he no hands with which to work?"

"Oh, yes, he has hands, and he can use them. I sometimes feel them, too."

"What!" exclaimed the gnome, in an excited tone. "What! does your husband dare to raise his hand to you; such an excellent wife! I will break his neck for him, the rascal!"

"Truly, you would have many necks to break," she laughingly replied, "if every husband had to pay by his neck for having laid hands on his wife. Men are a bad lot, but having married, I must put up with my husband."

"If you knew that men were a bad lot, it was folly on your part to marry."

"Possibly! But Steffen was an active youth, with a good business, and I was a poor girl, without a home. He came and asked me to marry him; he gave me a savage man's dollar, and the bargain was made. Afterwards he took away the dollar from me, but the savage man I still have."

The gnome smiled.

"Perhaps you made him savage by your obstinacy."

"Oh, he soon drove that out of me. But Steffen is a niggard; if I ever asked him for a penny, he would make a greater disturbance than you do sometimes in the mountains, upbraiding me with my poverty, which silenced me instantly. If I had brought him a dowry, I would soon have had him under my thumb."

"What is your husband's trade?" asked Rübezahl.

"He is a dealer in glass; he must labour hard, too—the poor fellow has often to drag his heavy burden from where he purchases it in Bohemia; it is true if he breaks a glass on the way the children and I have to pay for it; but blows from those one loves hurt but little."

"Do you still love the husband who ill-treats you?"

"Why, not? Is he not the father of my children? They will make all right, and will reward me when they grow up."

"Small comfort, that! Children also repay their parents' kindness by sorrow and anxiety. The boys will squeeze your last farthing from you, if the emperor sends them to join the army in far distant Hungary, that the Turks may kill them."

"I am not going to trouble myself about that," replied the woman. "If they are killed, they die for the emperor and their fatherland, doing their duty; they might escape, however, and carry off booty, and be able to provide for their aged parents."

Rübezahl now renewed his proposals about buying the boy, but the mother did not deign to give him an answer; she gathered the leaves into her basket, and tied the little screamer lightly on top of it; then Rübezahl turned as if he were going

further, but her burden was so heavy that she could not get up, so she called him back.

"I call you again to beg you to help me up, and if you wish to do anything more for us, give the boy, who has taken your fancy, a trifle to buy a loaf or two. To-morrow, his father comes home, and he will, I hope, bring us some white bread."

The magician replied. "I shall be happy to help you to rise, but if you will not give me the boy, he shall not have a half-penny."

"Very well," answered the woman, setting off homewards. The further she went the heavier became the basket, till she was fairly exhausted, and had to stop and draw her breath every two steps she took. There must be something wrong. The idea struck her that, perhaps, Rübezahl had played her a trick, and had concealed a load of stones beneath the leaves, so she placed the basket on the next ledge of rock to which she came, and turned it over—nothing but leaves fell out; there was not a stone in the basket. So she filled it again half-full, and put as many leaves in her apron as it could hold. Soon, however, her burden became again so weighty that she was obliged once more to empty the basket; much to the astonishment of the worthy woman, for she had often before carried home large quantities of grass without feeling so fatigued. At length on reaching home, she went about her usual household duties; she flung the leaves before the goat and her little one, gave the children their supper, put them to sleep, said her evening prayers, and was speedily sound asleep herself.

The rosy tints of morning, and her infant's loud cries for his breakfast, roused the sleepy mother to her daily work. As usual, she went first with the milk-can to the goat-shed. What a terrible sight presented itself to her view! Their profitable, domestic animal, the old goat, lay there cold and stiff, with its legs stretched out, quite dead; its little one kept rolling its eyes horribly in its head, with its tongue hanging out; its awful convulsions showing that it was also near death. Such a misfortune had never befallen the poor woman since she had kept house. Stunned and shocked she sank upon a bundle of straw; she held her apron before her eyes, for she could not look on the agonies of the dying animal, and, sighing deeply, she cried: "Wretched woman that I am! what am I to do, and what will my hard husband say when he comes home? My greatest blessing on earth has gone!"

But her heart instantly reproved her for this thought. "If the dear goat is my only blessing on earth, what is Steffen, and what are the children? She felt ashamed at her hasty speech. "Let all earthly wealth go," she thought, "I have still my husband and the four darling children; the baby will want nothing, and

for the others, there is plenty of water yet in the spring. The goat has not died through any neglect of mine ; so if Steffen does blame me and beat me for it, what more will it be than an unhappy hour ? Harvest is near at hand ; I can go out to reap, and, during winter, I will spin until late at night. I shall be able by-and-bye to purchase another goat, and once I have a goat, little ones will not fail."

Thus reflecting, she regained her spirits, dried her tears, and her eyes fell upon a small leaf which lay at her feet, shining and sparkling as brightly as fine gold. She picked it up, and ran with it to her neighbour, the Jew's wife, showing her with great delight what she had found. The Jewess, recognising that it was pure gold, offered her two thick dollar pieces for it. All her sorrow had now flown ; so much money the poor wife had never had in her possession before. She hastened to a baker, then to a butcher, and got a leg of mutton for Steffen, which she proposed to prepare for him when he returned home, weary and hungry in the evening after his journey. The children danced around their happy mother as she spread the unusually splendid breakfast before them, and, for awhile, she gave herself up entirely to the pleasure of satisfying the appetites of the hungry group ; then her next care was to remove the goat, which she fancied some witch had killed, being anxious to keep this domestic misfortune as long as possible from her husband. Her astonishment was beyond everything, on glancing by chance at the feeding trough, to see in it a quantity of golden leaves. Her suspicions were roused—she sharpened a large knife, and cut open the body of the dead goat, and there she found a large lump of gold, and a proportionate piece in the kid's stomach.

She thought there was no end to her wealth now ; but with its possession came oppressing care. She became anxious and restless, her heart beat violently, and she did not know whether she ought to lock the treasure up, or to bury it in the cellar. She feared thieves, and yet she did not wish to let the selfish Steffen into the secret all at once, justly fearing that, urged by a spirit of covetousness, he would appropriate the whole of the gold to himself, and leave her and the children as badly off as ever. She reflected a long while what was the best for her to do with it, without coming to any conclusion.

The priest of the village was the patron of all oppressed women, who, either from good-nature or from pity for the fair sex as the weaker vessel, gave them due honour, and would, on no account, countenance the ill-mannered husbands in misusing his penitents ; rather when there were complaints, he would make the domestic tyrant undergo heavy penance, and took the part of the wife. He

had never spared the morose Steffen, and had thus tried to banish the demon of contention from poor Ilse's home. She therefore betook herself to the sympathising pastor, frankly told him of the adventure with Rübezahl; how he had procured her great wealth, and the anxiety it caused her; to prove the truth of what she asserted, she brought forth all the treasure she had carried with her.

The pastor diligently crossed himself on learning this extraordinary event; but he rejoiced very much at the poor woman's good fortune, and several times shifted his scull cap backwards and forwards, in the hope of getting an inspiration so as to enable her to keep possession of her wealth without any noise or fuss, and, at the same time, to devise a means by which the grasping Steffen should not seize it.

After having deliberated a considerable time, he spoke as follows:—

“Listen, my daughter: I know how we can manage to combine everything. Weigh the gold out to me, that I may keep it faithfully for you, then I will write a letter in the Italian language to this effect: your brother, who many years ago went abroad, was sent to India in the Venetian service, and there died; he left his property by will to you, upon condition that the priest of the district should become your guardian, in order that he might see the money was solely applied to your use, and no one's else. I ask neither reward nor thanks for my trouble; only remember that you owe gratitude to the Holy Church for the blessings which heaven has vouchsafed to you, and promise a handsome altar-robe for the priest at high mass.”

This advice greatly delighted Ilse; she promised the priest the gown. In her presence he weighed out the gold to the last drachm, placed it with the church treasure, and the woman took leave of him with a lightened heart.

Rübezahl was no less a patron of women than was the good-natured pastor of Kirsdorf, with this exception—the latter honoured the female sex principally because, as he said, the Holy Virgin belonged to it; the former, on the contrary, hated the whole sex on account of one girl, who had made a fool of him, though sometimes caprice softened his bitter feelings, and caused him to take some one woman under his protection, and to try to please her. In proportion as the hard-working villager, by her sentiments and behaviour, had found favour in his eyes, the more indignant he felt with the uncouth Steffen; and he had a great mind, in order to revenge the honest wife, to play him some trick, which would give him a fright that would tame him into submission to his wife, and that she should have him under her thumb as she wished. With this view

He mounted the fresh morning wind, and was carried over mountains and valleys, keeping watch like an adventurer upon all the high roads and cross-ways in that portion of Bohemia; and when he beheld a pedestrian carrying a burden, he was instantly behind him, examining, with his quick glance, its contents. Fortunately, no traveller with glass wares came along this way, or he would have had no compensation for the injury and mischief done him if he had not been the man whom Rübezahl was seeking.

Owing to these precautions the heavily-laden Steffen could not possibly escape.

Towards vespers, a robust, active-looking man approached, with a large load upon his back. Every firm, quick step he took the wares, which he was carrying, jingled. The gnome rejoiced, as soon as he discovered him in the distance, that he was now sure of his prey, and he prepared to carry out his master stroke.

The panting Steffen had almost ascended the mountain; there was only the summit to be gained, and then all would be down hill homewards, so he strove to climb to the top; but the hill was steep, and his load heavy. He was forced several times to rest; placing his knotted stick beneath the basket to lighten its pressing weight, while he wiped the perspiration from off his brow. Exerting his last remaining strength, he at length reached the brow of the hill, and a beautiful straight path led down to the very foot.

Across the road lay a pine-tree which had been cut down, and the stump of the trunk close by was perfectly straight and upright, smoothly planed at the top like a table; all around grew tall grass and wild flowers. This spot looked so inviting to the weary traveller, and so comfortable for a resting-place, that he instantly set down his ponderous basket upon the stump, and stretched himself opposite upon the soft grass. There he began to calculate how much he might make out of his goods this time, and came to the conclusion, after a careful estimate, that if he did not spend a penny in the household, leaving to the busy hands of his wife to provide for the maintenance and clothing of the children, he would just gain enough to buy himself a donkey at the market of Schmiedeberg. The idea that in future he would lay his burden upon his beast while he himself walked leisurely by its side, was so agreeable to him, particularly then that his shoulders were paining him from the weight of the said burden, that he naturally gave the reins to his pleasant train of thought.

"Once I have got a donkey," he ran on, "I shall soon be able to afford a horse; then will come a field, where I can grow my oats. One field will soon double itself to two, then four; in time a house will be added, and finally a farm; then Ilse shall have a new home."

400. *Legends of the Giant Mountains of Bohemia.*

He had almost got as far with his castles in the air as the famous milkmaid, when Rübezahl, whirling a perfect tornado round the trunk of the pine-tree, suddenly upset the basket of glass, and its brittle contents were smashed into a thousand pieces. The crash fell like a thunderbolt on Steffen's heart, and, at the same time, he heard a loud peal of laughter in the distance, if he were not deceived by the echo of the sound of the breaking glass, which was repeated and repeated. Such an awfully sudden blast of wind seemed to him unnatural, besides, on examining the place, the stump and the tree had both disappeared—it was easy for Steffen to guess now who had caused the misfortune. "Oh!" he groaned, "Rübezahl, you mischievous spirit, what have I done to you that you take my bread from me which I have gained by the sweat of my brow? Poor ruined wretch that I am!" He worked himself into a fury, calling the Lord of the Mountains by every abusive term he could think of, to irritate him to anger. "Scoundrel!" he cried, "come and strangle me, since you have deprived me of everything in the world!" In truth at that moment he cared no more for his life than for a broken glass. But nothing further was seen or heard of Rübezahl.

Downcast as a shipowner whose vessel the greedy ocean has swallowed up with every soul on board, he commenced descending the hill; his mind oppressed with sad and gloomy thoughts, yet speculating how he should retrieve his misfortune, and gain the means to continue his trade. Suddenly the goat which his wife had at home occurred to him, but she was as fond of it as though it had been a child, and he knew by fair means, he could not get her to give it up to him; so he bethought him of stratagem—not to allude to his loss at all at home, nor, indeed, to return to his dwelling by day, but to steal in at midnight, to carry the goat off to the market in Schmiedeberg, and to employ the money he received by its sale in buying new wares. When he came back from market he would quarrel with his wife, and pretend to believe that by her carelessness the goat had been stolen during his absence.

With this praiseworthy intention, the unhappy rogue, when he approached the village, concealed himself in a bush, and there awaited with impatience the midnight hour, that he might carry off the goat. On the stroke of twelve he set out on his mean project, climbed over the low yard door, opened it from within, and with beating heart glided to the goat-shed; for, oddly enough, he was ashamed and afraid of being caught by his wife committing so wrong an act. Contrary to the usual habit, the shed was unlocked. This astonished him, though, at the same time, he was glad, for in this neglect he had a slight excuse for his own act. But he found the shed quite empty and deserted, not a living

nal there ; neither goat nor kid. On the first shock he fancied that he had been forestalled by a brother thief, who was more alert than he : misfortune seldom comes alone. He sank upon straw quite stunned, and dejected that this last attempt to save his trade had failed.

When busy Ilse had returned from her visit to the village for, she had set to work in high spirits to prepare a good supper for her husband by the time he came home.

Towards evening Ilse kept constantly looking out of the window to see if Steffen were coming ; then she impatiently ran out of the house, and her sharp black eyes scanned the high road : she became uneasy at his long absence, and night drawing on, she retired sorrowfully and anxiously to her bedchamber, without partaking of morsel of supper. Sleep seemed to have flown from her tearful eyes, and it was only towards morning that she fell into a restless refreshing slumber. Meanwhile, the miserable Steffen was a prey to chagrin and discontent in the goat-shed ; he was so depressed and mortified that he could not make up his mind to knock at the door ; at length, however, he did come forth, and knocking, called in a disheartened, melancholy tone : " Dear wife, wake up and open the door for your husband ! "

As soon as Ilse heard his voice she sprang joyfully from her bed, ran to the door, and flung her arms round her husband. He received this warm greeting coldly and distantly, and flung himself wearily upon a bench. When the happy wife beheld her husband's wretched face, her heart was touched.

" What is the matter, dear husband ? " she exclaimed in dismay ; " are you ill ? "

At first he only answered by groans and sighs, but on questioning, she soon learned the cause of his sorrow : his heart was too full to allow him to keep his misfortunes from his sympathising wife. When she heard that Rübezahl had upset the basket, she instantly guessed the kind object of the gnome, and could not refrain from laughing, which, in a happier mood, Steffen would have simply resented : now he took no notice of it, and only anxiously waited for the goat.

" Why do you trouble yourself about my goat ? " she said ; " you have not yet asked for the children. Do not worry yourself about the trick Rübezahl has played upon you ; who knows if he or some other else may not make it up to us amply ? "

" You may wait long for that, " he replied, in a downcast tone.

" Well, but what one least expects often happens, " answered his wife. " Do not fret, Steffen. Though you have no more glass, and no goat, yet we have four strong arms with which to gain a livelihood—that is our best wealth. "

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the dispirited man; "if the goats have gone, you had better drown the four brats at once—I cannot feed them."

"Then I can!" said Ilse.

As she uttered these words the kindhearted pastor entered the room. He had overheard the whole conversation, and he favoured Steffen with a long sermon, setting forth that avarice is the root of all evil; and having reproved him sharply enough, he announced to him that his wife had inherited a handsome fortune, drawing from his pocket the Italian letter, and translating it to him. He then mentioned that the clergyman of Kirsdorf was appointed executor to the will, and that the bequest of the deceased brother-in-law had already been safely received.

Steffen stood there like a statue, and all he could do was to bow every now and then when the pastor respectfully removed his cap on mentioning the august Republic of Venice. When, however, he had somewhat recovered himself, he affectionately embraced his dear wife, and declared his love for her—a second time in his life—as warmly as on the first occasion; and, although it was prompted by a different impulse now, still Ilse accepted it kindly. Henceforth Steffen became the most gentle, obliging husband, a loving father to his children, and also an industrious, well-conducted man, for idleness was not one of his faults.

The honest priest gradually exchanged the gold into coin, and with it bought a large farm, which Steffen and Ilse managed to the end of their days. The residue he put out at interest, and administered the capital entrusted to him as conscientiously as the church treasure, taking no other reward but the gown, which Ilse had made so handsome that an archbishop would not have been ashamed to have worn it.

The affectionate, excellent mother had much pleasure in her children. Rübezahl's favourite became a gallant soldier—he served in the emperor's army, a long time under Wallenstein, in the thirty years' war, and was as celebrated a partisan as the well-known Swedish officer, Stalhautsch.

THE OLD HOUSE ON DENMARK HILL.

IN order some way to account for my utter lack of knowledge of the ways and the doings of *London* servants, I must tell you I was born in the rectory-house of a little country village, situated but a very few miles on the north-west road out of our market-town, Bridgewater, in Somersetshire. Then, and there, in that part of the world, servants rarely thought of change, but served their masters as Jacob served for seven years—and more. To live only *one year* in a place, was almost looked upon as equivalent to a bad character.

Our servants in the dear old home, were the children of my father's parishioners : and there had not been, up to the time of my leaving home, a single alteration in the household, in the way of change, since mother and father were first married ; only, when the twins came, and mother's little ones were suddenly increased from three to five ! then Bessie Rhymer, our cook's young sister, came to live with us, specially as—"the nurse."

Bessie had been living full twenty years with us, when my brother, who was in a merchant's office in London, came home for a month's holiday, bringing with him a great friend of his, a clerk in the Bank of England, who was away from business on sick-leave, and whom Jack fancied might soon become strong and well again, by some of mother's good nursing and good things, backed by the pure, invigorating Somersetshire air.

Fred. Compton was still so ill when he came to us that he could, only by the help of Jack and father's strong arms, manage to get out of the chaise that brought them out from Bridgewater. Father had ridden in to meet the coach that brought them from London. We had no railway so far west then, though the people did say we soon should have one.

Well, what with good nursing and good air, and pleasant excursions to the sea, which was barely two miles distant from our village, through the rectory-fields, the young Londoner soon regained both health and strength. Though, ungrateful fellow that he was, he returned all father's and mother's kindness to him by stealing their eldest daughter's heart ! He certainly did offer his own to the poor girl to make up for her loss, but, not content with what he had done, he actually wanted her parents to give her to him for good and all ; even wanting to carry her back with him when he returned to noisy, dirty London, that he might keep one country flower with him for ever—so he poetically expressed him-

self. My father, however, reminded him of a certain old proverb which says "people who marry in haste often repent at leisure," and told him so serious a step in life wanted due consideration, for there were duties in marriage not to be entered upon lightly; adding, that he should himself see Mrs. Compton (she was a widow), and know her opinion and wishes on the matter, before he could give his consent. What Fred otherwise said, or how he coaxed father and mother over, I know not; but it was arranged that father should accompany my brother and Fred back to town when they returned. Jack having gained from his employers an extension of his holidays remained with us till they all went up to town together.

Before my father returned home again from London, Fred sent me word that a nice old-fashioned house had been taken for us, with a rather extensive garden all around it. It was situated on the south side of London; quite at the top of a hill, called Denmark Hill, my father deciding it would not do for my health—a country-born-and-bred girl—to be cooped up in any of the barrack-looking streets he saw in most of the suburbs. Also, that it would not do to be too far away from town—not, at least, as far away in the country as he would have liked to have had my future home situated, because of the great expense of Fred and Jack's journeys to business and home again; for it was settled Jack was to live with us, and my father would make us a handsome allowance for his board, &c., which he and Mrs. Compton considered would be a great help to us young beginners in housekeeping.

When all was ready for us—which was in about six months' time after I first became acquainted with Fred—he and Mrs. Compton and Jack came down to us in the early spring-time, and one Easter Tuesday—Easter was very late, I remember, that year—we two stood at the altar of our picturesque old church, while my dear father read those solemn words and pronounced the blessing that has made us one; indissolubly joined, I can truly say, in heart and soul.

My darling mother fretted a good deal about parting from me, especially to be settled so long a distance from her; but father joked her and cheered her up in his pleasant fashion, reminding her that the birds, as soon as ever they were fledged, were turned out of the nest, and had to find and make fresh homes for themselves; besides, he said, Susan and Maggie (our twins) were growing up fast, and they must now take my place, both as mother's right hand, and as his little almoners in the parish.

"The Elms," our new home was named—from the fine noble trees of that species that adorned the large piece of garden-ground which surrounded the quaint old house. Many of our friends mar-

velled greatly at our liking to be settled in such a secluded place ; so completely detached as it was, too, from the neighbouring houses ; but both Fred and I were charmed with the curious old-fashioned place, and directly I saw it, I felt I should never feel dull there, and I never have done.

We began housekeeping with only two servants—a female and a man-servant. This latter was a sort of necessity on account of the large garden, and as additional protection to so lonely a house during the daily absence of my husband and brother. Fred was uncommonly fortunate in meeting with a staid, rather reserved man, with a most excellent character for steadiness, sobriety, and honesty, willing and ready to do anything required of him—he is with us to this day, and I have no reason to think he will ever leave us. A better or more faithful servant than William Joyce never entered a house. I only wish I could say as much of our *female* ones.

Directly the house was fully ready to receive us, Mrs. Compton sent in the servants to take charge of it until we returned home from Somersetshire. We were to have no wedding-trip, because Fred could not be longer away from the Bank than just the Easter week. The Bank of England allows but scant time for holidays ; besides, Fred had been so long away from business in the previous autumn on sick-leave.

My husband's mother had engaged a middle-aged woman for me as my first servant, deeming it best to do so until I had gained more experience in housekeeping, so she said, forgetting, or, perhaps, not knowing how well I had been instructed and trained up, in all proper womanly and wifely duties in a household by my own dear mother, who is acknowledged to be a pattern in that way amongst her acquaintances.

I had very much wished to have brought my own servant with me out of Somersetshire—one I had known a good deal of as a good, quick, thoroughly trustworthy girl ; a niece of both our nurse and cook, who were sisters, as I have said before. Ruth Thorne was the youngest daughter of another sister, who had married a small farmer in our neighbourhood. "Then I knew she had learned a good deal, for she had been living five years in the family of Sir Peregrine Ackland, and, therefore, would be certain to be quite servant enough for me to begin with.

"I have already engaged a servant for you, my dear," said Mrs. Compton, in a short, stiff, "set-me-down" sort of manner, the evening Ruth Thorne came to know how soon I should want her. "She is a most competent person," she continued, "staid and respectable ; and I am certain you will find her everything you can possibly need or desire. I have known Martha many years, for

she lived with my late husband's brother for nine or ten years ; in fact, up to the time he left London to reside down in Kent ; and very much surprised indeed, I was, to hear he had not taken her with him. She tells me she declined to go into the country, as it never suited her constitution. And it is well for you, my dear, she did not go, for you will find her a perfect treasure."

The "perfect treasure" met us on the step of the hall-door the afternoon we arrived to take possession of the house. We were enabled to get into London thus comparatively early, having broken our long journey out of Somersetshire by a sojourn of a couple of days in Bath. I cannot say either of us were particularly *favourably* impressed with the treasure. She was a tall, thin, grim-looking woman, with an evident dislike to look any one straight in the face to whom she might be speaking, or who might be speaking to her. She would look down at your feet, or away over your head, or would find a knot in her apron-string that wanted untying ; anywhere, in fact, but straight at you. But many times during the first few hours after our arrival, I caught her furtively examining our countenances with the closest scrutiny.

She sadly wanted to chaperone me over my own house ; but I did not choose any one should do that but my husband, and I therefore inquired for the keys of the store-room, cellars, &c. After some little hesitation, and evidently, with a great deal of reluctance, she brought me the keys of the store-room, and one or two other closets, but with the protest that Mrs. Compton had put everything entirely into her care and keeping, and that she never had lived, and never would live, with any one who kept the keys of everything, and consequently mistrusted her. This was early days, indeed, to come to loggerheads with my servant ; but a certain instinct warned me I must, from the first, stand on my own dignity as a married woman and mistress in my own house, and begin with this woman as I meant to go on. I therefore took no notice of her speech, only I mentally made a vow that the keys should never pass out of my own hands into hers, no matter at what personal inconvenience to myself. After she had delivered up all the keys, I returned to Fred, and we went together over our new domain, both indoors and out ; and when all was seen, I felt myself in possession of an almost perfect earthly paradise.

About six o'clock, or it might be a little later, just as Martha had brought in the tea, greatly to our astonishment, a cab drove into our gates and up to the hall-door. It was too dusk to see clearly who had come, only I could just dimly discern there was luggage at the top of the conveyance.

There seemed to be some altercation in the hall as though Martha was disputing the right of the person to enter ; so thinking

some one had come to the wrong house, Fred went out to see what was the matter. Who should it be but Jack arrived, bag and baggage, whom we did not at all expect that evening; for it had been quite arranged, as we believed, that my brother was to remain in his old lodgings in Edwardes' Square, Kensington, until we had been at home for a day or two, and had begun to feel ourselves a little settled down. Yes (he said) he quite knew we should not expect him, but excused himself on the plea that he felt so eager to see us, and to hear the latest news of father and mother, and all in the dear old home.

"I say, Fred," said he, when we were in the midst of our cozy tea, "where on earth did your mother pick up that ogre that came out of the back premises when your man was letting me in? Why, she glared at me like a wild beast, and directly she saw the luggage she disputed with the cabman about bringing it in; for she was sure the 'young man,' as she styled me, had made a mistake, and come to the wrong house. And when I assured her I was quite right, she told your man to leave it where the cabman had left it till she had spoken to young Mrs. Compton. Young Mrs. Compton, indeed! pray why don't she give you your proper title, Nellie, and say my mistress."

We had barely finished tea before Martha put her head into the room with "Can I speak to you, ma'am?" "Yes," I replied; "what do you want, Martha?" She did not reply, but stood looking most defiantly at the three of us, but at Jack, more especially so. At last, seeing I did not move to go to her, she added, "Perhaps you'll step outside, ma'am; for what I have to say might be better for you to hear alone."

"Don't go out to her," whispered Fred; "let her speak out, here."

But not knowing what domestic disaster might have occurred, I quietly stepped outside, when she so sharply closed the door behind me that the skirt of my dress was caught in it. However, that I thought nothing of at the time, so horrified was I at the dark, vindictive scowl I saw on her countenance.

"Is that young man meaning to stay here all night?" she questioned, in hard, disrespectful, sharp tones.

"My brother—Mr. Merton, do you mean? Certainly, Martha, he will reside always with us—at least, as long as it is agreeable for him to remain here."

"Reside here with you?" she screeched out. "Do you mean to say he's going to be lodged and boarded here, and that I am to have three of you to do for? I'd never have engaged to have come as servant if I'd had any notion of such a thing! I am sure Mrs. Compton knows nothing of this; for she told me there would only

be you and master, and him away all day—and that you would be very quiet people, keeping no company. Because—because—well I may as well out with it—because you was very young, and quite ignorant of our London ways, and would have a deal to learn to fit you to head your own table before company.”

I felt ready to cry with mortification at the creature's impertinence; however, I repressed my feelings as much as possible, and firmly enough said, “Martha, you are strangely forgetting yourself in speaking thus to me, your mistress. Go instantly and prepare Mr. Merton's room—the chintz room—the room adjoining your master's dressing room—” for when I said chintz room, I saw her pass her hand over her forehead in a bewildered manner, as if not comprehending my meaning. “Then,” I added, I scarcely know why—“we did not expect my brother until to-morrow evening, or I would have given you proper orders respecting the room before this time.”

“You must give me the keys of the linen press,” she said, suddenly; “for there are no sheets out except those I put on your bed this afternoon.”

“I will give them out myself;” and I returned to the room for my keys.

“What is the matter, Nellie?” said my husband, noticing, I suppose, my flushed cheeks.

“Nothing very particular,” I replied; “only Martha wanted to know about preparing Jack's room, and there are things he will need which want taking out of the press.”

I said nothing of Martha's strange behaviour; for, you see, through the wise counsels of my dear mother, I had determined that never, if I could possibly avoid it, would I trouble my husband with any of my petty household grievances; knowing that men in business have, outside their own thresholds, always vexations innumerable to contend with, without being worried, on their return home, with the details of domestic troubles and annoyances.

For a week or two after this memorable first day of experience in my own house I got on tolerably well with my cross-grained domestic; but then I was particularly careful not to say one single word more to her than I could possibly avoid, and giving my orders in the most concise and decided manner, giving her no chance of questioning my authority; though occasionally, I have overheard mutterings, as of distant thunder, which I did not choose her to think I heard. And, strange to say, invariably after one of these threatened outbursts of temper, she would, after her fashion, show herself extra amiable and obliging.

The wedding calls, &c., were all now received and returned, and I was beginning to fancy myself quite a matron amongst the young

people of my acquaintance ; but we had neither received guests nor received any invitations out, and, doubtless, a town-bred girl might have felt very solitary in that solitary, secluded house. As yet I had found no time for *ennui*, for I duly kept up my practising and singing. I made many little fancy ornamental things for my drawing-room, kept my husband's and my own wardrobe in repair, and almost daily indulged in a little amateur gardening. Then we had a poultry-yard, most of which had come from my Somersetshire home. I would often have indulged in a frolic on the lawn, with the handsome retriever—Jack's dog ; but once venturing to unfasten his chain, and take him under the trees for a romp and a basking, Martha came out to me on some trivial excuse for orders, and, solely, I was sure, to display, as far as she dared, her very marked disapproval of my "frivolity and childishness"—words to which effect I heard her mutter, over and over again, during that day ; showing, besides, such great insolence of manner, in a way, too, that I could not possibly resent, that I determined to deprive myself of the innocent pleasure with the poor animal for the future, rather than incur his strange woman's obvious contempt.

One morning, the beginning of June, Fred took our man—William—Joyce we had taken to call him—(his surname, you know) part of the way to town with him—that is, down the hill to a place they called Camberwell Green—I had never seen the place then, or I had passed it when we went to return calls, I had not remarked ; so as to remember anything about it. But Fred had told me there were some good shops in the neighbourhood of this Green, and amongst them he had heard there was a very good fishmonger's. When he took Joyce with him he thought of giving me a surprise relative to his own return home earlier in the day, and also a treat of a fine piece of salmon for dinner, which had been too dear, up to that time for me to dream of wishing for. Knowing from the nature of the business he had to transact that day in his office, that he should be able to get away from the Bank by three o'clock, he chose it should be a sort of gala day, and he hoped to be able to get away from the merchant Jack was with for him to leave business, too, at the same time. Of all this, however, he said not one word in taking leave of me after breakfast ; so I really was surprised when Joyce, on his return from his errand, came out to me in the garden, saying, "If you please, ma'am, Master has sent home a piece of salmon and some shrimps for sauce, and will you order dinner for four o'clock, as he hopes to return home with Mr. Merton a quarter-of-an-hour before that time." Of course I was delighted to have my husband home to dine with me, as, except on a Sunday, he usually dined in the City, as he had been accustomed to do when living with his mother ; but then I always contrived to have

some meat, or some little tempting bit or other with our late tea.

I gave my orders distinctly to Martha, more especially about the melted butter for the sauce being made extra good, and the shrimp not spared in it, because I had so often heard Fred say he was gourmand at shrimp sauce. Fred, man like, had sent home whole quart of extremely fine shrimps, though I thought a pick would have been ample; however, I picked them carefully myself and covered them down in the sauce-tureen, so that they would only want the butter pouring over them.

Joyce, as I think I have said before, was an uncommon handy, useful fellow in the house, and waited at table beautifully so he always now laid the cloth for all the meals, and waited regularly, as a matter-of-course. I must give Martha her due, too, and say that whatever she undertook to do was done thoroughly, and she cooked well enough to have pleased the palate of even the most exigent of epicures.

Fred had helped Jack and myself to the salmon, and as soon as he had put some on his own plate, I signed to Joyce to hand the sauce to his master. I suppose it was some family peculiarity, but it was a most rare thing that either Jack or myself ever took sauce of any kind with fish; so of course, the sauce-tureen cover had not been raised until it was handed to my husband.

"What have become of all the shrimps, Nellie?" he said, in some astonishment, diving again with the ladle to the bottom of the tureen. "There is not even the apparition of one here, that I can find. You brought home the shrimps, I hope, Joyce?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and I saw missus picking them herself as I passed through the kitchen."

"Yes," I added, "I picked them myself, thinking it would save Martha the trouble of a long job. She must have forgotten them, and taken up the wrong tureen. Go and ask her about them."

Joyce was away a long time as it seemed to be, while Fred was irritably playing with his fork with a disagreeable ringing noise on his plate, that tried my nerves excessively—but I avoided saying anything to him because I saw how vexed he seemed, and his fish getting cold, too, all this time. At last Joyce returned, looking as much put out as his master.

"If you please, ma'am, cook"—he would persist in always calling her "cook"—"if you please, ma'am, cook says the cat has eaten them."

"The cat?" we simultaneously exclaimed—"why, there is not a cat about the place! at least, we have never seen one."

"No more there is—ma'am—sir," replied Joyce, turning from

ne to the other of us ; “ unless so be a two-legged cat. Besides, as’ am, they were safe enough in the larder at two o’clock, when I carried your luncheon out of the dining-room, for cook asked me to ring the butter off the tray to her, and I saw her lift the tureen-id off and look at them, and she remarked to me they were the best shrimps she had seen for many a year.”

All we could say or do would not bring the shrimps back again, and so Fred eat his dinner with a grumbling protest all the time, declaring it would be many a day before he troubled himself to send salmon home and the best of shrimps, if we were to let the cat eat up the best part of the dinner. Not even the excellently cooked bit of lamb, nor the nice tarts and custards, could make up for the disappointment about the shrimp sauce.

We had as yet seen nothing of Mrs. Compton, who was away in Scotland on a lengthened visit to a married daughter settled in Perth, to whom she had gone immediately from Somersetshire after my marriage.

I was, however, beginning to get more used to Martha and her strange ways, feeling she had, after her own fashion, a sort of liking for her young mistress ; for in many ways she showed a kind thoughtfulness about me in her cold, stern manner, taking care I should not exert myself more than I ought to do, and preparingainty little dishes for my luncheon to tempt my uncertain appetite. But, again at other times she would alarm me by her wild gestures and still wilder words, when she believed herself alone and quite unobserved ; and I would become so nervous I could not remain indoors, but was obliged to take refuge in the garden near to where Joyce was at work. When I at last told Jack and Fred about her talking to herself, and her wild, scared looks at those times, they only laughed at me, and told me to give her a shorter allowance of beer.

It was no use assuring them that I was certain she never drank anything stronger than water or good tea ; they only looked very knowing, shrugged their shoulders, and told me I might depend upon their word that one day I should find, hid away behind the plates or dishes on the dresser, or in some sly corner, a black bottle containing something very much stronger than tea !

CHAPTER II.

I BELIEVE I have before said “ The Elms ” was a curious old house, which had long been untenanted, until my dear father, house-hunting on my behalf, chanced to see it, and liked it so much, that when he heard the fabulously low rent at which the agent

offered it, he at once closed the bargain, and took it for us in his own name, on a very long lease.

Now, in order to make my readers comprehend what is to follow I must give a sort of description of the old place, but it shall be as brief as maybe to make it intelligible.

There was but the ground floor and the floor above, consequently no attics or garrets, as we country folks call those chambers. There were seventeen bedrooms, dressing-rooms included. Five of these chambers were to the front, or more modernized part of the house; and these rooms were large, lofty, and well-ventilated, having plenty of good-sized windows in them; and these were the only sleeping-rooms with exception of two for the servants, in the older portion of the house, that we had not as yet furnished, for our family was small, and our income, though comfortable and amply sufficient for our moderate needs, still was but a limited one.

I daresay there were many of our acquaintances of the style of people who think they know all about your affairs, and can direct you so well in the management of them, who considered "The Elms" far too grand a place for two young people in our class to commence life in—indeed, some had ventured to say as much to us. We did not think it necessary to tell all the world what a low rent we were paying—our nearest relatives excepted—and they alone were acquainted with the fact.

The house had most extensive cellarage, extending at the back with many arches far under the lawn. Part of the cellars were well-enough lighted and ventilated from the outside by fairly good-sized windows, albeit, carefully guarded by solid iron gratings, that would give a burglar a good deal of trouble to make an entrance that way. These places were where we kept our meat, butter, bread, and such-like provisions, and being kept clean, bright and airy, I did not so very much mind venturing down into them, always providing it was morning-time and a light day. The one I was most used to, and felt the least timid about entering alone, was that which lay directly before me on descending the cellar stairs. It had in it a fine spring of water, always most deliciously cold and clear; a spring that never ceased its even flow, gently coming in to a little, shallow stone trough, with a regular pleasant plash, and passed out through a small opening in the same tiny reservoir. In this stone trough we always placed the dish containing our stock of butter; and often in the heat of summer weather Fred would put bottles of wine for an hour or so there, after which they would come to our table as cold as if iced after the most approved fashion.

This place, I say, I did not so much mind going down into alone but to the left of the stairs leading into a large wilderness of place, where you might have concealed a regiment of soldier

larker, damper, and more dismal-looking, with huge buttresses in it, behind which anyone might be concealed for aught I knew, and leading into other various-sized places, more or less dimly lighted, I did not care to venture in too often, and most certainly, never alone. Then beyond all these were great iron-bound doors, leading to awfully dark cavernous recesses, which made my blood run cold even to pass into under the special protection of my husband and darling old Jack. Fred, who had penetrated into the very furthestmost depths of the place, said there were cellars there under our large lawn, so good and so dry, and so well fitted up, and withal so extensive, that they are worthy for no one less than a royal personage, or an archbishop, to store away magnums of the finest old port, with the very choicest wines of the best and most rare vintages. And he was quite certain that only a man who could thoroughly appreciate, and who had a keen relish for a good glass of wine, would ever have thought of planning and building so noble a storehouse for his much-prized beverages.

Well, all this might be quite true, but, safe enough, the choicest of wines might have remained there for me; and there they must have remained to the very end of time, if no one could have been found to fetch them thence but poor, cowardly me, and so I always told Fred.

Originally the house must have been a perfect square—the rooms on the ground-floor and the one floor above being built round a circular hall, which was lighted from the roof by a high dome light. Then, when more accommodation was required, it seems as if a comparatively modern front, with wings, had been added to it, which, of course, had considerably lessened the portion of the ground between the house and the road.

The front, or newer part, contained larger and more lofty rooms both below and above the wings right and left, extending very much beyond the original structure. The chief ornament of the house—the grand old oak staircase—so wide, so easy of ascent, was where it must always have been, that is in the circular-shaped inner hall; though the first step or two of the stairs trenched upon the tessellated black and white polished stones of the entrance-hall. The bedrooms in the older part of the house were small and rather low-nitched, and led, in strange fashion, one into another; rambling now up a step or two into a room, then descending, apparently without any reason—four or five steps into the next chamber, and all without any separate entrance, or other outlet, but what the neighbouring chamber might afford.

Thus entering from the handsome landing in the newer part, by, say, the door on your left hand, you could pass quite round three sides of the house from one room into another, across the

back stairs into the suite of rooms at the right hand side, out through another door which brought you to the front of the house whence you started.

Doubtless, it was entirely owing to this very strikingly inconvenient arrangement of these bedrooms having neither ingress nor egress, save by passing through the adjoining rooms, that "The Elms" had remained so long untenanted as it had done until my dear father, oblivious of all the inconvenience, fell in love with the antiquated, romantic old place.

To many people these rooms would have been in a manner useless; and for many reasons, some of which I have stated, we left them, for the present, unfurnished, though I took care they were kept scrupulously clean; having them regularly scrubbed out in turn by a woman I employed to do the more laborious parts of the cleaning. Then each morning I went the round of these rooms, opening the windows in each of them to let in the sun and air, in order to keep them fresh and sweet-smelling, so as to be in readiness should any chance arise of their being needed. Did anything happen to prevent my going to do this, then Joyce was my deputy. But, strange to say, Martha never permitted any one to *close* these windows but herself. I thought it odd she was so persistent in this—though of course, as I knew I could thoroughly depend upon her, this whim of hers did not so much matter.

In one of the old rooms was a fairly good staircase leading on to the flat railed-in portion of the roof running round the dome light, and we had splendid views from this place of the country round, towards the Surrey hills on the one hand, and on the other all over London, across to the hills on the north of our great city. Another peculiarity some few of these old rooms had, were some sliding panels, which I used in those days to long to have nailed up, because, when open, any one in the rooms could look down into the inner hall. I expect they were intended for the better ventilation of those old chambers.

Now that the description of the house, or as much as is needful, is completed, the reader will be able to enter into much of what follows, more than he otherwise would have been able to do.

I am more than half-ashamed to acknowledge what I am about to say, but the fact was—dearly as I was learning to love my quaint old home, yet of late I had so frequently heard such unaccountable noises about the house, that I was beginning to fancy "The Elms" must be one of those *haunted places* people tell of. The noises were mostly in the broad daylight, and that I thought so very odd, when, too, I had full opportunity of ascertaining the whereabouts of both my servants.

Fred and Tom used to chaff me unmercifully about my fears;

and because these noises never occurred when they were in the house, they used to tell me *then*, that I must have gone to sleep and dreamt them. “*Now*,” Fred says, “my poor little woman, what you must have suffered from fright in those days, and to think I was so cruel as to laugh at you, instead of sifting the thing to the bottom !”

At first, when these noises, as of some one walking in the empty rooms, or overhead in our own bedrooms, with opening and shutting of doors, moving articles of furniture, &c., occurred, I used to run upstairs boldly, fancying Fred or Jack had unexpectedly returned and wished to give me a surprise ; and up to a certain time, though my search was fruitless, yet I was not nervous about it. But one day the door on the left hand of the landing leading to the old rooms was closed quickly, I fancied at the moment, blown too by a wind, but when I attempted to open it, meaning to go and see the window, I distinctly felt a bodily resistance to my efforts to open it, and, getting frightened, I was rushing downstairs to call Martha, when one of the panels I have spoken of over the hall, was suddenly opened, and as suddenly closed again, but at the moment of its opening, I saw a ghostly white face, with fiery-looking eyes !

How I got down the few remaining stairs I know not, and out on to the lawn in front of the house ; but still something restrained me from telling any one so improbable a tale, as I knew this must seem to an indifferent person ; and I did not even tell Fred, fearing he would laugh at me, but waited till Jack came home, when I drew him out into the garden and told him.

My brother endeavoured to reason with me on the folly of giving way to my fears, showing me clearly how nervousness grows upon any one, if not strongly combatted with. Then he attempted to prove to me the impossibility of my having seen a face at the panel such as I had described, arguing that no one could have got into the house without some one being cognisant of the fact, and that we had no reason to doubt the fidelity of our servants ; with a great many manly and sensible reasons why I should not be such a timid, foolish creature as I now was, especially as up to the time of my marriage I had shown no lack of courage.

I afterwards found he had that night written off to mother a private and confidential letter, begging her to write to Fred and offer to come on a visit to us, as he (Jack) was seriously uneasy about me.

My dear mother at once followed out Jack's suggestion, but before she arrived, a circumstance occurred which caused me to have so serious an attack of illness, that both my husband and Jack quite thought they were going to lose me.

G. J. GUNTHORPE.

A WAITING MONTH.

A FLOWER has broken into life this morn,
 And the pale-green of fields sheds overland
 A delicate dew-scent : on every hand
 Fresh beauties of the summer's love are born :
 And yet the summer's swallow is afar.

All sea beneath the shadow of the heaven
 Is motionless, and silent as the sky :
 To watching hearts a cool, sweet breath comes nigh
 From the blue isles of southern distance driven :
 And yet the southern swallow is afar.

A song that we have known is on the air,
 A wing we know glances about the bough ;
 Each winter-sundered bird is nigh us now,
 With new songs sweet as all the songs that were :
 And yet the sundered swallow is afar.

The woodland blossom opens in the wood :
 The valley flowers are scattered o'er the slope
 Of the wild glen : all things breathe of a hope
 Arisen with the season's life imbued :
 And yet the season's swallow is afar

Ah, season, longing for the lingering one—
 Ah, longing heart for something even sweet
 Beyond the flower's fresh beauty at thy feet :
 What are all loves arisen in summer's sun,
 While yet the one Love longed-for is afar ?

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

SUZANNA ELDERTON'S LOVE LETTERS.

SUZANNA ELDERTON was parted from the man she loved—Arnold.

There is not another syllable of description to be given of her. People in love are alike; so the naturalists, or, what is worse, un-naturalists, say. They may inhabit Timbuctoo or Triana; be bronze or brilliant amburn; be sixteen years old, or age quickly on to sixty. No matter what is their creed, their colour, they all sigh, and long, and are tender; they all languish, and triumph; they all weary; they all pine and yearn; they all, possibly, if they are out in love, do their very best to get in love again.

Yes; and it is precisely because this is so that there is this word *Suzanna Elderton*. She differed nothing from other people in it of it. The one point on which there was doubt—there was apprehension—was, Was the man *Suzanna Elderton* loved the man *loved Suzanna Elderton*? As the lady put it to herself, “Is the person you love the person who loves you?” giving a little pause at the moment of the putting. For she observed the close proximity of the “you” and the “who.” She observed their similarity of sound.

Now, *Suzanna* knew that a looker-on could pause at both words, catching the “y” of the one, and the aspiration of the other, as but meaningful distinction. *Suzanna* knew that a looker-on might mingle them; could think it not of much import, if, accidentally they should get misplaced. “Yet,” the lady said to herself, *such* a sigh, such a sword-wound of suspense, “think of what might be their killing distance! think of how many leagues they might be apart!”

She had been to school. She had a perfect recollection of *Geography* (in crimson kid-skin), and of *Pinnock's Catechism* (in faint lavender paper). She took some of the hard names she had learned within—all of which had lain heavy with her ever since—and never till now been of the least application—and she applied this “you” and this “who,” her perigee and her apogee, she occupied herself with the consideration of them all her days.

Indeed, day had not space enough for her; she kept to her usual investigation through hours of the tedious, waking night. She did not wish to be doing this. She would have been quit, if she could, of this fingering (so to speak) of a mental inch-measure, which grew to be an ell-stick, which grew to be mile-stones, which

grew to be a degree-proportioner, which grew to be a tangible equatorial line. But Arnold Willis had not, by telling, cleared the point in question up for Suzanna Elderton, so Suzanna Elderton was obliged to endeavour to clear it up for herself. And "Ah me," she cried, again and again, over the little monosyllables "are they enigmatic space asunder, wider than the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer? or is one canopy of eglantine and rose sufficient harbourage for both?"

She, at last, brought her labours to a conclusion. Any one may do this by industry and perseverance; and who shall say Suzanna Elderton left a stone unturned that came within her grapple, or ever sat a moment with her implements disengaged. Faust's Marguerite pulled one flower to pieces with her pretence "Er liebt mich, er liebt mich nicht;" Susanna Elderton destroyed her whole gardenful; would have played havoc with the profusion of Eden's Paradise, if such wholesale petal-scattering had been needful to sweep her way. She was earnest. Is it any wonder, since the result was her breath—her life? And, knowing this, since it was worth recording which was the last leaf upon her stem? Of course she managed things so that they should come exactly as she wished. Like other experimentalists, she never would have prepared her retorts and alembics and spatulæ, if she could not have ruled what they were going to produce. Having effected, therefore, what was required, she changed her abode forthwith from *terra-firma* to Elysium, and dwelt in that fair region, very, very glad.

With the rosy atmosphere there is there to fan her cheek, she wrote Arnold Willis a letter:—

"All my life," she put down, "I have been sure that I should meet with you. When I say this, I do not mean that I have foreseen exactly the body that, all your life, has been called Arnold Willis. I had no knowledge of how much stature, of how much breadth; of whether your eyes would have a dark flash in them, or would always look at me, quiet and grave—although, now you have come, I think it could not have been under any other form, with any other features, than those that now seem so natural. What I mean is, that all my life I have dreamt of some one who would never suspect me of doing anything petty or base; who would believe in me; who would keep pace with me; who would in all better things outrun me. It is not good for me, I know, to be ahead of those with whom I live. I cannot grow in such state. I either, in my mind, hare-like, multiply the few steps I am in front, and remain stationary from the thought that I can never be approached; or I stifle any nobler ideas that come to (knowing they will get laughter instead of kindling), and in

I stand precisely where I am. Now, I can advance

du. You *do* understand me, when I rise to something better than before. Indeed, you make me mount higher even than I would ; r, since you are mounting, and I have such love for you, I would cut my wings to fragments rather than be left behind."

There was a little more, for this was a long letter. Suzanna id :—

"I like to think of how many of my prejudices you have worn right away—of how many things, also, I have been blind to, to which you have opened my eyes. All beauty is, through you, more beautiful ; all melody is more melodious ; all poetry is more poetry, and yet more easy to comprehend. I am ashamed to think I have had so many tones and tints and tender little touches far me, to which I have been as insensible as if they had fallen off-a-globe away. But then I am so glad it is you who brought this new world to me ; I am so glad it is you who will always make me tread there."

"What do you think I had begun to fancy ? I thought you had been so long coming that I had lost the power to taste, and that if you *did* come it would be too late ! How foolish ! I *must* receive ; I *must* enjoy ; and I could not have done this sooner, because you yourself are creation, and till you came I could not be awake. Now you *are* here I can feel all things—I can see everything. I should tire you, indeed, if I told you all the change you have effected in me. For to-night, then, I will say no more ; except—*Come to me as quickly as you can.*"

Suzanna Elderton was a long time writing all this. She had to do what all folks have to do when they fear being exaggerated and diffuse. She had to think, and to weigh, and to consider. She had to prune vigorously, and she did ; taming here, erasing together there, fining, filing, till the composition was as she was satisfied it should stand. It rang in her ears then ; close phrase for phrase. She was very nearly saying words of it, in answer to questions of other things. At sleeping-time it would not go from her, neither did she wish it ; and in the morning it was her pleasure to recall its sentences the first thing to her mind. She was intensely foolish over it ; but—intensely happy. Laughter came from herself at herself, quite as much as anybody could have laughed at her ; and, seeing her face in the glass during dressing operations, she laughed again to see how over-brimming it looked with joy.

Nothing would do then, but, in her buoyant humour, to sit down and write to Arnold Willis again :—

"*Allegro vivace,*" she began, "and triple time, if you please, and take it *giusto*. My key is A for Arnold, and E for Elderton (which every musician knows is dominant to the other) ; and both

of them are as many times sharpened as they can be. Unluckily, there is no key of S, nor yet of W, or I would get each into my harmony, and have our four initials complete. But never mind. I will rap now with my *bâton*, and you must be ready to begin.

“Did you ever read that ‘Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues?’ If you never have, or if you have never noticed it (which is the same thing), turn to the first scene in *Measure for Measure*, and you will find the Duke saying it. What fine issues, then, I ought to bring to your charming now! I am so finely touched, I scarcely seem to tread upon the ground—I seem to be flapping a new growth of wings out upon merry air!

“Perhaps this ‘air’ is the very one I am going to sing to you! It is merry, certainly, if it is anything. And there are trills in it, and *appoggiature*, and a scale going right up to E in alt (myself, of course; on the height upon which the knowledge of you has placed me); and it warms up into *giacoso*, and there are passages in it *ad libitum* and *con piacer*; and the best thing you can do is to repeat the whole, *fortissimo, da capo*.

“You may tell me, though, that you have not yet heard a word of it. It is quite true. I don’t think you have. But what need? I feel effervescent, that is all; as if I could not keep in sober quarters; so I let the fountain that is in me flow over, this much, on you. It only means that I love you; and does not that make you as glad as it makes me?

“Finish this, please, with a good strong chord, and an *arpeggio*. Listen to mine, and echo it.—Plump, plump! La li la, la; lah! lah! La li la, la la; luh! Loh!

“There! Good-bye to you!”

After this all the pulses in Suzanna’s frame beat so briskly she could not calm them. For a day or two she danced through life with her wings outspread. The sky was sunny to her; the streams all ran. She did not hear from Arnold; but what did *that* matter?

“I think,” she said, in more quick words to him, “that I could write twenty times to you without having an answer once. I should be ashamed to keep scales hanging in which to weigh our correspondence, and to hold mine back until yours had sent the balance swinging down. It would be a poor thing to measure out what you say to me, and only to give you bare word for word. The time may come when I shall render less to you than you render to me; I am capricious, and who knows where caprice may lead me; but now it is my pleasure to feed you with more. And as it is so, let it be. Of course I get my inspiration from somewhere; and shall I tell you where that somewhere is?—words that *have* left your lips, meaning that I *have* seen, often, in your eyes!

“You said to me once—do you remember?—when we were walk-

ing in the shade of those tall, thick trees—that to be as happy as you were then was such happiness that it would last in memory for ever. Well, to have said this once, Arnold, is to mean it, to me, for all. I am no coquette. I do not want to exact the same speeches, time following upon time. Mind you, it would be nice to hear them again. I would like to encore every sentence in which I have learnt what I am to you—because each has made, and is making, me so happy. But as I cannot, I encore them all to myself; the next best thing to hearing them again from you.

“And then I remember, Arnold—as often as perpetually—a look you once turned to give me. It was that day when I was too late, and when it was you, unintentionally, who had made me so.

“At the foot of the broad stone steps it seemed to come to you, suddenly, how much my conscience would suffer, how I should regret your beguiling. I had not given you one word of reproach—it was not likely; which, perhaps, made you feel all the more. And I shall never forget your eyes as they looked at me then; I shall never forget the love, and the sorrow, and the deep thanks shining in them, and that said infinitely more than if you had made speech after speech to me for years. Thinking of this leaves me quite undisturbed by your silence; makes me say just as much to you now as if you had written to me every day you have been away.”

Nevertheless, Suzanna Elderton gave a comical little toss of her head every time she passed the inner side of the hall-door letter-box, and saw that no letter had fallen in it for her. A pout, too, came upon her lips, and rebellion, after her own fashion, raged in her heart.

“Very well,” ran her next letter, “play the game of silence, if you like it. You shall play all alone, though, and I defy you to keep at it long! I will mock at you, and scorn, and write ‘tall,’ and plead, and supplicate, and try all manner of wiles and ways to win you to an answer! Not all at once, of course; that would be wilder you; but one—judiciously and tantalisingly—at a slow time. Which *modus* will you have to-day? I cannot decide, because I don’t know in what mode you are yourself. I only know that, whichever you are, I will be precisely opposite. If you are imperative, I will hum out disobedience as *nonchalante* as I can; if you are conditional, I will have *no* conditions; if you are infinitive, I will pin you down to the tiniest minutiae; if you are subjunctive, I will cut you off from every communication, here, and in all elsewhere. Russian Katherine was a tyrant, but I will out-Russ her, and the other Kate, too, whom it took five good acts to tame. And then, when I have maddened you with my savagery, I will strike myself as dumb as you are now, and you shall be so tor-

tured you shall promise, willingly enough, to attend, henceforth, to my smallest behest, the moment it is given. Yes; you shall know the strength of your antagonist before I lay you helpless on the ground! Mighty as you think yourself now, you shall have to confess to vassalage; and the tribute you shall pay shall be no trifle. It shall tax you as far as your powers can go.

“Will you write to-morrow? will you write the next day? will you write the day after that?—pray, don’t trouble. Be silent for a year, if you have said all you have to say, and it is necessary to think all that space of time before you can muster up another word to say again! A nice, quiet, mute, good-bye to you!”

The spirit of this letter was with Suzanna Elderton, as that of the others had been, all of its day. It gave an emphasis to everything she did. It made her put her bonnet on jauntily when she was going out; it made her get through her walk briskly, and bring keen scrutiny to all objects she came across; it made her fling notes out of the piano with much more, even, than her usual *aplomb*; it made her unlock instantly the meaning of complex “passages,” and bestow precisely the tone and time to them that drew them to crimson and running life. The tension gave at last, of course; and when it was gone, another humour followed, and out of the other humour followed another letter:—

“Am I *too* wild for you?” this went. “Do I frighten you with my florid vehemence? Bah! Arnold! It vanishes, you know, the moment I am near your grave eyes! I am placid enough, then. You often have to entreat me to speak, you know, because the mere happiness of being beside you suffices me, and I sit there, minute after minute, without offering you a word. And you know *why* I let my tongue run, now! It is only because you are starving me, and the one way left to me to get food is to clamour! But shall I leave this, and like a good Zann (as you sometimes call me) take to alluring you iustead? Shall I coax, Arnold? shall I entice?”

“Perplexity and unhappiness! I have forgotten the way! I could have been a syren, once. I could have wiled and smiled, and have *forced* you to have obeyed my beckoning. But there seems to be no sun shining upon me, now. I am in the cold—in the black shadow. From there, if I *could* sort out my words, I could not further them with a helping glisten from my eyes. So I must lay *that* part aside; and I had better keep to the one that is most natural to me. I had better place entire faith in the love you have for me, whether you write to me, or whether you keep your silence all the while you are from home! That *must* be the best; and that it shall be.”

Bad news, though, came to Suzanna Elderton in the course of

the week (not of Arnold Willis, but of some one of her own kin), and it left her much depressed. She had to take a long walk, too, in connection with it: and the air was dense, and the sky dull, and the way she had to go was dreary, and the wind blew cold all along it; and she was alone. This made her feel the absence of her lover. This made a fear, which, until now, she had been strong enough to banish, break, as it were, into conviction, rendering her able to read the whole tale:—

“Arnold,” she set down, rapidly, “some illness has fallen upon you on your journey, and you will not let me know! It must be that that is keeping you all these days without sending me a word. You are afraid I shall be alarmed, and you think the way to quiet me is to keep me without hearing of you at all. What a cruel mistake you make! It is suspense that kills; and though it would be pain to know that you are suffering, it is far more to be ignorant of whether it is within cure, or whether it has gone beyond. Arnold! pray let me know exactly how things are! I should only know—I should do nothing more. I should want to come to you; but I should not. The world must have its rules respected; it would look very blackly on a woman who left her home sanctity, to go and be sick-attendant on a man, and I am afraid of it. But, Arnold, if you do not let me know I *must* come. The impulse will be too great to be certain how you are. Save me from this; save me from more, too, of this really cruel suspense.”

All that night Suzanna suffered much. She retained nearly her usual cheerfulness before her family, but directly she was in her own room, her pain was seen. She threw herself into a chair; she had no will to move; and there she sat. She could not stay her crying either, when she *had* moved at last; and when actual darkness was round her, and she had shut her eyes for sleep, she saw Arnold helpless, and in pain. She thought he was looking for her to come, with the same look in his eyes they had had that day they had been turned upon her on the terrace steps; and she would have given the best talent she had to have had her suspense removed.

If Arnold would but write! If to-morrow's post would but bring a letter from him! And it *might*! She was only *thinking* he was ill! It might be only her foolish fears. At any rate, there was the post to look forward to—and she would look forward: she would not bring trouble to her sooner than she need.

Upon which she smoothed her hair, and summoned up her usual smiles, and seated herself at the breakfast-table, entering into chat. But she had her whole heart listening for the postman. She heard his knock drawing nearer and nearer. She flew to be the

first to get the letters, when she saw him coming to her own door. Six were dropped through the aperture, and she sprang at each and read the name on it, and threw it aside when it was not the one she longed to see. Surely! there must be another that she had missed! No! Then she could not have read those she had read, rightly! No! Then one of these must be for her! No! And her arms drooped, and her heart sank, and her head bent low; and she turned up the stairs that seemed now so high and heavy to her, and passed into her own room.

There was a long blank with her then. In it fresh tears found the last night's channels; but when she recollected the need there was to hide her trouble, she gathered that need to her, and put it in the place of energy, and went about her work. For hours a cloud hung over her; but, as evening came, it brought day with it instead of night, for hope would steal in again of next morning's letters, and thoughts would come that amongst them there would be one for her. There could be no reason, she thought, why Arnold should not write. He must know her well enough to be sure that, even if he were ill, she would rather know; and following this, there was the same morning-hankering, the same watch, the same flutter to the door, the same search, the same doubts that her senses had deceived her, the same sick proving, the same cold, killing blank. This last, though, took another turn now, and out of it broke bitter words:

"You have deceived me," they were. "You have no love, and I have been your dupe. You are as false as every man is false, and it was only falsehood that first bid you come! Give me back the long hours I have spent beside you; the confidences you have led me into; the little endless tokens that have come from me, of my great, strong love! You have no right to them! You are a robber. They are not yours! I gave them to the man I thought was poor in love; to the man who was wanting them; to the man who would bless me for giving, because all these years he had been looking for them, and, until now, they had never been! I did not give them to him who must have a sea of love about him, who must have countless women to pour it out, or he would never turn away from such a world as mine! Oh, man! you do not know what my heart could do. You do not know the measure of the love that I had given, every pulse, to you. And you will never know it, now. I will school myself to hate you. I will tear all thought of you away. I will be as utterly indifferent to you as if I had never heard your name!"

All of which Suzanna Elderton echoed to herself all day; all of which grew gradually to be an effort to Suzanna Elderton to echo to herself at night—all of which Suzanna Elderton could echo to

self no longer when letter-time had come next day, and her pained ear was keeping watch. The postman was coming—she would hear his knock. The postman was nearer—was nearer still—he was next door—he was at her house—he had passed through the letters—she had seized them—she had run them through her swift hands—there was a packet among them from Arnold Willis to her!

Ah! her lips were nearer to it than her fingers the instant she read her name! How good to see the contentment burning in her eyes! As for her heart, it leaped so gladly, she had to put the letter to it to help to keep it still. It *was* still, and then the letter came close again to Suzanna's lips; and then its seal was broken, and Suzanna peeped inside.

She found only flower-seeds; not a word; not even so much as a name; but these seeds were in fulfilment of a promise Arnold had made, and, to Suzanna, that was quite enough. Love and thankfulness and extasy welled up in her; made themselves known as a real *feu-du-joie*.

"I curvette, I caracole, with happiness!" she wrote down, "I don't care who pulls the reins. Were my road now heaped up with obstacles, I would canter over every one. The fields I run by are sown with flowers; for you, Arnold, remember me, and there is nothing more."

"Oh, Arnold, what a little thing brings all this gladness to me, and yet how long it has been denied! Are you afraid I should die of happiness? Are you thinking that if you let me love you as I would it would be all gone at once, and there would be none left for me to wearily wear and tear? You are absurdly wrong, if you do fear so. My love is of the sort that grows, and keeps on growing. It would have no end. No end, that is, if you love *me*. I must be careful if you take care of me; I must come, if you are wanting me; I must give, as long as you have the wish to ask. If you would only give as lavishly to me! But you have given to-day; my cup of satisfaction is full; and, as I drink it, I trollop out this nonsense, and I kiss your hands."

Well; this Io Pæan lasted. Suzanna kept the wrapper that had enclosed her seeds; Suzanna let it lie near her all the day; Suzanna kept it in her hand from time to time and kissed it, and even gave it a "good-night" when she went to bed. It was, as she had thought, a very trifle; but if it feasted her, could she, or anybody else, complain? But could such a mimic meal-measure keep on satisfying her—could her thirst be slaked with such a tiny cruise of nectar? Ah, no. After a time the crumb shrivelled; the drop dried.

There came no generous replenishing from Arnold, and Suzanna hungered, and Suzanna pined, and then she weakened,

and the poisoned truth flowed in. Yet, cruelly, killingly, she could not get rid of the thought of her lover. Whatever she saw, she touched, she listened to, was a reminder of him. If she passed through picture-galleries, the masters who stood out most prominently were those he had told her to admire; if she were reading books, she chanced on lines he had often quoted; she came repeatedly to allusions to the town to which he had gone; she started at his name written widely over street-doors;—he was ever with her, ever hanging over her, ever enshrouding her like a funeral pall.

It would not do. Suzanna had strong powers of reasoning. She saw she must force herself into occupation on foreign things, and she did, and turned round afterwards triumphing, because, for an hour, perhaps, she had never been once weighed down. The freedom she gained thus was positive recreation-time. She persuaded herself that the death was past, and firm health come. But, time after time, came the miserable thaw. When the noise of the day had ceased—when the night closed in—then every word Arnold had said floated again about her, she could feel his hand upon her, she could see the love that had been so strong and so quiet in his eyes. In one of which dangerous havens of relief the spirit came upon her that she must write another letter:

“You *must* be true,” she said in it. “I must believe you meant all you said. I could never meet you again, with my hand held out honestly, if I could be so treacherous as to doubt. I should feel I had done you dishonour, and that I ought to slink behind.

“I think I know, now, Arnold, why, after drawing me so tightly to you, you are flinging me away. It is out of consideration for *me*. You didn’t suppose I should give out my heart so readily, and, as something prevents you taking it, you are leaving me alone. I will bear it, Arnold. I will not endeavour to argue your conclusions away. You are convinced, and that shall be enough. I bind my faith as closely to you as I have bound my love.”

This was a noble *plateau* to have reached. From it many things looked too pigmy for Suzanna to notice. But, as no news came to her of Arnold, the grief that stood by her like a vast column was not pigmy, and she was thrown face to the earth at last. She tried to cling to the thought that Arnold was only wrong judgment; but this crumbled under her touch, and she sank; below any comfort, below any feeling but that she was helpless, bleeding from a deep, sore wound.

Sometimes, sweeping across this, came a gust of pride. . . . she felt she could spurn Arnold Willis from her

dared to stand before her face again. It was varied by moments self-scorn and humiliation; but she fell back always into her guish, and the sight of anything she had of Arnold's hit her, and she had to hide up his letters, and cover away his books, and never sing his songs, and avoid hearing and uttering his name.

At last she saw what she must do. Stringing herself up to the energy of indignation, she must gather together everything Arnold Ellis had ever given her—yes, even his letters; those he had written before he went away; those which, whilst she was sure he read, she had read, one daily, for her strong armour and consolation—and she must bind them all up, and send them back. She could not retain a trace of him. There were scraps of paper on which he had set down thoughts that had pleased him, and that *he said* he wished should please her too. There was a withered leaf, marked with the date of the first day they had spent together, picked up by him after they had parted with a slow “good-night.” There were endless things that shook her courage, that part brought back her love, even now, when she was compelled in this way to air enumeration. But they should all go. They *had* given joy, but there should be pain now—and the last of pain; for, since her love was dead, with her own digging she would bury it—with her own fingers she would chisel out the sculpture to place upon its grave.

She was as firm as her resolve. Being alone of her family in the house one day, she spread a large packing-paper widely, and began to cast her treasures in a pile. Her fingers trembled: her arms—though she tried hard to hold them—*would* caress the books and writing as she placed them in. But she went through—whilst she drew out music-sheets—whilst she lingered over now re-new poems whilst she straightened programmes and little *brochure* reviews. Finally, she came to the cover in which she had laid the cherished treasured leaf. Then she was beaten. Then she sat down beside the heap, and lay with her head buried in her arms.

“Could he be so false!” was her cry. “Could a man be living, and have such a cruel heart!”

She let the wave heave. The last clutch must be given; the last cry must come. In the midst of it she was roused by a hand on her own locked door.

It must be answered. She would have to go near; she would have to speak. She did; there, sadly, as she stood. “I am here. Who calls me?”

The whole aspect of her changed, when she heard the words come in reply. She had been bent and crushed before, but now her hands rose, her eyes had the look in them as if she had been stung.—It must have been her fancy cheating her!

The barrier of the door must be making her deceived! She must ask again!

No! It was true! A gentleman was waiting in the drawing-room to see her. She had heard right—she was not mocked—the gentleman who was waiting—the servant had said it twice—was Mr. Arnold Willis!

Suzanna clasped her hands; Suzanna stood for a moment powerless.

Her arms dropped then; she saw her loan of treasures in their high pile—Falsehood! Cruel words spoken, only to be more cruelly withdrawn! She would summon the servant again, she would say she was ill, or, boldly, that she refused to come. Her hand was upon the bell—why enter into the battle again? For self-preservation it was better to keep away.

No—that is—yes; she would go down. The anger that had moved her should be seen by Arnold Willis, high face to face. Pale, now, as she was—stirred—armed with the long indignation that had been her sorrow,—he should see all that he had done.

There was no stay for a second thought. Suzanna passed from her room; set her foot upon the stairs; went nearer to Arnold, and nearer, nearer; reached the plants and statuary in the recess at the drawing-room door. She was still erect: her eyes unshaken; her mouth firm. A greater pain came, but this did not make her waver, it only braced her up to be more strong. Love flung away turns very near to hate!—was a bitter thought that brought its helping. Then she passed in.

Arnold had risen quickly upon hearing the rustle of her dress; but, now, when he could have touched her, he stood still.

“Suzanna!” he cried. “Miss Elderton! How! May I not—take your hand!”

Both were folded at her heart. She looked straight. She said—with no light, no love, only coldly, gravely—“No!”

“Child!” Arnold said—as he had often said it—“is there to be no more for our meeting-time than this!”

She trembled; she almost flinched; but she kept her hands folded at her heart; she still said—but falteringly—“No!”

“Child!” Arnold cried again: “am I to have no answer! Is this to be the end?”

Tears were in his voice, if ever a man had been moved so deeply since the world began. Suzanna fretted—Suzanna set loose her hands—Suzanna passed one to and from her eyes—waved the other for him to keep away—strove to force back the words that leaped to leave her lips. There was compulsion, though, that went beyond her, to let some come.

“I!—” she said. “I!—what is there left—what can I give? It is insult to come to me at all!”

“Child!” was once more Arnold’s cry. “I insult you, Zannie! you are the only woman in all the world who has any power to move me!”

It was only false! It was only the same treacherous note that had been struck before! But it fell into the harmony that had already held it; it was sweet; and Suzanna listened.

“Zann,” went on the music, “you know I have no wife—that my mother is dead—that I never had a sister—that one woman fills the place to me of all!”

It was still all false. Still only a stronger rendering of the old sweet tune.

“Child, I have been dangerously ill.”

Quick breathing came. Suzanna raised her eyes.

“My illness wanted strong means and violent. I have had much to endure; but I am well now.”

Suzanna gave a cry.

“And in my pain, I had ever one thought with me. It was, Zann, that wealth was not all; that I had held back from saying how deeply I was moved, thinking I should be thought too poor; but that there was a woman living who could fill every hope coming to my heart, if only she would leave the rich home she was born to, and stoop to be a wife in mine!”

At which Suzanna’s sobs met her cry, at which Arnold had her in his arms fast, at which she heard the rest he had to tell her, with her head pressed tightly against his breast,

——What! She got over the having no answers to her letters!

Yes; thoroughly. Exactly as if no part of them had ever filled her brain.

Why, how! Possibly!

Thus:—

She was saying much to Arnold, and Arnold was saying quite as much to her (with something occasionally on his lips that could scarcely be carried to articulation), when he looked in her face, and smoothed back her hair, and stopped a moment, either from word or kiss at all.

“What is it?” Susanna questioned him. “What is your thought, now?”

He smiled at the smile sent up to him, and laid another caress upon her hair.

“I was considering,” he said, “altogether wondering why this face had such a different look upon it when it was brought into the room just now!”

Suzanna drew her head away.

"Because," she said slowly, though there were smiles to give a meaning to the sloth, "whilst you were away I wrote a great many letters, and somebody was so cruel he never answered one!"

"Letters! Zannie!" Arnold cried out. "Why, none ever came! If one only had!"

"For all that, I wrote," said Suzanna.

"But why did I not get them!" cried Arnold. "Heigho! my Zannie lady! if I could only have had them, what a sweet dream I should have had; how much suspense I should have been spared!"

"But I wrote," repeated Suzanna.

"Then, love, where are the letters? Why didn't they come?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Suzanna.

"Yes, yes."

"Because I never sent them! They are every one tightly in my desk, locked up there securely, as soon as they were written!"

Which was true. And one day Arnold had the reading of them—the writer and the written to enjoying at the same time.

Which fashion of keeping back is recommended where there is doubt, as there was with Suzanna Elderton.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.



LIFE'S AVENUE.

THERE is a slender cottage, built of earth,
With flowers before the door, and many weeds :
The gate-lodge of the avenue that leads
To the great House, called Death.

The trees that skirt the avenue
Are willow-trees, and cypress-trees, and yew :
Close-interwoven, yet not all so close
But that, from high, betwixt the riven boughs,
A little glimpse of sunshine sometimes glimmers through
And here beneath the cypress and the yew,
And willow-trees of the dark avenue,
We meet, in the shine, in gladness,
And part, in the shade, in sadness,
Father and husband, friend and brother,
Sister and children, wife and mother,
And laugh, and mourn, and kiss one another,
And gladden our sad hearts with converse sweet,
Or bathe, with mutual tears, our weary feet.
Then, at late twilight, when with limbs outworn,
And bruised feet, sore-pierced with many a thorn,
We come at last unto our journey's end,
At the great House we stand, and knock with joy :
And Death, that knows no scorn,
Or brooks annoy,
Opens unto us, like a generous friend,
And bids us sleep with him until the Morn.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND, FROM A SAXON STANDPOINT.

As Ireland has returned to the new Parliament some sixty members pledged to vote for Home Rule, and as the representatives of some twenty English, Welsh, and Scotch constituencies have been returned by the Irish voters, amongst their constituents bound to agitate the same platform it is not surprising that the subject has already cropped up during the present session. I may, therefore, be permitted to put the rights and wrongs of the question before those who have not time to read the matter up for themselves.

I would start with one or two postulates. Let it be granted that, up to the twelfth century, Ireland was an independent nation; that in 1172 under Henry II. she became an integral portion of the United Kingdom, possessing for the greater part of six hundred years her own Parliament, with a separate legislative existence, which was at times interfered with by the British Parliament, but never without protest on the part of Ireland.

Let it be granted also that in 1719, when Ireland was in a position utterly unfit to resist, the English Parliament passed an Act (6 Geo. I. c. 5.) contravening the right statutely asserted (reasserted for the last time in 1689), in the reign of Henry VIII. that "this realm (Ireland) is free from subjection to any man's laws, but such as have been devised and ordained in this realm." In 1782 this Act caused the Irish Parliament to adopt the celebrated declaration of right "that by our fundamental laws the subjects of this realm cannot be bound by any legislation save by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." This right the English Parliament ratified, and the question was declared for ever settled by the 21 and 22 Geo. III. c. 47.

Let it be granted also that in 1800 the Union reversed all this, and that from that day forward the Irish Parliament had no further existence.

How the Union was brought about, and whether all subsequent law-making for Ireland has been based on what Charles James Fox in his "address to the Whig Club, A.D. 1800," declared to be "the false and abominable presumption that the English could legislate better for the Irish than they could for themselves—a presumption founded on the most arrogant tyranny," are subjects as foreign to this paper as the question whether or not the defunct Irish Parliament was a farce, or, to put it more strongly, rather a

curse than a blessing to the country. Suffice it to say that Ireland was once in the possession of autonomy, that now she is not, and that in these latter days there has arisen a longing desire on the part of many to see Irish legislative independence restored to the nation. It may be said that this desire has existed in a greater or less degree ever since the Union. Tone conspired to annul that Union. Emmett gave up his life in the hope of stimulating his countrymen to further efforts. Moore threw over the scheme a halo of poetic romance. To stave it off Emancipation was granted. O'Connell, in 1843, took up the cry, and urged the multitude to reobtain by violence, if necessary, the repeal of the Union and the right of having an Irish Parliament sitting in College Green, under the Queen, with its own hereditary peerage and elected representatives. This same desire underlay the Smith O'Brien fiasco of 1848, and has been, more or less at the bottom of the Phoenix and Fenian Societies of later times, including the famous Limerick declaration of 1867, got up by Dean O'Brien P.P., of Newcastle West, and signed by twelve hundred Irish priests. That that spirit has broken out into treason, or degenerated into an absurd notion as to an Irish Republic, and that it has taken more than seventy years to come to a head, is no argument in itself against the justice of the Home Rule cry; it only tells of a want of organisation such as has always been Ireland's bane, and of that fiery spirit of impatience under a long-continued course of undeniably unjust and one-sided legislation, which is natural to the Celtic race in common with all oppressed nationalities.

It has been left for Irishmen of 1873 to formulate the desire of their countrymen, and to present to the expectant eyes of the British nation a clear statement of what Ireland really does want. That being shown, as has been done by the Home Rule Conference of last year, the task of the critic is to examine into the feasibility of the Home Rule demands.

What, then, are these demands? briefly, they are as follows:— (1). That all purely Irish affairs—*i.e.* those which concern the internal policy of the country in opposition to Imperial measures—should be legislated for and settled by an Irish Parliament, consisting of the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; (2). That all the affairs of the Empire, including everything affecting the Colonies, the relation with Foreign States, and the common interests of the Empire should continue to be legislated for, and settled by an Imperial Parliament in which Ireland should be represented *as far as regards Imperial matters only*. In a word, the prerogatives of the Crown are to remain unaffected, the Queen enjoying, besides her English, and perhaps her Scotch ministry, one for Ireland exclusively. The Imperial Parliament would still superintend all

Imperial affairs, as at present, it being settled beforehand what proportion of taxation should fall upon Ireland, how much of the public debt was fairly chargeable to her, and how much she should contribute to the support of the Army, the Navy, and the Civil List; in such questions, and in such only, Ireland to continue to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. The jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament would be simply over the internal affairs of the island, with which the Imperial Parliament would have nothing whatever to do. It would regulate the railways, postal arrangements, commerce, agriculture, public works, the administration of justice, municipal corporations, grand juries, manufactures, and, if the Home Rulers are to have it their own way, all matters concerning the education of youth, of which more hereafter.

As to the composition of the new Parliament, it is proposed that it should be made up of the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons. The Sovereign would be represented as at present, by a Lord-Lieutenant, chosen from amongst the Irish Peers, or, better still, by one of the members of the Royal Family. The Upper House would consist of all those Peers whose peerages were anterior to the Union, and any others that the Sovereign chose to call to the House of Lords. The House of Commons would represent all the present county and borough constituencies, with additional constituencies created by groups of the smaller towns, the Universities, the Colleges of Physicians, the Inns of Court, and the like. Thus the representatives would be at once popular in the truest sense of the word, and would also allow property and education their due place in the councils of the nation. The franchise and the mode of election are matters of detail which could easily be settled, though it may well be imagined that no parties could now-a-days be adverse to the use of the ballot in voting. Ireland would then possess that on which she has set her heart, her own Parliament as an independent nation, without losing her rights of representation in the Imperial Parliament as an integral part of the United Kingdom. Such is an epitome of the scheme proposed by the Home Rule League. On reading it, three leading questions arise: 1. Is it required? 2. Is it possible? 3. Would the Irish be content if it were granted them?

I. Is an Irish Parliament required? To arrive at the proper answer to this question, let it be granted that the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland differ from each other in nearly every particular. As to race, the Celtic element largely predominates in the sister Island—whether or not that element is an advantageous one to the country is not to the point, we must accept it as present, and not attempt to drive it out, as St. Patrick did the serpents and toads. In religion, that of Rome dominates in

Ireland in the proportion of, at least, three to one, That unfortunate element must also be respected, if, at least, we would not earn for ourselves an unhappy notoriety as persecutors. Again, Ireland is almost purely an agricultural country, with but three branches of manufacture in it, namely, linen, porter, and whiskey. For many a long century also, and chiefly because of the political aspect of her religion, Ireland was kept down by most savage penal legislation, varied every now and then by scenes of slaughter and oppression, against which the whole of Europe has cried out in indignation. This has engendered a bitter feeling, which causes Irishmen to look with doubt and suspicion upon any proposal for their amendment emanating from a British Parliament. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" they have asked, and when answered, as in 1800, by the response "Come and see how we shall manage for you at Westminster?" they behold some seventy years following before any attempt is made—the Emancipation Act alone excepted, and that extorted by the fear of a rebellion—to ameliorate their condition. And when at last Mr. Gladstone, not unmoved by the Fenian outbreak and the Clerkenwell explosion, did step down into the arena, and pass first his Disestablishment Act, and then his Land Act, these were accepted only as instalments of a greater act of justice, the granting to the Irish people the right to make their own laws, a desire which has grown even stronger since it has been seen that, owing to not understanding the peculiar temperament of the people and their still more peculiar land customs, the Land Bill has not accomplished for Ireland one-half the good its framers intended it should. I do not pause to consider the reasonableness or the unreasonableness of this cry, in which there is more of reasonableness than the English or Scotch readers imagine—*expertus loquor*—I merely set it down as one existing, and as one to which the establishment of an Irish Parliament would put an end. It was the cry raised by Hungary: the new constitution of independence wisely presented to that nationality has satisfied its cravings, and, humanly speaking, saved the Austrian Empire from dissolution, or, at all events, from dismemberment. A similar plea has preserved to the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man their own legislative assemblies, and secured peace and contentment to these portions of the United Kingdom. It is not a mere sentimental grievance, for the redress of which the Irishman pleads—it is one founded on an invincible repugnance to being legislated for by Englishmen, Welshmen, and Scotchmen, all aliens in religion, for the most part bigoted in their antagonism to whatever those of the other island hold dearest and holiest.

To take another view of the matter, during the Sessions of 1869, 1870, and 1873, what created a block in public business and

stopped the way in Parliament?—Irish affairs; the last block being the most disastrous of all,—nearly shipwrecking a ministry, and certainly inflicting on it a blow which ultimately caused its ruin. During the first two years of the late Parliament the Disestablishment Bill and the Land Act literally shunted all other Imperial business off into sidings, and were the cause of a prodigious “massacre of the innocents” at the end of each session. In 1871 and 1872 the affairs of England, and Scotland, and India, and the Empire generally had to be looked to, and during those years much important Irish business went to the wall. The Marquis of Hartington was forced to withdraw his excellent Bill for the Amelioration of Labourers’ Dwelling Houses in Ireland—and I may inform my readers that bad as the condition of the English agricultural labourer is, that of his Irish brother is tenfold worse. There are jury questions, drainage questions, county-cess questions, rating questions, fishery questions, and, above all, the educational question, yet to be settled, and where and how is the time to be found in which to settle them? Well might the lamented John Francis Maguire, late M.P. for Cork City, complain that there “were many Irish Bills on the paper, and in scarcely a single instance did these come before the House until long after midnight, while in various instances they were hustled through at two o’clock, aye, and at three o’clock in the morning. No wonder that laws rushed through their different stages with a precipitancy which precludes the possibility of an equal consideration should be afterwards a puzzle to lawyers and an evil to the community.” And what was true of 1871, was true of 1872, and, *a fortiori*, of 1873.

Besides this chronic block of public business, which in itself supplies an argument to the Home Rule party, they find another in the notorious ignorance of everything Irish that possesses the English and Scotch mind. As I have already observed, Ireland is a country *sui generis*,—peculiar in her temperament, peculiar in her religion, and peculiar in the manners and customs of her people. Now I would put it to my readers, how much do they know about Ireland, even as regards the geography, much less the points to which I have adverted? Nor is this ignorance a *specialité* confined to them; it in reality belongs to the great majority of the English and Scotch M.P.’s; to say nothing of the editors of some of our leading journals, one of whom, some time ago, sneered at the chairman of an important meeting in Dublin, a Master in Chancery, as a juvenile, because his legitimate title of “Master” was accorded to him! In England it is not usual for such an official to be called by his style outside his court; in Ireland it is, hence the mistake. Errors of a similar and even a more ludicrous sort have been committed in in each House; indeed, it may be questioned how many

of the non-Irish members could tell the number of ridings, of which Tipperary boasts, or distinguish between Meath and West Meath. Be this as it may,—and I speak by the card,—it is no uncommon confession, on the part of the English and Scotch members, that they cannot understand “Ireland,” her wants, or the remedies for her many ills. They are to all intents and purposes foreigners, who *teste* Mr. Mill,¹ “do not feel with the people,” and “learn slowly, and after all imperfectly, by study and experience,” what a “native the country, of average practical ability, knows, as it were, by instinct.” Again, is it not a fact, that when an Irish question, not treating of coercion or of Non-Imperial interest, comes on in the House, the English and Scotch members hurry off and leave the matter to be discussed by the few; but should it come to a division, they rush in and vote as the “whips” direct? “It’s only an Irish Harbour Bill!” “What does Disraeli think about it?” “*Only* an Irish concern, let it take its course.” And so Irish Bills are either scamped or shelved. Or, once more, when Irish business is referred to Select Committees, would not the expense of the railway, the harbour, or other matters thus referred be materially diminished, and a considerable saving effected to the promoters or opposers of the measure, sometimes, indeed, as in the late Callan case, to the nation at large, if such affairs were disposed of in College-green? It stands to reason they would, and this added to the reasons already given, would seem to point to the necessity for some measure of Home Rule being granted to the country.

II. Is an Irish Parliament feasible? I have already shown what its composition would be; the question arises, how would these various elements combine? As a rule, the Irish nobility are Protestants, so are probably most of the upper classes, whilst those of the middle and lower classes are nearly all Roman Catholics. Of the middle classes many arise to eminence or position by their talents, their industry, or their mercantile success; these seldom change their religious opinions, though many of them, especially M.P.’s, lawyers, and medical men, modify them in the later years of their life. Given, then, a Lower House nearly altogether Roman Catholic, how would their measures be likely to be acceptable to an Upper House composed of a Protestant majority?

First of all, the objector begs the question. Even as things are at present, we see many a borough in which there is a majority of Roman Catholic electors returning the Protestant and rejecting the Roman Catholic candidate, simply because they, not unmoved by the episcopal or sacerdotal voice, considered him of the alien creed to be one more likely to serve the interests of his country.

¹ Representative Government, p. 135.

This was the case with the electors of the County Meath in the ~~the~~ Parliament, who actually preferred and still prefer Presbyterian John Martin to the Roman Catholic Mr. Plunkett; witness, ~~all~~ Limerick city, and other liberal constituencies of a similar sort. Would the electors for a Home Rule Parliament be more likely to err in this respect than those under the present system? In ~~a~~ case, supposing a Lower House of Roman proclivities, is it not ~~to~~ to imagine, even in such an assemblage, a sufficient amount of sensible men strong enough to resist successfully any attempts on the part of the House of Commons to play into the hands of Ultramontanism? Or, granted that this were not the case, would there not always be the countercheck of the House of Lords, to say nothing of the power of veto, which would, as at present, rest with the Crown? Or might there not be an arrangement made with respect to the jurisdiction of each House in such matter, with a Supreme Court independent of both, to interpret the definitions thus laid down and to defend them? We have an example of the excellent working of such an arrangement in the Hungarian Landtag and the Imperial Reichsrath. But, it may again be objected, Ulster is Protestant to a man, Leinster also boasts a very large and influential Protestant minority, whilst the feelings of the Protestants of Cork, Limerick, and Galway, would be entitled to respect. As to the first assertion, that Ulster is Protestant to a man, the last religious census taken from *Thom's Official Directory* shows that in that Province there were 935,873 Protestants and Jews (63) to 894,525 Roman Catholics; making a majority of 41,348 in favour of Protestantism.¹ In Leinster take away the 50,689 Protestant and Jews, (139) which belong to Dublin, and the number of Roman Catholics is 143,691 as opposed to 1,141,401 Roman Catholics. What may be the case under a Home Rule Parliament, cannot presume to foretell, but hitherto the Protestants of both Ulster and Leinster have had nothing to complain of on the score of not being sufficiently represented. As for Connaught & Munster, the Protestants of these two Provinces, all told, amount precisely to 130,378, to which the County of Cork contributes at 49,000, whilst the Roman Catholics number over 2,000,000, Cork again scoring highest, and contributing a quota of more than 466,000. A glance at the list of Irish M.P.'s will show that of 103 members only fifty in all are Roman Catholics, proving if any complaints are to be made as to a religious ascendancy in representation of the country, they cannot come from the Prot

¹ I am, of course, willing to admit that the majority of the electors are Protestants, and that the bulk in intelligence, influence, and wealth, is on that side.

But supposing the worst came to the worst, and an Irish majority of Commons contained a majority of Roman Catholics, I put it to my readers whether that ought to form a fair ground of complaint, if, at least, we accept the theory that the right of a nation is as much entitled to its fair quota of representatives as the large minority, always supposing the majority said to consist of electors as duly qualified by position to cast their suffrages as the electors of the minority—a matter decided by a reference to the electoral lists in each district.

Again, if it is objected, as it may be with truth, that disunion has always been the bane of Ireland, and that the same disunion is again likely to ruin an Irish Parliament, it may be answered (1) that for much of the disunion England has to be thanked, as her policy has always been that of *divide et impera*, setting off one party against another, setting Orangemen and Catholics at loggerheads, or buying up all that were likely to follow her strategy, and failing that, exiling or hanging them, (2) that, after something like 600 years' experience of the evils of disunion, to say nothing of the improvement wrought in the country by education and civilisation, the Irish may surely now be credited at least with common sense enough to see that united they stand, disunited they must fall back into a worse state than before.

In any case, if the united voice of the great majority of the people cries out for a separate legislature to arrange purely Irish affairs, it would seem only in accordance with the principles of national justice that what they ask should be granted, especially since all parties concur in agreeing that the business at St. Stephen's is daily growing more and more unmanageable, and in consequence not only local but imperial measures suffer thereby.²

II. Would the Irish people be content if Home Rule were granted to them? They cried out for Emancipation; it was granted. They further demanded the Disestablishment of the Church; that demand was allowed. They next agitated for the settlement of

These will be found in Thom's *Irish Official Directory*. Taking the total population of Ireland in 1871 as 4,545,971, it appears that there were 175,139 persons entitled to a vote for the county candidates; taking the population of the boroughs at 856,788, of these 49,025 are returned as electors. The number of electors in the counties averaging 3.8, and those in the boroughs 5.7 to every 100 of the population in each, as compared with 6.6, 11.7, 11.6 per cent. in the counties and boroughs of Ireland and Scotland respectively.

See an article on "Imperial Federalism," in the *Contemporary Review*, 1871.

the Land Question; Mr. Gladstone yielded to their wishes in that respect also. But these were measures of *justice*, imperatively called for by the voice of public opinion at home and abroad, nor did Ireland ever pretend to promise that she would be content with only a part of what was due to her. To have deferred these measures, or to have refused to grant them, would have been productive of the most disastrous consequences to the empire, and would have involved, certainly, a vast expenditure of blood and money; perhaps, the loss of Ireland and her incorporation (for a time) as another state in the American Union—a result which would have given rise to a fatal struggle, in which it is more than questionable, whether England would have come off victorious.¹ And for acts of the barest justice do we expect the Irish to lick the dust before us, or to rest and be thankful, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread? On the contrary, would it not be better to grant them the whole loaf with a good grace, and then see what use they will make of it. “Give to Ireland,” says Sir George Grey, “a State Legislature and a State Executive in Ireland. Dumb Ireland will then speak again. Half-inanimate Ireland will again awaken to natural life, and breathe the breath of hope and freedom; whilst by again accustoming the Irish people to the management of their own affairs, and to the administrative duties of the highest order, a willing people will be educated in that political knowledge which will enable them to put an end to the ills which afflict them, the causes and care of which none can understand so well as themselves.”²

But, starts up another objector, how do we know that they will be content with Federation, and not demand an entire separation from England, either with their own king or a republic. To this is the answer that, in the programme issued by the Home Rule League, such a design is expressly disavowed, the document affirming distinctly with O’Connell, that the wish of the Irish people is to remain an integral portion of the United Kingdom, under the same sovereign, and with a voice in the Imperial Parliament on all matters affecting Imperial interests. It is true some of the rabidly Fenian organs have indulged in a vast amount of talk as to an Irish Republic; but just as all Frenchmen are not addicted to the Commune, because there are Communists in France, or all England committed to the principles of the Inter-

¹ I omit here all reference to Canada, whose loss would have ensued, as a matter of course, or to the risk we should have run from the multitudes of Irish in Australia and New Zealand, which would certainly not have kept quiet during the fray.

² Irish Land Question. By Sir George Grey, K.C.B., p. 14.

national, because Messrs. Bradlaugh and Odger talk a deal of blatant nonsense in Hyde Park, so we may aver of Ireland that there is in her also a *pars sanior* consisting of the majority of the lower (not the lowest) orders, of the middle-class, the Bar (including Mr. Butt), the Protestant clergy, the Roman Catholic bishops and priests (not excluding Dr. MacHale), the landed proprietors and merchants,—in fact, all who have anything to lose, who know very well that separation from England means nothing less than the ruin of Ireland. We have the word of the Home Government Association, consisting now of peers, clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic, M.P.'s, landlords, barristers, members of all professions and trades, that federation, and not separation, is their watchword. Are we coolly to set them all down as liars? Or are we to consider them as the ignorant dupes of some party behind the scenes who are putting them forward as their tools? If so, we shall be compelled to class as idiots hard-headed men like Professor Galbraith or Mr. Butt—to brand as knaves men of the stamp of Earl Granard, The O'Connor Don, or Archbishop MacHale. Are we prepared to do this? If not, we must view the movement in the light of a national one, mistaken perhaps, but undertaken with the intention of raising Ireland to her proper place, not only in the United Kingdom, but in the world.

Another may object that the whole is a Popish plot to establish Home Rule in the country, and so, hereafter, to embarrass England. But in the prospectus of the Home-Rule League occurs this passage: "*We strongly and emphatically disclaim any desire to promote the ascendancy of any form of religion in Ireland. We declare that efforts made by any party in that direction would have neither sanction nor support from us, but would meet with our most strenuous opposition.*" At the same time, I am willing to admit that if an Irish Parliament is to settle the educational question, the power of the Roman hierarchy will be immensely increased, as in *their* hands will practically be the training up of the youth of Ireland. If these are to be reared in the principles of "first Catholic, and then Irish," we may well fear the result, and this more especially if, as at present, the iniquitous literary, historical, and geographical works of the Christian Brothers are to be continued as text-books. I do not exaggerate when I say, that these abound, not only with *ex-parte* statements, but with the grossest perversions of facts that can be imagined. Everything Protestant, everything English, is decried and misrepresented; all the former horrors perpetrated in days long gone by are rehashed, those only of the anti-Irish or anti-Roman party being catalogued, leaving the youthful mind to imagine that the banishing and murdering were all on one side, and that not the Roman Catholic. If I could but be assured

that the nineteenth-century ideas of progress and liberality would not be altogether ignored, and that this anti-English spirit would be sternly uprooted from all the books and the lecture-chairs, then I should not look upon this as the one great stumbling-block in the way of granting Home Rule to Ireland. Yet what if a compromise might be entered into, and the education question be considered an Imperial one, or at all events as one over which the present Imperial Parliament—a Parliament pledged, as one may say, to denominational education—might exercise some modifying control? But this hope the recent manifestoes of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops seem to preclude, and such being the case, let the education question be *first* settled, and *then* grant Home Rule.

One more objection remains which need not cause much trouble—namely, that the Home Rule party may take upon itself to re-arrange the landed property of Ireland, and re-assign it—especially that of the absentee landlords—to other owners, the descendants, perhaps, of those who had forfeited it in old times. To meet this I again quote from the prospectus of the Home-Rule League, in which the promoters of the movement disclaim—equally with the idea of establishing some new form of religious ascendancy—“*any desire or purpose of interference with the settlement of property in Ireland. To leave no doubt on this subject, the Association propose that articles affording the fullest possible guarantee on those points shall form a fundamental part of the Federal Constitution.*”

But if that did not seem a sufficient safeguard, the Act by which Home Rule is granted might settle “that the establishment of any religious ascendancy, or the alteration of the Acts which settled Irish property in the reign of Charles II., should be placed beyond its jurisdiction.”¹

These few notes on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland I leave for the consideration of my readers, merely reminding them that the conviction grows daily stronger and stronger, not in Ireland only, but in England, as we may see from the tirades against it in which the *Times* and *Standard* indulge, that Home Rule must be granted sooner or later. Would it not be more generous to grant it at once?

JAMES SPALDING.

¹ A Plea for the Home Government of Ireland, by John George MacCarthy. London: 1871.

TREVANION HALL,
OR
SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

BY EMMA ELIZA HAMILTON.

“Those creatures live more alone whose food, and therefore prey, is upon other sensitive creatures.”

TEMPLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARLES devoted the next morning to writing an account of the whole affair to his Aunt Mansfield. A doubt arose in his mind how it would be received? He endeavoured to put the matter in the best light for all parties—he explained and re-explained—was perplexed; his brain had never been so taxed since he went up for his “Little Go.” The chief difficulty was to give good and sufficient motive for having concealed from the family, during so many years, his sister’s retreat, and his frequent communications with her.

Fanny sat beside him working a baby’s frock, and whenever Charles put down his pen, sighed, or leaned back in his chair, she just hinted advice that he should not perplex himself by writing, but go to town and tell Mrs. Mansfield all about it. Charles owned that he dared not face his aunt until the affair was broken to her by a letter.

We are unwilling to break the thread of our story, therefore pass over the ensuing two days, inserting Mrs. Mansfield’s reply, which, by that time, her nephew received.

“Curzon Street, July 23rd.

“CHARLES MANSFIELD,

“Your endeavour to hoodwink me is useless waste of time and paper. You have acted shamefully in not immediately informing us of your sister’s abode and intentions.

“As to *your friend* (I shall never own him as my nephew); why did he not search for his wife? She might easily have been found, instead of shutting himself up with the owls and bats in his stupid old mansion. Your allusions to Eveline’s extreme beauty are only the more provoking—had she remained with us, she would now be Dowager Duchess of Glendormont—a captivating widow—the duke died last spring. What is she now—the slave of an eccentric husband, not likely to leave her free to choose a better man!

“We leave town to-morrow on a tour of visits; on our return I shall expect her to pass a few days with us, or I shall never enter the gates of Trevanion; you will please inform her to that effect. Your uncle is not well

—of course he joins in my opinions. They must be right, being those of the world.

"We send our love to Eveline, and remain to you as you prove yourself in right duty.

"MARGARET MANSFIELD."

Charles chose evening for his visit to Salopford, when Quillett would be released from the cares of business; but the lawyer was still surrounded by deeds and papers. The clerks were gone home. Quillett's supper brought in—a piece of Dutch cheese, the minor portion of a stale loaf, with half-a-pint of sixpenny ale. (It might be surmised that the two members of the lawyer's establishment, previously mentioned, regaled more sumptuously, as through a door, communicating with the kitchen, came a powerful odour of fried fish.)

Charles met his old acquaintance in a joyful spirit, and hastened to relate, in his own buoyant tone, the happy turn of affairs. Quillett was silent—a discouraging silence; but Charles was in too felicitous a mood to heed the cold water thrown upon his story, and only paused when it came to a close. Then, not until then, an ominous contemptuous "humph," ushered in the lawyer's remark to this effect, that, from first to last, it was the silliest piece of business he ever heard—that Lady Trevanion must be a foolish, fantastical creature, just as she was eight years ago.

"You forget you are speaking of my sister," said Charles, laughing.

"No, Mr. Charles; we can choose our friends, but not our relations—it is not your fault that your sister is a fool. She and her husband have not an ounce of common sense between them."

"Have you seen my sister?"

"No, sir, nor do I intend. I am told she could smile a man's soul out of his body—I wish to keep mine together for the present, therefore, shall not give her an opportunity to try the experiment. No, Mr. Charles; I will not see her ladyship. I shall just write to Sir Sibald, and inform him—without stating any reason—that at Michaelmas I give up the agency of the Trevanion property. It is hard for me! having lived thirty years to advance its prosperity—very hard, indeed!"

"Why give it up?"

"Why! why! Mr. Charles, do you suppose that, having managed the estates without interference or rule (for I could always get over Sir Sibald's whims and fancies), do you suppose I shall endure the dictates of a fantastical female? Not I—it will be a sad parting! As I told you years ago, Trevanion has been to me as mother, sister, wife, and child. I love it—I have lived to nurse it. All the savings will be squandered—property sunk—nothing left!"

"My sister has very simple tastes; she is in no way extravagant," said Charles, endeavouring to get in a word.

"I dare say—one day that way, this way next. A weather-cock, always on the change. Lord, love us! Eight years playing with life, like a child with a twopenny ball! Eight years thrown away. Wonderful folly!—now she will have her own way. Spend right and left. Nothing for younger children—plate melted—pictures sold—go abroad—carry out her romance by poverty and ruin—leave Trevanion Hall to the rats—that's my reward! Very hard! Mr. Charles! very hard!"

"Well, at any rate, you will dine with us at the Hall to-morrow," said Mansfield, rising to depart. "My wife is anxious to make your acquaintance."

"Ah! your wife is a proper woman; knows her duties—no nonsense about her—no aping sentimental fools in a novel. Yes, Mr. Charles, I will come, for the last time, inside those doors. I shall like to take leave of the poor dumb creatures that know me so well. They will miss me! As to the servants, they will rejoice to see the last of me, and run riot again."

"We shall see you, Monday," said Charles, anticipating the mumbling of further distresses. "By then we shall have received news of the travellers."

At six o'clock on the Monday evening Quillett presented himself at head-quarters, and was received by Lady Fanny in her usual gracious manner. Dinner went off pleasantly—the conversation was kept up by Charles, and he avoided any allusion to a last visit.

Those best acquainted with the little lawyer's countenance must have noticed a peculiar look of shy importance; something to be revealed—a repressed triumph—an approaching glorification. Quillett's mind was in an impatient state; it influenced the outer man. His wig got round out of position, his eyes twinkled; and every twinkle expressed a sagacious triumph. Eagerly waiting until the servants left the room, he drew forth a letter; and, without spectacles, prepared to read the contents. Lady Fanny, supposing it some business transaction, left her husband the sole auditor, while she ran down the lawn where the children were playing. Then Quillett bent across the table, fixing a glance on his unsuspecting host, from which there was no escape—he thus addressed him.

"Mr. Charles Mansfield; you have lately favoured me with numerous allusions to your sister's amiable qualities and virtuous principles. I will now read a letter from her ladyship, received by me this morning."

"What, can she write to you?"

"Excuse me! no interruption, if you please."

"The 'Rock Inn,' Llanduapdnnon, North Wales, August 7th.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Well, that is civil, at any rate!"

"Mr. Charles, I must not be interrupted."

"In the complete quiet of this place, where even the little inn echoes few footsteps but my own, I have had leisure to think over that crisis of sensational circumstances to which I have now arrived. I see no alternative but the death of my husband, that will set all right. The means I have not yet determined; whether to take him to Italy, and let him be slain by banditti, or poisoned by a revengeful mistress, with whom he formerly intrigued? at all events *he must die*."

"Yours,

"E. T."

"A hoax!" cried Charles, with a burst of laughter. "You have spoken of my sister unguardedly, and some small wit of Salopford has written this precious letter to amuse himself at your expense; let me look! Yes, it is a man's writing—fine dashing hand! I wish I could turn my scrawl into that."

"It was posted at Lland—, that dreadful, unspeakable place."

"The man knew somebody there, and sent down the letter."

"Oh, Mr. Charles! what blindfold obstinacy! But this I say, if you do not take instant measures for rescuing Sir Sibald from that awful woman, his blood will be at your door."

"They must settle it between themselves, Quillett, the dagger or the bowl are offered—he must take his choice, as a greater man did before him."

"He shall not perish without an attempt to save him," exclaimed Quillett, thumping his fist on the dinner-table—"he shall not! Sir Sibald is a weak-brained man—very—but well-intentioned (one proof of sense, however, I admit—he let me manage him); and if you will not do your duty, I know mine, Mr. Charles. He shall be brought back safely to his own house out of the power and seductions of his wife."

"Sit down, Quillett!—do not agitate yourself."

"I am not agitated, sir; I am calm and resolved. By the earliest train to-morrow—I am too late for the half-past nine to-night—I am on my way to Wales, and shall not quit my master till I see him safe under this roof."

"Meanwhile, take your wine."

"No, sir! to enjoy anything that belongs to that unfortunate man, is impossible—I wish you good evening! There are arrangements to be made with my clerks before my departure."

He was gone.

When Lady Fanny heard the cause of his absence, she was much grieved that Charles had taken the matter in a jesting spirit.

"You should have reasoned with him, and soothed his alarm."

"He will sleep it off, as he can port wine, and be all right to-morrow."

Charles was mistaken. The lawyer possessed a strong will, firm resolution, and pluck. When inquiry was made next morning at the office, he had left Salopford by an early train for North Wales, having sat up all night to make his will, and prepare for the hazardous journey.

The zeal displayed in this righteous cause was the more admirable, as Quillett had an instinctive dread of railroad travelling, and never, during the last forty years, had been as many miles from Salopford; but his resolution was firm—it raised him beyond fears or unknown perils. Yet prudent as brave, Quillett took down from its position the famous sword, of which the reader may remember a former achievement, and tried to conceal the weapon under his cloak—the waterproof garment was too short to allow concealment. Not disheartened, Quillett girded the goodly weapon to his side, and hoped to be taken on the journey for an officer of volunteers, going to instruct a Welsh corps in the practice of a newly-invented defence.

Having written to the head-clerk certain directions for carrying on business during his absence, and showed his servants where he had deposited the will—witnessed by a watchmaker and his son who lived next door, who, luckily, were not gone to bed at eleven o'clock—these mysterious preparations, together with certain hints let fall of assassination and contingent horrors, raised in the servants' breasts considerable alarm, but they dared not inquire further. Mrs. Jones rose at daybreak, lit the kitchen fire, and resolved that her master's last meal, if so fated, should be luxurious, put an extra spoonful of tea into the pot, and made a round of buttered toast; while Jones brought down the lawyer's small valise, brushed his best hat, and, at the summons, attended Quillett to the railroad-station.

Now, it had so chanced, that since the first opening of the line, no accident had ever disturbed the confidence of the public; but on this day a "collision" took place. No lives lost, but infinite confusion and delay.

Quillett lost his small portmanteau, his canvas bag of money therein, his temper, his letter from "E. T." all, except his sword and himself.

It was seven o'clock that evening when, weary and faint, vexed in spirit, he arrived at the little inn, "The Lake Hotel, of the Rock."

CHAPTER XIV.

WEARY, anxious, and harassed by numerous conjectures, Quillett approached the lonely habitation where so many blissful hours had been passed, unthoughtful of that old future of married life—when worldly habits, worldly calculations, worldly selfishness shall have brushed off the dew of a devoted love.

At the inn stood the host, a fine specimen of a Welsh mountaineer come to his ease, a cowherd, and two boys. They were engaged in watching a little skiff in the offing. A white sail gleamed under the last rays of the setting sun, aiding the rowers to come in to shore.

“I wish I had not let David go with them,” said the host, in his native tongue; “We might have known a storm was coming, by the cloud on Rock Llandsudo.”

Quillett stood before him. As the Welshman spoke, the lawyer’s appearance and manner were certainly in no way congenial to the scene around. On his sharp inquiry for Sir Sibald, the host of the “Lake Inn,” imagining him to be an officer of justice armed by the law, at once refused him admittance (the Baronet having already won favour in the Welshman’s eyes). Angered by resistance, Quillett more loudly demanded a right to enter as Sir Sibald’s lawyer, Mr. Quillett.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a young man, of a decided poetic aspect, came forth from a back room, and requested his attention. The stranger’s hair hung low on his shoulders, a shirt collar, innocent of starch, thrown open, neglected necktie—all proved connection with the muses.

“Mr. Quillett,” said the interesting young man, “you must oblige me by entering my den, and receiving my apology for the careless mistake which abstraction of mind produced” (the room door closed on Quillett). “Pray take a chair.” The stranger waived his hand towards the only fundamental arrangement; Quillett remained standing, mind and body on the defensive. “The letter you must have received yesterday, no doubt was inexplicable; two were on my table—I misdirected the covers. Absorbed in thought, neglectful of worldly affairs——”

“Are you ‘E. T.?’” gasped Quillett.

“My initials. Edwin Tellwell is a name not unknown in literary circles. At present I am finishing a novel for the Tybernian Galvanic, Mesmeric Magazine, and I wrote to a friend the progress of my story. You have, probably, read some of my tales.”

“No, sir, I never read mischevius nonsense! Novels are the

progeny of the father of lies. What use hearing the ten commandments read once in the week, if the other six days people's heads are filled with just the contrary? Sentimental adulterers, amiable cut throats, and moral thieves!"

"Fortunately, the world judges differently, and considers fiction a path of virtue," replied the novelist, with a self-complacent smile. "The letter intended, Mr. Quillett, for you, was simply to ask if any land on the Trevanion estate was likely to be sold, as a retired cottage in that beautiful scenery would suit my recluse habits and inspire my pen."

"Why was not your tongue inspired to ask the owner of the property while you are living under the same roof?" said the lawyer, bouncing out of the room with an abruptness which was neither polite nor poetical.

Quillett was the more irate as he could not but feel the rashness of his journey, and its melancholy results. The ghosts of his four sovereigns rose before him—the loss of a day's business (the clerks most likely gone to Salopford races); above all, the unpleasant difficulty of giving any plausible reason for his coming without divulging the truth when he met Sibald and Lady Trevanion.

Had means been in his power, Quillett would instantly have returned home, and escaped inquiries so hard to baffle. Alas! of these means he was deprived; not having taken a return ticket, and without sufficient money to procure a fresh one. But our lawyer was a resolute little man—he remembered his watch, and felt a steadfast hope that the landlord would lend on it the needful price of the railway-ticket.

Finding his way into the kitchen, where the wife was busied preparing dinner for the guests' expected return, Quillett proposed the subject for her immediate consideration. She listened, and replied that her husband would see about it when he came home; he was down on the beach, watching the yacht boat. Their son David was out with the visitors, and she was anxious to have him safe ashore. "Could she not keep the watch, and give the money?" No—she would give him a supper, but dared not meddle with the money. When the gentlefolk and David landed, he would be sure to be home directly. Meanwhile, Quillett requested a seat at the remotest corner of the room.

The hostess allowed him to remain on condition that he divested himself of the long sword, which terrified the younger children. In the apprehension that his person, though small, might be visible, he also begged her to place the meat-screen before him—as the only way upstairs was through the kitchen—and he confidently hoped to effect his escape from the house ere Sir Sibald knew of his arrival.

That no delay should impede the start, he prevailed on the

landlady to provide the promised refreshment immediately ; pleading extreme hunger as the cause for such impatience. Scarcely had he commenced the enjoyment of creature comforts, than loud shouts were heard at the inn door ; louder and more excited numbers increased. No words could Quillett understand, but a cry was intelligible, expressing fear, call for help, and manly resolution.

Quillett started up, forgetting all his plans and precautions—such strength has human sympathy. He stood amidst the assembled groups, with them to witness one of the mighty scenes in nature, which mock man's puny attempts to excite sublime emotion. Earth and sea and darkened heavens proclaiming advent of a storm.

The day had been sultry, and, towards its close, fitful gusts of wind from different quarters drove the dense masses of clouds across each other. Thrills of the electric air sent forth a wailing sound through the maple and birch trees which clothed the lower regions of the hills. Their leaves quivered and were turned back ; the mountain ash bowed down its head ; the billows of ocean rose with hoarse voice, battling for mastery over the boisterous wind. The flashing lightning set the horizon in a blaze : nearer, louder, rolled the thunder. For one moment the setting sun burst like a ball of fire from out the heavy canopy of clouds, and then sank under the shroud. All nature felt the shock ; the wild birds, with shrill cries, left their haunts on the mountain tops, and approached the abodes of men—lowing cattle hastened to shelter ; the goatherds called in their flocks.

One object only was exposed to the reckless elements—that little boat struggling in the Offing ! It was the peril of that helpless boat which roused the alarm, and brought the crowd of people round the inn. Quillett understood not a word they said, but gestures sufficiently explained the cause of their excitement.

Those who from childhood have dwelt near the coast, whose earliest impressions are the sea under every aspect ; such persons cannot comprehend the effect it produces on the mind when first beheld, in after-life—the marvellous expanse ! Even when it lies serene, when the sparkling waves dance along the shore, whispering the choral song of praise to their Creator ; imagine the dread, when raging billows, loosed from their caverns, lift high their foaming crests and mighty voice above the whirlwind.

During his life Quillett had never seen a wider stretch of water than the lakes in Trevanion park. Awe-struck and silent, he contemplated the scene. It awakened feelings and thoughts, until now, foreign to his worldly, calculating nature. The cares of business, prosperous schemes or failures, sink into illusions—the present only is a reality—the evidence of Divine omnipotence. Yet it is

not alone the lightning's flash, the billows roar, that can shake men's hearts, if no inward fear assails them. What is it blanches that old man's cheek, and moistens the hard, grey eye? it is the sight of that poor boat, well nigh lost in the flood.

Discernable from land are five persons on board; but he only sees the woman he had wrongfully accused—the fellow-creature against whom he had indulged bitter prejudice, unfounded opinions, and now about to enter God's presence. Will she not testify against him? Often and often he had heard the sublime precept “Judge not, and ye shall not be judged,” but it never entered his heart until this hour; never influenced his life. Is it too late—can he not ask forgiveness? must Eveline perish? A cry is heard; no answer from the land—no help, no rescue!

That morning Sir Sibald and Lady Trevanion went out to enjoy the cool sea breeze; two sailors rowed the boat. The innkeeper reluctantly allowed his son—a lad of thirteen—to accompany them; Sir Sibald overruling the father's objection, the sea being smooth as glass. There being no wind a sail was hoisted, and, for several hours, they passed along the beautiful scenery of the coast. At five o'clock the tide turned, and ominous signs of foul weather induced them to make all speed homeward. The sail pulled down, the men took to their oars, hoping to pass the “Guy Rock” before the storm came on.

This rock is a huge mass of granite, projecting far into the sea, and presenting, in fine weather, an interesting feature of the scene. Through the centre, an arch (either the sport of nature, or worn by time) disclosed a sea view, with shipping and tiny fishing boats gliding over the waters. The rowers exerted their utmost strength. Sir Sibald, who was an expert rower, ever and anon relieving the toil. In vain their efforts! By the time they neared the spot the sea had risen—the waves dashed with tremendous fury round the rock, lashing the sides as if enraged by the resistance.

It was here the miserable party were first seen by the fishermen, who had drawn up their boats, and were standing round the inn. They raised the alarm, but gave no assistance. The victims seemed resigned to their fate—no second cry called for help. No human strength or skill could now avail unless a boat put off from the shore—no sign of such endeavour. The frail barque, now plunged in the abyss of waters, now lifted on the foaming wave, and whirled round at the mercy of the howling tempest—there were living beings, soon to be swept into fathomless graves! Eveline—by her white dress the most conspicuous figure—supported in her husband's arms, held poor David's hand, while he looked up in her face—the two rowers had sunk down in helpless despair.

The innkeeper rushed along the beach beholding his child's

danger, calling to the fishermen—"Launch your boat; let me put off." "Very like!" they replied, one and all; "very like we should—what boat could live in such a sea?"

"My boat is my bread," said Phil Jervis, the hardiest of the group; "I am not going to have it dashed to pieces. Your boy, David, can swim like a duck; why doesn't he jump in and try for his life?"

"Put out a boat! I will pay the cost of loss or injury; put out quickly—I will pay double cost," cried the lawyer, addressing half-a-dozen men at once (none of them understanding a word he said; the innkeeper being the only person amongst them who knew a word of English). Quillett forgot he had lost his money. He offered more and more, but the attempt would have been a certain loss, a sacrifice of men's lives without the very slightest chance of reaching the boat.

At this awful moment, when human hope was extinct, when to those sufferers every throb, counted on their heart, seemed the last, it was decreed that relief should come from the extremity of danger. A mighty wave—last of three successive ones—carried the boat through the arch, and hurled it down within two ropes' lengths of the shore.

"Now—now!" Off sprang two boats; circling the spot the excited crowd shout for joy—"Saved! all saved!" bringing a moment's hope. The boat dashed against a submarine ledge of granite, split—sunk—then sent its fragments afar on every side: its living freight—poor helpless wretches—lost to human sight. Darting from side to side, the rescuer's boats endeavoured to find a trace. One of the rowers is seen floating—he is dragged into the boat, half-dead—the next instant his mate and Sir Sibald, struggling for life, are also brought to land. Their struggles over, they are carried insensible into the inn.

The sailors went not to secure their boat, but hasten to assist in carrying their helpless burthens. Quillett watches as they pass. One, two, three not yet dead; saved, at least, from a watery grave—three rescued, but where is Eveline! left, left to perish. He had hoped, he had—yes—he had prayed, that the innocent might be spared—that he, with all his past injurious thoughts, might be able to make reparation, so far as humbled feelings might be expressed. Too late; "No," he cried, aloud, "No, I will try—" and springing into the boat, his wiry old arms pulled on until he reached the spot. That moment the hands disappeared—the last instinct for life had expired; but not that old man's hope. With a strength with which a last hope can move mortal creatures, Quillett steadied the oar, and held it across the place where the hands had been raised, calling, "Here is help! lift up your hands—cling,

cling ! for God's sake, hold tight !” She hears—the hands again are visible. Quillett holds the oar lower—nearer. She grasps it, but very feebly. Quillett, fearing her hold will loosen, grasps her wrists with one mighty pull, that seems to bear his heart from its place, and draws her up into the boat. Having let go his hold on the oar with the left hand, it struck him a violent blow, rising upwards ; and, at the same instant, Quillett's right arm was broken, and Eveline saved. Crowds rushed to steady the boat and bring it to land. Shouting and cheering, they did not seem mindful of the old hero's broken arm, but united in one joyful cry : “ The beautiful lady is saved !”

CHAPTER XV.

It is night—we are in that little obscure inn where varied feelings are called out, according to different tempers, by the sudden catastrophe. Avarice—devoted benevolence—forgetfulness of self—all were nigh the beds where means for restoring animation were unceasingly going on.

All through the night two men were beside the beds of the fishermen and Sir Sibald, rubbing their bodies.

“ I see no use in sitting here ; the gentleman is as dead as a herring.”

“ Oh, think of the reward, Bill !” said the landlord, who rubbed unweariedly at the other side ; “ think what money we shall get ! This gentleman is a baronnight, and a grand county man.”

“ If Bill is tired, I'll rub all night, and never mind for the pay,” said little David, still faint from his effort in swimming. “ The gentleman was very kind to me.”

Meanwhile, the landlady with her maidens persevered in efforts which, before many hours, proved successful. Lady Trevanion breathed a faint sigh. The pale lips murmured the name of husband—a moaning effort to breathe more freely ; then those lovely eyes opened to the world, on which they had well-nigh for ever closed. A hushed whisper, yet audible by its intense gladness, broke from all who had watched so many hours in doubt and fear. All around that bed, and many echoes beyond the chamber, joined in the joyful words—“ The lady is saved.”

Not till that moment—not until assured again and again that Eveline was completely revived, would Quillett submit his broken arm to surgical examination (Mr. Wavel, the general practitioner from D——y, having arrived at the first rumour of the accident).

The arm-bone was fractured from the elbow high up to the shoulder, and as the hard sinews rose in sight, there appeared scant flesh to cover them ; they quivered under the agony. Wavel fixed

his eyes on the lawyer's face as if to inquire his age, and then looked grave.

"Bad case, eh?" said Quillett; "must lose my arm? Off with it! none of your chloroform—I'll bear the pain."

"We hope for a better result," replied Wavel; "but we insist on quiet."

"Go to bed?"

"Decidedly!"

The arm was set, a nurse engaged, and, as Wavel expressed it, "the patient comfortable."

Sir Sibald, in a few more hours, was sufficiently recovered to learn his old friend's condition, and, sending for a *second* opinion, the celebrated Sir Geoffrey Pro bait arrived express from London.

An amiable partiality for *second opinions* is universal.

These eminent leaders act liberally to the rank and file. They never object, when called into consultation with general practitioners, to any remedies, quantity or quality, provided they are not injurious. This very considerate system permits all harmless items in the apothecary's bill. Black draught—pink draught—white mixture—arrowroot pills—parsnip powders; all these may be "exhibited," *second opinion* deciding they are required.

Sir Geoffrey having very carefully examined the setting of the fractured limb, and pronounced it in the proper state, went to Sir Sibald's room, received from him the number of sovereigns amounting to "second opinion's" fee from London, and returned to Grosvenor Street.

Meanwhile, another traveller entered the "Rock Hotel." Charles Mansfield, having ascertained that the lawyer had really started on his Quixotic journey, determined to follow, and prevent a scene. Charles very naturally expected to find the old man very much ashamed, and very ready to return to his desk.

The shock to his feelings was proportionally great when he found Quillett's condition consequent on saving his sister's life—that sister still hovering twixt life and death. Certainly the honeymoon, after eight years' marriage, was sadly interrupted.

Strange the varied links of that chain held in God's hand that circumstances so unlikely, so unforeseen, should arise and constitute the chief events of our lives—yet so it is! Blind mortals cannot break that chain; they cannot unclasp the links.

For several weeks longer the Trevanions remained at the "Rock inn," resolved not to leave it until Quillett had sufficiently recovered to bear the journey home. During his progressive amendment, Wavel came over thrice a week, bringing his patient a replenishing supply of medicines, pronouncing their efficacy beyond his most sanguine hopes. At length the time arrived when the

patient's bodily health was entirely restored—the arm in a satisfactory state to permit his return home, as he anxiously desired. Wavel sent in his bill—the long, long list of items neatly set down. Every tonic mixture, every powder, every box of pills, every “visit.” Such skill and attention excited gratitude. Quillett determined to prove this by inviting Wavel to dinner, and giving him a cheque for the money. It seemed unsocial the lawyer did not ask Sir Sibald on this occasion; he sought for confidential conversation with his medical adviser.

“I suppose,” he said, as an opening to the subject, “I suppose I have been very dangerously ill?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“And must have died but for the medicine you gave?”

“Unquestionably, you must. Your general state of health was completely out of order; the constitution wanted thorough repairs; luckily it could stand the powerful remedies we were forced to give. You are now, and will be during life, in better health than for years.”

“Exactly! well, then, Mr. Wavel, besides this cheque”—Quillett handed over the paper—“and in addition to your bill, I wish to offer you a present—something useful.”

“You are very kind!”

“No, no; only my duty!”

He rang the bell. “Waiter, go up to my room. In the cupboard next the drawers you will find a basket, tied over with brown paper. Don't shake it; bring it down carefully, and put it into Mr. Wavel's gig—And, now, my dear sir,” turning to the practitioner, “in that basket are all the physic bottles, pill-boxes, and powders you have sent me; I have never opened one. They have never been touched since the first, when I dismissed the nurse. You have only to change the labels, and they will do for some other patients. I packed them in carefully every day you sent them—it would be a pity to waste them.”

Wavel felt ruffled, but he took out his pocket-book, and when he placed the cheque therein, determined to digest the effrontery with the rest of his dinner, and take an extra glass of wine to help it down.

The appointed day at length arrived. The party have left the “Rock Hotel” to its usual silence; the poet has worked up the incidents in an article for the Sensational Magazine. Trevanion Hall has received the happy pair—Charles Mansfield and Lady Fanny have left for St. Leonards—Quillett is at his desk again, rectifying the manifold errors of his clerks; his late chivalrous adventure seems banished from his mind by the practical duties of daily life. Not so by the villager of Llandnapdon. Little David,

as he is called, tells the story to every tourist, and points out the spot where Quillett saw the uplifted hands. In time the tale will become traditionary, and, like other traditions, mixed up more probably with fabulous variations.

We cast our thoughts on to future generations. We see a Welsh fisherman gather his children round his knees on a stormy night, and while the mother stirs up a blazing fire, he relates the wonderful story of the furious waves that dashed the boat through the grey rock, and split it on the beach—of the drowning crew—of the little old man supposed to have been a spirit—who went out on the top of a wave—dropped down at the very spot—called out three times, whirled the pair of oars over his head, and saved the beautiful lady.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE autumn has passed, Christmas has passed; we are in another year. Such of our readers as are acquainted with provincial society need not be told the charming excitement surrounding the circles of many miles round Trevanion Hall, when Eveline took her position here as the baronet's wife. The consciousness of being a mark for the curiosity of every man and woman, near and far off, greatly disturbed her bashful nature. True, her late accident might warrant the excuse for receiving morning visits, but a time must arrive when these visits should be returned. Eveline confessed her dread of the ordeal, and Lady Fanny, always prompt to succour, suggested that the return cards might be accompanied by invitation to a ball; the entertainment to be on a wide scale, to please everybody (a moral impossibility). Charles, she added, was charmed by the idea, and would come from St. Leonards for the occasion; that she would take all trouble off Eveline's hands, her sister having nothing to do but sit and receive the homage of the guests. The plan was adopted, and a certain day selected in the second week of January—moon at full.

January is the glorification of county balls—public and private—county belles prepare their fascinations; houses are adorned with eligible young men escaped from Christmas family dinners—uncles and aunts and fat turkeys, in the interval before the meeting of Parliament, where they are to be battered about and trained for legislation. These desirables alight in various quarters to flirt and enjoy themselves, raise hopes, join the hunt, and act charades; and are led in triumph to the balls.

If by chance a detrimental gains access to any of these houses—some youth of high fashion and low purse—he is marked “to be

avoided." Mothers caution their daughters against such useless partners, admonishing thus:—

"My darling, never let me see you flirt
With such destructive creatures,
No fortune but their white kid gloves
Their debts and their regimentals."

The neighbourhood round Salopford was peculiarly fortunate this year in the January collection of young men. Moreover, in the length and breadth of this happy neighbourhood, one solitary instance appeared of questionable propriety, to receive an invitation to the Trevanion ball—it was this:—

Zoreb—Sir Mark's hopeful son—formerly known to the reader, had lately married his cook. She was forty years old and very ugly. When Zoreb was asked by a friend his reason for so extraordinary a choice; he replied it was the surest way to vex his father, who had refused to pay his gambling debts on the turf, amounting to ten thousand pounds. The wife had gained supreme control over her reckless spouse, and as strict discipline prevented any misbehaviour after his marriage, some people were of opinion she ought to be encouraged, rather than snubbed. Sir Sibald holding this belief, the bride and bridegroom were included in the wide gathering.

And now only a week before the ball—as a stroke of electricity is said to vivify the nervous system, so did the Trevanion festal prospect bring fresh life and vigour to female hearts and female tongues; from high-born dames, from mothers and daughters of small squires; from every voice at every visit, nothing but this subject,—to see Lady Trevanion, the heroine of so romantic an incident—actually be introduced, and have a good look at her—judge of her attractions—find them wanting, (not the least of all pleasures).

Charles and Lady Fanny arrived from St. Leonards three days before the ball. Her ladyship's acknowledged taste caused the decorative department to be placed into her hands. Her creative fancy brought out all the capabilities of the ancient mansion, uniting magnificence with brilliant light. Wealth without good taste spoils whatever it touches; united, who can limit the result?

The day after the Mansfields' arrival, Eveline received a note from Lady Flutterwell—a gay, rich widow (fond of spending money on the Continent), requesting permission to introduce a very particular friend, the Countess Vanderhaussen, who had come to England, and was spending a few weeks at Flutterwell Lodge.

A polite answer acceded to the request.

At eleven o'clock next evening the ball was at its fullest and

gayest; the brilliant lights rivalled by the brilliant dresses—the more brilliant beauties smiling with conscious pride at the effect of their charms, as a contrast to the blaze thrown on the assembly. One of the ante-rooms had been converted into a grotto—a fictitious moon shed pale quivering rays over tall shrubs and plants, while a fountain played over them, extracting the fragrant odours. It was a scene for impassioned lovers to breathe their vows, and tender maidens to hide their blushes.

Lady Trevanion stood at the entrance to the ball-room, and received her guests; Fanny was in her vocation, introducing partner—Charles whirling every woman who stood still—every woman whose hand he could catch, laughing, chatting, the life and soul of the party. Sir Sibald, not quite in his element, walked through the rooms, trying to be agreeable.

Such was the state of things when Lady Flutterwell and her friend arrived. The countess was presented to Eveline; and, the ceremony concluded, she was pushed forward as prominently as possible. Her dress was magnificent—a ruby-coloured velvet robe, clasped by a jewelled girdle—raven locks curiously braided, and surmounted by a diamond coronet; her arms bare to the shoulders—the bosom exposed; and there wanted those soft charms which are thought to warrant the gratis exhibition. The Countess must have left her youth far behind, and skilful repairs produced, as cosmetics never fail to do, a hardness of expression, anything but agreeable.

Lady Flutterwell had been immediately led into the circle of waltzers. The Countess gazed intently on them as they passed.

“That gentleman waltzes too well for an Englishman,” she remarked to Fanny, pointing to Charles.

“He is considered a good dancer,” replied his wife.

“A charming partner!”

“Will you try him?” Fanny answered, rather amused. “I will introduce him for the honour.”

The Countess bowed, and, without further parolance, Lady Fanny took her husband’s arm (he had just released a partner from the giddy maze), and led him up to “the Countess Vanderhausen.”

Now it may appear singular, yet, reader, it is true, during all their married life this was the first time that Fanny had ever displeased her husband. He was displeased—he showed it. Was it possible for Charles Mansfield to look cross? he did—he felt annoyed; greatly annoyed.

We know there is “Love at first sight,” why not aversion—a something that makes you hate a person with an intense power—a disgust at proximity? As her dark flashing eyes met his, Charles could not rid his brain of the impression that a similar dislike had

been produced years ago by some person ; but in the hurry of mind and excitement of the dance, he could not recall the circumstances connected with this feeling. Nor had he time. The Countess placed one hand on his shoulder ; he takes the other. Off they start—they fly—they are the attraction of the whole assembly. Other dancers draw back and leave them in possession of the floor. They are, indeed, a well-matched couple.

How gracefully the Countess manages her flowing robe, and displays a dainty ankle. In her right hand, clasping his—for her partner's touch on hers is very light—the lady still retains a curiously-shaped fan. The music quickens—one more turn—Charles forgets his dislike. So light, so correct the step. A murmur of admiration applauds the dancers ; they fly round again. They are just at the turn of the room when a cry, a heavy fall, a stream of blood—the Countess has stabbed Charles Mansfield—the dagger fan has pierced his breast ; while in wild, revengeful accents she exclaims, as he lies bleeding at her feet :—“ Die recreant, the only man I ever loved—who scorned my love. Remember St. Gatte ! remember the convent at Ghent ! I have found you at last.”

These words were uttered as she was seized and dragged across the room. They mingled with Fanny's shriek, as the wife threw herself over the prostrate victim.

Eveline rushed forward with echoing shriek, and all the ladies in the rooms repeated the shrieks as a common duty. Lady Flutterwell went into high hysterics, imploring Sir Sibald to protect her friend, subject at times to delusions.

Meanwhile, two medical men amongst the guests, rendered prompt assistance, and found the wound not dangerous. Happily a locket Charles wore under the waistcoat, containing his children's hair, had broken the point of the dagger. Thus the little innocents saved their father's life ; but the force with which the blow was aimed caused the weapon to rebound from the obstruction, inflicting the wound on a higher part of the chest, from whence the blood flowed freely. In this condition Charles was carried to his chamber, amid clamour, terror, and confusion of tongues,—pretty little screams from pretty girls, clinging closer to their partners, as they cried “ Take her away ! hold her tight !” Then the hysterical appeal of Lady Flutterwell on behalf of her friend ; but Sir Sibald insisted that no plea could be urged for insanity, except unbridled passion ; that his brother-in-law had told him the whole story, from the meeting in Calais—the offer to leave husband and children and elope with Charles—the woman's vindictive threats when her adulterous plan was repulsed, and her crafty attempt to compass his ruin at Ghent. As Charles could give this evidence, Sibald, supported by the opinion and authority of two county magistrates pre-

sent, had the Countess conveyed to the police-station in Salopford, to await the legal *dénouement* of this extraordinary affair.

As the carriages were not ordered till two o'clock, and it was now only half-past twelve, the guests were requested to adjourn to the supper-room and remain there and in the adjacent apartments, excusing the absence of their distressed entertainers, or further continuance of the dance. It was also arranged that poor Lady Flutterwell should be immediately sent home properly attended, as her feelings would, of course, prevent her from joining the party. A carriage was ordered, but when it drove to the door her ladyship had revived from the fits, and was seated at the supper-table enjoying, with the other guests, the delicacies and substantials so hospitably provided. One special comfort, the gentlemen could enjoy their coxcomb pies and champagne, without having attention diverted by the effort to supply agreeable conversation for the ladies. The event of the evening was sufficient topic, but as each lady—more than sixty in the room—endeavoured to gain the first hearing; the buzz of united whispers, resembling swarming bees, was rather bewildering.

Mrs. General Touchet was quite sure the poor woman must have met with great provocation, though, of course, Lady Fanny as a good wife, was bound to believe her husband's version of the story. Lady Firgrove, on the contrary, declared that any mercy shown to the wicked creature would make young men afraid of being handsome; and such a dreadful result was shocking to contemplate!

Charles's wound could not have been dangerous, as both the Esculapians joined the company ere the viands were utterly demolished. They had the satisfaction of assuring the guests that the patient only needed quiet and repose. Lady Trevanion was too agitated to join the company. Sir Sibald met them as they severally left the mansion; he expressed the deepest regret for the interruption of their pleasure, trusting they would soon renew their visit. Another ball took place; but (we just venture the truth) the guests were unanimously of opinion that, compared with the former, it went off very flat.

The Countess, when brought before the magistrate was remanded until Charles was sufficiently recovered to give evidence. The instant she saw him a burst of frantic rage, which, together with proof that her advances had been repelled, caused the case to be dealt with as one of decided insanity. Thus the very atrocity of her crime was admitted as its excuse—a line of argument vastly specious, but contrary to morality, classing unbridled passions in the same category as the greatest of human ills.

As Lady Flutterwell was not prepared to support her dear

friend in a private asylum, the Countess was handed over to the County Lunatic Asylum, where—her violence subdued, the vindictive passions thrown back upon the mind, and there pent-up—bound down power corroded life's springs, and the delinquent's wretched existence soon closed.

Lady Flutterwell must not be too severely blamed for heartless desertion of the woman she styled her *friend*, but of whom, in truth, she knew nothing—except that she flattered her vanity and amused her frivolous disposition. The acquaintance was made at Baden-Baden, where the crafty *soi-distant* "Countess" ingratiated herself completely, and obtained the invitation to England. The Trevanion ball crowned her hope of vengeance, so mercifully frustrated.

This extraordinary affair was the last mischance that ruffled the tranquillity of Trevanion Hall. Henceforth the sun rose and set on it in peace ; seasons rolled on, bringing no change save additions to Sir Sibald's quiver,—eight years' delayed bliss, compensated by after fulness. Under the gentle influence of his loving and beloved wife, the Baronet's character greatly improved. The latent good qualities of his mind, no longer smothered by the growth of selfish fastidious feelings, Sibald learned, ere too late, man's important lesson—that the nearest road to happiness lies in thinking himself happy, and trying to promote the happiness of others. Tolerant of their faults, always watchful to check his own, he was content to take the world as it is, for better or worse, however he might try to mend it.

Charles Mansfield and his dear little wife as they advanced in life, were blessed with their wonted bright, joyous tempers. They and their children passed a large portion of the year at Trevanion Hall, and, when in London, the families were constantly together.

Colonel Mansfield is dead. "The dowager," no longer courted by fashionable society, reconciles herself to the comforts of Sir Sibald's establishment, and spends every Christmas at the Hall. Last year she stood godmother to a little Eveline, and though she presented no christening cup, she has in store for the young lady a vast amount of worldly advice.

Our old friend, Quillett, recovered the use of his arm ; but after the first year Sir Sibald persuaded him to give up business, and reside entirely at the Hall. Aware that the old man can never be happy in idle life, the Baronet takes pains to convince him of his great usefulness in managing the estate. Shrewd as ever, Quillett goes round detecting abuses or shortcomings—examining tenant farmer's management of the ground, calculating the value of leases ; and when he places these matters before Sir Sibald, Quillet

shakes his head, if the lord of the land be not sufficiently alive to the state of affairs.

The children of both families (never having known such revered relatives) call him "grandpapa." He delights in leading their ponies, whilst he recounts the pre-eminent qualities of his own faithful "Madge," and expresses his belief that quadrupeds of these days are, compared with her, a degenerate race. There is no change about him, except that Lady Trevanion has induced him to discard his wig, which was usually awry; and now his silvery hair gives a more dignified character to his appearance. Still quaint and amusing, health unbroken, mind unswerved, Quillet carries his years, not as a burden, but a crown. Time passes him by without marking them on the dial. It is probable that intense zeal for the Trevanion property, somewhat exaggerates agricultural false reckonings, for, under the liberal encouragement of Sir Sibald, we must hope there is no wilful dishonesty. When the Baronet shook off the hand of indolence, and determined to turn his mind to the duties of his station, when he first felt their vast importance, he soon became a man of business. Pleasure is the faithful handmaid always waiting on useful exertion; pointing out untrod paths, and helping every work that tends to promote the welfare and happiness of dependents. Then our hearts glow with satisfaction at the success of our efforts; we look around on smiling countenances; cheerful voices greet us on every side, from the cottager's door; the thriving farmer's fields alike, comes in grateful blessing. Thus it is through the rich estates of Trevanion; and when Sir Sibald and Eveline sit in that noble mansion, their own happy home, surrounded by the children of their love, sometimes recalling to memory the fantastic errors or grievances of earlier days, their souls rise up in thankfulness to the Giver of all good, whose providence led and guarded them on to a rational and happy life.

Should these pages ever meet their eyes, Sir Sibald and Lady Trevanion will recognise a true history; perceiving that the author has, in very few instances, departed from facts, adding one more instance to the old saying, Truth is stronger than Fiction.

THE DAUGHTER OF YPOCRAS.

(See Maundevile's Travels : cap. iv.)

COILED in the cave, concentrated in her woe,
She watcheth night and day with weary eyes
The distant isles, the ships that come and go,
The sea's monotonous change of ebb and flow,
Striving to stifle down half-human sighs.

A woman's soul shut in that dragon's hide
Of scaly horror ! woman's loving breath
Quenched in the sulphurous flames that still divide
Those monstrous jaws, whose hideous gapings wide
Promise no kisses, threaten only death !

Dim is her woe, half-dreamful, for, long time
Steeped in that foul enchantment, all her sense
Is dulled and stifled ; from the serpent-slime
Her human instincts vainly strive to climb ;
A nightmare knowing its own impotence.

But still she blindly feels the fated hour
Shall come at last ; the fated knight shall sail
O'er that pale sea, whatever tempest lower,
And scorn the perilous rocks, and shall not cower
Before her dreadful self ; he shall not fail.

For this the counter-spell. In days of old,
Some spiteful goddess witched her to this shape
Unclean and vile, then scoffing bade her hold
The same, until a knight should be so bold
To kiss her lips ; and this her sole escape.

And knights have come, yea many, and essayed
This dread adventure ; but their hearts have failed
Before that fiery breath and hideous shade
Of sulphur-fumes, and so their promised aid
Hath died away and all their courage paled.

And she—not she—the dragon fierce and wild
Hath slain them, hurled them on the rocks below,
In bestial rage at being thus beguiled.

The Daughter of Ypocras.

Bleached bones of men and steeds lie thick up-piled
On that weird coast, the monuments of woe.

But she, the inner woman, ever wails
Such slaughters, and from saddest human eyes
Drops bitter tears, when this brute-hate prevails,
The tenderest tears of pity. What avails ?
Can the doomed Io rid her of the brize ?

And on a time one came, scarce more than boy,
With dauntless heart and eyes of steadfast light,
And proffered kindly kisses. Oh, the joy !
Alas, that those hot belchings should destroy
The best and bravest ! He was not a knight.

That was the very worst. Her sorrow, then,
Strong agony, had almost burst the spell,
And freed the woman-soul from that foul den
Of crusting beastdom. But the strength of men
Must fail in battle with the strength of hell.

And still she lies centred in her woe,
Awaiting the deliverer night and day ;
And he will come and kiss her, she doth know
And she, again a woman, will bestow
The lands on him. Then she will pass away.

JOHN ADDIS, M.A.

A RIDE IN MOROCCO.

BY WALTER PEPPYS.

It was half-past three a.m. on a clear starlight November morning that I, with two companions, rode off from the Club House Hotel at Tangiers, bound on muleback for Tetuan, a distance of forty-eight miles at the least. Our cavalcade consisted altogether of five; the other two being "Moses," a very sharp Jew guide, and our escort, a most picturesque Moorish soldier, with a long gun slung across his shoulder, his body and head totally enveloped in a white hooded bernous; his foot resting in the slipper stirrup-irons and covered by long yellow boots; his long-pointed spurs appearing to job into the horse at every step. Luckily his Arab steed was well accustomed to the sensation and took it quite composedly.

At the "Bab el Marsa," or gate opening on to the shore, I was a little way behind, and my mule showed its natural obstinacy so pertinaciously in refusing to pass a causeway that I stuck fast. The rest of the party went on a considerable distance without finding out my absence. When they did, Moses and the escort came back, and we three set hard to work at the obstinate mule, but go-ahead he would not; so we had to follow a circuitous route to join the others. This occasioned a considerable delay, but it was taken very good humouredly by all. We rode on for two hours more by starlight, most of the way over a swampy flat, which in the summer had grown a maize crop. About daybreak we were mounting up a stony path towards grassed high land: our escort rode ahead to point the track, and very romantic did he look with his long bernous in the faint light. At sunrise he halted, made a sign for us to go on, and then getting off his horse, knelt towards the east with his forehead on the ground for several minutes. Religion with him was no easy matter, it was then "Rhamadan" or the Mahomedan lent, during which season the faithful are not allowed to touch meat or drink from sunrise to sunset. He was riding with us, and under our close observation for thirteen hours, during the whole of which time I know that nothing passed his lips. Rhamadan is a moveable ordeal, and in turn occurs in summer, when the sufferings must be fearful. I have heard upon good authority, that annually this fasting kills many of the weaker, no doubt, owing to a great extent to the unnatural gorging and general dissipation which immediately follows the sunset gun. Smoking also is forbidden during the fast

hours, and you see the men holding their pipe all ready for lighting when the joyful boom of the gun is heard. Our way lay through undulating ground for some hours, very little cultivation was to be seen, only in patches round the very few circular-thatched huts which we passed, although the soil appeared fine enough to grow any seed crops, and the land lay in gentle slopes, as if made to please a farmer's eye. Morocco is designedly kept back by the Sultan, acting, no doubt, at the instigation of the priests. Though only four hours' steam from Gibraltar, the country is completely savage; there is no such thing as a road—merely tracks—not even bullock carts are seen; the only wheeled vehicle is, I heard, an English carriage belonging to the Sultan, but never used.

By eleven o'clock we reached "El Fondak," an immense square caravanserai on the top of a hill. Here we halted for a rest, taking care not to go inside the building for obvious reasons; on our return journey we were obliged to enter to our cost. Beyond "El Fondak" the country became more abrupt and wooded; in the covert we saw many partridges and some hares; the partridges perch in the trees here, and several times they flew out as we approached. I have been told by an Englishman, of five brace flying out of a bush. The first view of Tetuan is from a sharp turn in the road, and the clear atmosphere deceives you a great deal as to the distance, which is thirteen miles. You soon descend to the valley at the foot of the mountains, which fine rocky range you enjoy the view of, about five miles to your right, for the remainder of the ride into Tetuan. We gladly reached the gate at a quarter past four, after nearly eleven and a half hours hard riding from Tangiers, the last three hours being tantalising work, as we could see our haven in front of us, and our mules could not be got to diminish the distance at any quicker pace than a shambling walk.

We procured very fair lodgings at the house of one Nahom, a Jew who lives with the rest of his brethren in a separate quarter of the town, shut out by gates from the Mahomedan part. This Jewish quarter suffered most from the Spanish bombardment in 1860—guns having been placed on some spurs of the Atlas mountain to the east of the town; the houses destroyed have never been rebuilt, and present a very desolate appearance. Tetuan, in general, has never been the same since that event. Many of the inhabitants fled and have never returned; in consequence, closed shops are very frequent in the bazaars, which we visited next day, and found even now much busier and more important than those of Tangiers. This is the market which supplies the Riff country with clothing, etc., and many of the Riff people are to be seen in the town—savage-looking they are, and I believe are almost independent, the Sultan of Morocco not being really able

to exercise his authority on their wild coast, which lies between Tetuan and the Algerine frontier.

Many of the streets have cane lattices, supporting vines stretching across from house to house, which must be very agreeable for shade in the long, hot summer. The shops are naturally truly oriental—merely holes in the wall, with all the goods within reach of the owner, who squats in the front. The articles most noticeable are the gay leather work, the enormous high-crowned and road-brimmed straw hats, decked with bright wool cords, which the countrywomen wear, handsomely engraved brass circular trays, and some good specimens of inlaid work, both in metal and wood, the former worked in silver and gold, the latter in ivory and silver. The Agent of the Vienna Exhibition was having some exquisite work done, which he kindly showed to us. Some battle-axes and Moorish guns were, no doubt, greatly admired there this summer. This Agent was extremely bitter against the English government, who, he declared, really ruled Morocco through their Ambassador, and was, therefore, responsible for the backward state of the country, and for the various deeds of oppression which occurred therein.

In the evening we went out escorted by two soldiers, to see Moorish women on their way to attend mosque, this being the only day of the year—the 27th of Rhamadan—on which they are allowed to do so. They mostly were in parties of six or seven each, carrying a lantern, which had a very picturesque effect, completely covered up, as they were, in their white robes. Here the women wear their faces bound up by a cloth, whilst on the Tangiers side, only the flap of the robe is held up to hide the features. Singularly, many of the women at Tarifa, on the Spanish coast, just opposite Tangiers, have preserved this Moorish custom. One party of young girls appeared very curious about us, and lingered behind, talking and laughing on our account; but the hag who acted as duenna soon hurried them on. The mosques were all wide open, lighted up, and well filled. One of my companions and myself stayed behind our party to look into one, but we were soon told to move on by one of our escort, who came running back. He said afterwards that many country people were in the city for the night it was highly dangerous to run the risk of wounding their religious feelings in any way. After walking the crowded alleys for an hour or so we refreshed with coffee, at the “Cafe des Serins,” a Moorish establishment, hung round with fourteen big canary cages. Some very monotonous singing, and twanging of a stringed instrument, something like a small banjo, was going on among the *habitués*. In the neighbourhood of Tetuan are some immense orange groves. In the garden we visited the fruit literally hung in millions. This

was once the property of the Bashaw of Tetuan, but having made a considerable sum of money, the Sultan, on some pretext, summoned him to Fez, the capital, threw him into prison and seized all his property, this garden included. I was informed this was quite *démour* *Moroccano*. No wonder the country does not progress much if this is a real fact. These immense supplies of oranges are used chiefly for distilling essential oil; one manufactory we visited uses up one hundred thousand a day; twenty thousand are required for one pound of oil; only the rinds are used, and they are rasped off, the pulps are thrown into festering heaps. It is a pity, for the health of Tetuan, that a strong detachment of English boys cannot be let loose upon these heaps, after each day's work. Saturday happening to occur during our stay, we experienced the inconvenience of belonging to a Jewish household on that day. No cooking is allowed for twelve hours—from seven a.m. till seven p.m. We attended the synagogue, and sharply shifted our seats upon finding our next door neighbour had the small-pox very satisfactorily developed upon him. This was evidently a chronic epidemic here; literally hundreds of fresh cases we saw in the streets, and the majority of adults had pock-marked visages.

The service at this synagogue consisted of a rude, loud chant, joined in by the congregation; then the parchment Book of the Law, on rollers, was taken from its sanctum, at the end of the building, and carried in procession by the leading members of the congregation, the remainder kissing the covering as it passed them: this done the rolls were taken to the railed platform, where sat the Rabbis, and there passages from it were read by the men who had borne it round the synagogue, our landlord, Nahom, amongst the number. As the book was written entirely in Hebrew, this showed that a considerable knowledge of that language was necessary for a man to have influence in the Jewish Church.

The next morning we had intended starting for Tangiers, but heavy rain prevented us. My companions occupied the morning in sketching a Moor and a Jew, the former was decidedly a celebrated character: he had on one occasion received one thousand strokes on the soles of his feet for the first highway robbery with violence, which he had committed; he took his punishment so well that the Bashaw favoured him; this event was his salvation, he now lives quietly and acts as chasseur to British officers who come here from Gibraltar to shoot. One officer was in our lodgings when we arrived. Game must be very plentiful amongst the dwarf palms, with which the hills around are covered, because although he professed to be but an indifferent shot, he came back one day, after three and a half hours, with a bag consisting of eight brace of

partridges, two hares, and three rabbits, the partridges are red-legged and about one-third larger than the British.

The afternoon clearing up, we took a ride to a monastery, distant six miles, called "Kytan." It is a great sanctuary, and heretics are not allowed to approach near to it. We were quite content with the beautiful view obtained from the hill upon which it stands, which hill is covered on the top with some magnificent old knarled olives of a very unusual size. Tetuan being situated on a rocky plateau, looked very well from this eminence. We rode back by the Ceuta road, almost the only track which may be called a road in the country; it was formed by the Spaniards, in 1860, to bring their supplies and artillery from the Port of Ceuta to Tetuan, a distance of only seven miles, about which they made great fuss; the road is now going to ruin. Ceuta still remains in the hands of the Spanish, and is used by them as a convict establishment.

The mules came round the next day, and we started on our journey back, the rain, as we thought, having spent itself. The mumpback who kept the keys of the gate opening on to the "sok," or market-place, was very indignant at merely receiving a peseta for his fee and shambled after us, trying particularly to catch the tail of my mule. We lost sight of him holding his hands above his hideous head, and imploring "muchagua" to fall upon us. His prayers were answered, as rain fell in sheets for one hour and a half on our road to El Fondak, and made the path so heavy that we saw it was no good attempting to reach Tangiers that night, so we resolved to camp in the caravanserai. We occupied a long dungeon very uncomfortably: fleas were in plenty, and the reed mats and maize stalks we laid on were very hard. Our escort was in much better luck than we were; he had inquired of every person we had met on the way from Tetuan whether the moon had been seen the night before at El Fondak. At last one man told him it had, and he took good care not to ask another, but ate heartily the moment we got in, it being the rule that the Rhamadan season does not end in any place after the thirtieth day until the moon is clearly visible.

The next day we had a drowning ride into Tangiers, plunging for nine hours through heavy mire and water; if we had delayed another twenty-four hours the country would have been impassible. Moses our Jewish guide looked very miserable in his hooded bernous. He appeared to have much better relations with the natives than most of his brethren—who form quite a separate caste, even to their dress—they retaining in most instances the old gabardine, such as their forefathers wore when they were expelled from Spain and sought refuge in Morocco and the Barbary Coast generally. It is said that many of the families still retain the keys of their old

houses in Grenada and elsewhere. The Jews generally are held in much the same estimation as they were by that old Yankee who, after silently observing a noisy group of them in a railway car, turned to his companion and muttered, "I just wish Moses had never been taken out of *that* basket."

THE WAYWODE'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GEIBEL.

FAR in the wood, in the deep, dark wood,
The Waywode's house doth stand :
Icicles hang from the frozen roof,
Whilst the snow lies over the land.

A maiden sits by the glowing hearth,
She is spinning a bridal veil ;
And she stirs the fire as she hears the wind
In the chimney moan and wail.

Then in steps the ancient forest hag
Who never good news doth bring,
"Good evening, my fair little daughter," quoth she,
"To thee a song I will sing."

"Why should I care for thy songs? Full soon
My loved one to me will come ;
There is bread for thee, there is beer for thee,
Then eat and drink, and then go home."

The old crone spake, "There is time to spare,
Thy darling will never come back ;
The wood is deep and the road is wide—
He hath taken another track."

"Why dost thou vex me with false alarms ?
He swore to be true to me,
Till little red roses out of the snow,
Forth blossoming there should be."

So spake the maid, yet she trembled sore,
And the haunting wind rose higher.
The old crone stayed, and the old crone sang
Her gloomy song o'er the fire.

“ And as I went through the hollow glen,
Three gaunt wolves sped away ;
They had bloody tongues, and they howled and howled,
As though they had found their prey.

And when I came to the pine-grove still,
I heard three ravens cry ;
And they croaked, ‘ Ye young ones, your feast shall indeed
Be increased full daintily.’

And when I came to the icy sea
A youth was lying low ;
And his red life-blood, from his gaping wounds,
Flowed over the winter snow.

Red roses bloomed from the white, white snow—
My meaning is plain to discern.
The road is wide, and the wood is deep,
Thy lover will never return.”

Her song is done, and the hag departs—
The glow of the fire is gone ;
The maiden sits but no word she speaks,
And her cheeks are pale and wan.

And louder and louder whistles the wind,
And louder the ravens cry—
Yet three days more and beneath the damp sod
Doth the Waywode's daughter lie.

JULIA GODDARD.

DIVERSE LINKS IN FRIENDSHIP'S CHAIN.

IN the course of ordinary conversation, it not unfrequently happens, that great wonder is expressed that certain individuals amongst the friends or acquaintances of the speakers of apparently opposite characters and dispositions, should yet be greatly attached to each other. A thoroughly satisfactory explanation of this rather common occurrence has, perhaps, never been attempted, much less obtained. Possibly, a strict and searching scrutiny into that department of the mind whence springs our feelings of affection, and a patient investigation of the laws which regulate its operations, may contribute to shed some rays of light upon this apparently mysterious matter.

In the first place, it may be confidently asserted, that nothing is more certain than that there exists, in the human mind at least, two species of that affection, which is commonly and vaguely denominated love. These are as follows: (1) There is a yearning to press to our heart, and to overwhelm with caresses those objects which have excited our more intense and pure sensational pleasures, such *e.g.* as things endowed with beauty, or charms of any description. (2). There is that nobler and more exalted species of love, called respect or esteem, which springs from the natural desire to bow, or to give place to, any individual conspicuous for wisdom or virtue, or for a steady performance of the duties proper to his station in life, &c.

These two species of affection must never be confounded; and in the prosecution of any investigation, whose object lies within this department of our emotional nature, the strictest care must be taken to specify which of these is intended, as when *e.g.* it is asserted that, "a certain person is fond of, or likes a certain other."

That certain mental qualities and dispositions exist which universally and invariably command approval and affection from all but the hardened or perverted heart, is a fact upon which we need not waste time in an attempt to establish upon a solid basis of argument. Nearly everybody will admit, that he likes or has liked something or somebody; and if questioned as to what it is that he does like or has so liked, he will probably be able to specify some definite quality or property with tolerable precision. Thus, for instance, great beauty of face and figure, grace of manners and quietude of deportment, brilliant mechanical talents, and all indications of delicacy and tenderness of feeling, furnish the basis

or a violent and powerful burst of emotion, and we are said to be harmed with, or to fall in love with, the possessor of such splendid qualities. On the other hand, cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition, unselfishness, good-humour, kindness, &c., invariably command our respect and affection, and we are said to like the happy owner thereof. Now, it is upon the latter of these two kinds of affection that we must chiefly concentrate our attention in this paper; as it is that which is generally involved in the question which we have proposed to solve at the commencement of our observations, wherein we have put the case of two persons, possessed of apparently incompatible characters or dispositions, entertaining great affection for one another.

Let us now endeavour to enumerate some of the principal mental and bodily qualities or dispositions wherein one human being is remarked, or said, to differ from another. The following list will, we think, be found sufficiently complete for the prosecution of our intended design:—1. Temperament and bodily strength. 2. Personal beauty and gracefulness of manners, both native and acquired. 3. General mental power, which involves differences of opinion upon many subjects. 4. Taste. 5. Disposition of the heart. 6. Position in society. 7. Moral character.

We shall now make a few observations under each of the foregoing heads.

1. Temperament and bodily strength. This is perhaps not a very marked case, as sometimes, without the aid of practical experiment, it is very difficult to judge rightly of a person's powers in this respect. Nevertheless, we may often find individuals of a directly opposite temperament with a corresponding endowment of physical capacity, exhibiting marks of friendship towards each other. Those who have powerful and extensively developed nervous and muscular systems, and, in consequence, are rendered conspicuous for sensibility, lightness, and volatility of disposition, are most inclined to love and associate with those who, with a smaller endowment of these instruments of mental and bodily activity, possess great digestive power, joined with tardiness of gait and a dull habit. And this provision of nature would seem to be admirably subservient to the accomplishments of many beneficial purposes. Gay people being possessed of ample resources for the maintenance of liveliness and mirth, do not require the sympathetic force of an exterior exhibition of these qualities, in order to stir them up to activity. Moreover, this fact of their being perpetually surrounded with an atmosphere of gaiety, would tend to blunt their appreciation of the pleasures that commonly result therefrom, and which are much relished by those of a different temperament.

2. With respect to differences in point of personal beauty,

gracefulness of deportment, and general good-breeding, it may be observed that instances of the two former of these do not seem to be uncommon amongst friends. The latter, however, furnishes more frequently an effectual barrier to the free intercourse of amicable relations. In fact, the want of good breeding affords one of the most stable and efficient bases we possess for the successful launching forth of sarcastic and unkind remarks. Of course, in all the cases we have hitherto brought forward, we have been supposing that the friendly feeling has not been the child of interest or of pleasure, and that it has not rested on a foundation of gratitude for past favours, but that it has sprung solely from the contemplation and appreciation of what are known as virtuous and amiable qualities.

3. It is evident with regard to diversities in general mental power, accompanied by corresponding diversities in matters of judgment, that these, except where they exist in a very disparate degree, can furnish no impediment to the flow of love. Qualities of head are always to be discriminated from qualities of heart; and where the latter reign triumphant, the former may, so far as the lovingly-disposed spectator is concerned, be almost noted for their entire absence. It is evident, however, that one of these species of mental characteristic may be regarded as supplementary to the other. Nevertheless, it would appear that the qualities of the heart, the genuine and only natural development of the emotional department of our mental powers, must be present, otherwise little affection can be experienced by any one. Great mental power and ability, mutually exhibited, can by no means be invariably observed amongst persons who bear affection towards each other.

4. Disagreements in taste upon many subjects (although not perhaps in all) is not incompatible with the maintenance of great affection amongst those who so differ. But any thorough and fundamental diversity in this respect—a diversity that extends itself over broad fields of conduct—is rarely to be found in the case now before us. If a man, *e.g.*, be a great hunter, be fond of dogs, horses, &c., and spend a good deal of his time in thinking them, it is not very likely that he will care much about a man of studious habits, or, in fact, about anybody who does not appreciate, or, perhaps, does not understand his incessant gabbling about these subjects. Such an individual will probably be voted a “slow” fellow by him, and will perhaps be subjected to contempt, or to disagreeable expressions of wonder at his seeming stupidity and want of vivacity. We must, however, further remark in this place, that all men are not fitted to participate in a firmly cemented or lasting friendship; and as the traits of character which our supposed sportsman would seek out for this purpose, are not

those which constitute an appropriate foundation whereon to rest our true affections, we may conclude that all his attempts to rear thereon a solid and durable fabric would be entirely fruitless.

5. As the good or evil disposition of an individual is generally the cause why affection or dislike is exhibited towards him, it is obvious that no wide gulf of difference in these respects ought to exist in the case now under discussion. Who can be truly said to love a covetous, an ambitious, a bad-tempered, or an ill-natured man? And the like question may be asked concerning the voluptuous or the lascivious. Doubtless, we often find persons of the former type being apparently very good friends, and enjoying, with great zest, the seeming delight of each other's society. Nevertheless, we rarely find that *quasi* friendships of this kind (being based on nothing fixed or stable) endure for any lengthened period. On the other hand, sensibility, good-humour, liveliness, natural affection, and all the forms and modes of virtue, invariably awaken our affection and esteem. Still, it sometimes happens, that these latter qualities are absent from the character of one of the parties, or not so strongly developed as compared with those of the other. The more brilliant talents or intellectual endowments of the one may be regarded by the other with a species of wondering awe. Indeed, it may be, that a taste for certain things or pursuits, conjoined with an earnest desire of attaining excellence therein, furnishes the chief inducement to the cultivation of the acquaintance of any one highly accomplished in these respects. In this case, however, no true friendship can exist, as the intimate relations between the parties are sought for upon principles too purely selfish. And although these important intellectual qualities may generate a species of cold esteem, or even admiration, they can never prompt to the performance of those many kindly actions which spring from a deeper or more veritable affection.

6. As differences in social position (especially where they are very wide) generally involve differences in education, habits, and in manners, and as these last constitute perhaps, the most effectual barriers to the excitement of the friendly disposition, it is evident that where the former exists, the effects of the latter must follow thereupon. As to other respects, however, we very often esteem a man whose social position is very much lower than our own; but of course, our own self-respect and public opinion would operate to hinder us from bestowing upon him any very signal tokens of our affection, except in a manner and of a kind that would be deemed almost inconsistent with the existence of such a feeling. So that, however much we may hold such a man in estimation on account of his redeeming and loveable qualities, the necessity of conforming to the usages of society would necessarily restrain our desire to

cultivate his acquaintance, or be united with him in the bonds of friendship.

7. With regard to moral character, we think it may be announced as a general proposition, that grave differences in this respect furnish an insurmountable obstacle to the current of friendship, even between persons of the same sex. Does the steady and sober man associate with the drunkard, or can he for a moment indulge any benevolent disposition towards him, short of actual pity for his woeful condition? To be sure, we have the notable example of Socrates before our mind just now. There can be no doubt of his passionate love for the dissolute Alcibiades; but it was a love of tenderness rather than of respect—of tenderness conjured up by his splendid beauty and brilliant accomplishments, and it was intimately conjoined with an intense desire to free his loved one from the galling yoke of sin. It is only what are known as bottle friends—men whose moral character is about equal in point of depravity—who thus enjoy the pleasures of friendship; but it is a friendship, not based on natural esteem for the good qualities of each other, but on the selfish principle of liking to be near that which serves in any way as an instrument for the stimulation and perpetuation of their own sensual pleasures.

On the whole, therefore, although it be extremely difficult, if not dangerous, to attempt to draw any very general conclusion upon a subject admitting of the intermingling of so many concomitant and varying circumstances, it must be admitted that any vast or fundamental diversity between the heart of one individual and that of another, is totally destructive to the maintenance of friendship between them. Doubtless, it may be said, that the voluptuous generally find comfort and satisfaction in the society of the voluptuous; but in cases where the augmentation of the base pleasures arising from their mode of life is not the prime mover of their sodality, there generally runs an under-current of what is termed good-nature, to which, as to its source, may commonly be traced the main stream of friendly feeling. However clear and apparently ingenuous be the demonstrations of friendship between any two persons, as *e.g.* constantly associating together, conferring presents and other benefits upon each other, &c., if the mental qualities naturally requisite to that effect, do not exist on either side, no true affection can possibly arise between them. The God who made us has endowed us with spiritual qualities and dispositions which the uncorrupted heart invariably regards with an admiring and respectful eye. Strip the soul of these, repress and stifle them by bad company, or an imperfect education, and he who would have been loved by all men, is immediately transformed into an object of disregard and neglect, or even worse. On the

other hand, leave these transcendent virtues intact, but divest the soul of all other powers, all other accomplishments and embellishments, native and acquired—nay, overload the scale on one side, and leave that on the other side almost entirely empty, and all the symptoms of true and genuine friendship may be excited, even to the pitch of enthusiasm.

Now if a child be questioned with respect to whom, amongst certain persons individually specified, he likes, it will generally be found that those persons are most esteemed by him in whom may be traced plain and indelible marks of kindness, friendliness, and freedom from selfishness. It is upon a due consideration of this fact, that we have been induced to regard children as being perhaps the best judges of natural amiability of disposition in human beings. Their judgment upon this point, although perhaps not entirely unbiassed, so far as themselves are concerned, is generally neither marked by any preconceived prejudice, nor made partial by any fear of disagreeable consequences. They are supposed to be totally ignorant of sensuality, with its *quasi* delights and joys, and their partners in sport are not selected by reason of any leaning towards excesses of this description, but mainly on account of a uniform and merited course of kindly conduct being shown towards themselves. But then it may be said, that nearly everybody makes friends at school, or at some period of his youth; and that, as comparatively few possess those qualities of head and heart whereon this affection is naturally based, surely some other element must be called in, in order to the due explanation of this phenomenon. But to all this the answer is, that very often all the affection and esteem lie on one side, while only gratitude and the desire of preserving at least a shadow of decency in the eyes of the world, exist on the other. Moreover, mere profit or selfish enjoyment very frequently furnishes the leading motive to the formation of so-called friendships. And pleasant associations, or dangers and exquisite delights mutually enjoyed, very often bring people together, imparting to them thereby a keen interest in each other's fate, when, if such things had not occurred, they might perhaps never have seen each other.

Again, if a young lady be examined and cross-examined with regard to what sort of a husband she would like, she will, if she be of a gay and lively disposition, probably prefer a man of ability, conjoined with a quiet and peaceful temperament, and *vice versâ*. It may be, indeed, that if she be possessed of an independent cast of character—one whose selfish or organic inclinations have never been silenced by the voice of conscience, and whose devotional feelings have never been developed—it may be, indeed, in this case that she will choose a man with plenty of money and considerably advanced in life, in orde

that having soon got rid of him, she may be at liberty to choose for herself a second time. We hope that we are not overstraining facts, or that we are not dealing unjustly with our American cousins, if we say, that this "advanced" stage of thought upon this subject, is that which has now been reached by our transatlantic friends. Of course, in a country where practically morality has been reduced to zero, there can be no basis for true friendly feeling, and, therefore, no pure and virtuous sexual love; since the latter, in its highest and noblest sense, can only exist between those whose character and conduct bear the strictest scrutiny. It is, therefore, a lamentable sign of the times when the proposition that, "falling in love is gone out of fashion" can be disseminated over the world without meeting a dissentient voice.

Ladies may like a quietly-disposed gentleman, when they are conscious of their own powers in the maintenance of gaiety in a company of people, and when, therefore, exterior aid for the accomplishment of that end would be superfluous. They may like a clever, or a well-educated man, because, being aware of their own inferiority in those respects, they have something whereon to look with regard and admiration. They may like a handsome or a well-bred man, one whose social position is somewhat higher than their own, because they feel proud to be linked with the happy possessor of such admirable qualities, and because they are freed from the disagreeable feelings that would attend a parade before their female friends of anyone devoid thereof. But, however selfish, or even *prudent*, in the common meaning of that term, she may be in the selection of a husband, she will never, if her mind be free from all base or improper influences, be found to fix her affections upon a bad-tempered, a dissolute, or an ill-natured individual.

We cannot better conclude our remarks than by a quotation from the works of one whose speculations upon our subject, were totally unknown to us until after our own thoughts thereon were matured: "All persons promiscuously—the good, the bad, and those of an intermediate character—may feel towards each other that kind of friendship which originates in pleasure and utility; but good men only can be the objects of friendship properly so-called, independent of circumstances and resulting from what is most essential and most unalterable in the character itself." (Aristotle, *Ethics*, b. 8.)

P. Q. K.

THE DREDGERS.

DARKNESS of midnight, low and high,
Over the sea in tumultuous commotion,
Over the billowy rolling sky,
Like another stormy ocean.

Roar of the waves in the thundering caves,
Darkness half light for the trees dark as death,
Bent by the blast, or uprising aghast,
As listening to hear what the wild wind saith :

“ Alas for the dredgers, seven good men,
Caught in the toils of the mist,
Mesh of the sea-mist and fog of the fen,
Crawling round them or ever they wist.

And woe for the desolate hearths to-night,
And the children crying for bread,
And the women hearkening each footsoud light
For the feet none will ever hear tread !

O treach'rous mist stealing in from the sound,
Up by the channels and dykes of the river,
Hiding the hollows and shallows around,
And seven good men left to grope there and shiver.

O pitiless tide crawling in from the deep,
Up through the gullies and drains of the river ;
Covering the wash and the mudbanks, to creep
Round seven good men doom'd to sink there and shiver !

To cry out in vain to the desolate shore,
Weird marshy flat lick'd to swamp by the tide,
And think of the homes they will never see more,
With no one to tell how forlornly they died.

Not a soul to hearken their sad cries loud,
On such hand either bank, too, so near !
Ooze for their deathbed and mist for their shroud,
And the briny swash for their bier.”

Darkness of midnight, low and high,
Roar of the wild wind and moan of the deep,
And the ghosts of the dead in the river that lie,
Wailing around while their loved ones weep.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

SHAKESPEARE HEROINES.

V.

JESSICA.

"Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit."

Merchant of Venice.

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths." Well that proverb told

Thy history, young heroine, what time,
'Mid all romancement of thy sunny clime
Thou fleddest with thy love. His loss of gold
Roused to resentment deep thy father old :
But oh, a gift beyond all worldly pelf
Thou gav't thy lover, giving thy sweet self
In his adoring bosom to enfold.
How strange that he who acts a father's part
Should seek to exercise paternal sway
O'er that which only can young love obey—
The prompting of thy gentle woman's heart.
Who deems the locksmith's or duenna's art
Can foil the maiden that has learned to love ?
So come, dear girl, thy lattice ope above
And join thy loved one never—never to depart !

MAURICE DAVIES.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SQUIRE HARRINGTON'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

COGITO ERGO SUM.

THE first mystery which ever caused me serious reflection, was the question as to where I came from. This question was, however, not only a mystery to me, but to the whole village of High Himsley, who perplexed their poor wits (especially the female portion of it) to a much greater extent than I did. There was this difference, however, in our speculations—that, whereas the query presented itself to my infant mind merely as an abstract question dictated purely by curiosity, and a laudable desire of knowing things; to them it furnished an inexhaustible subject for village gossip and scandal, in which my poor mother—and my father, too, for that matter—suffered, I fear, rather severely.

This, indeed, all arose from the fact that nobody could manage to make out who on earth my father was. Once I ventured to question old Mike Withers (the gardener, who kept in tolerable trim, the garden of the school-house which I have ever looked upon as my home) upon this perplexing subject. I had long regarded Mike with deep awe and veneration; and from my very earliest recollection, had taken him for my guide, philosopher, and friend; and, consequently, awaited *his* dictum as to my origination with considerable anxiety. The result scarcely equalled my expectations. Having rested a moment upon his spade, cocked his skull-cap a little on one side to facilitate the scratching of his white old head, he pointed to a certain bed at the further extremity of the garden, in which a quantity of parsley was flourishing, and gravely informed me (as I dare say one or two children have been informed before) that it was *his* opinion I came out of *that*. He then patted

me on the head, and proceeded with his work with a grin and smile.

For this perfectly harmless intimation, which the old gentleman doubtless deemed the safest and the best he could give me, he suffered at my hands, I am afraid, a gross injustice, since it caused me at once, in my own mind, to fix my parentage upon him. And not unnaturally so; since I argued that, if in truth I really was derived from the portion of the garden he indicated, who was more likely to have dug me out than he himself? And, perhaps, there was as much wisdom as logic in the conclusion I thus arrived at; for it must be admitted by all right-thinking persons, that it is better to have even an old grey-haired gardener for one's father than none at all; and so far as was known by the worthy, though scandal-loving villagers, as well as myself, I had none—in point of law, at least, if not of fact; for, to cut the matter short, I was a **FOUNDLING**. But whatever else was obscure at me, as to the way in which I came to exist, this, at least, was certain—I did exist: and I came to this conviction, without undergoing that profound and tedious process of thought, by which the eminent French philosopher (who was author of the maxim which figures at the head of the present chapter) arrived at it. So without spending more discussion upon this point, I will proceed to relate what, existing, I saw, suffered, or by other means found out.

The first spot in the world I can remember was the dear old schoolhouse, to which I have already alluded. How well can I, in my manhood, recall to memory each room, each quaint old chimney, almost each atom of the red-brick house—dear to my childhood as my home! And if I never knew a mother's love, was not kind-hearted Mrs. Stukely, with all her eccentricities and roughness of temper, almost a mother to me—poor little helpless wretch, that I was? And are there in the world many noble-hearted men, like true-souled Matthew Dalton, the poor schoolmaster; who, with his sister, the above-named Rachael Stukely, adopted me, reared me, and ever befriended me—an orphan, thrown by chance upon his charity and tender care?

I know poor Matthew suffered in the opinion of not a few, on account of his charitable act. Some said, and shook their heads with worldly wisdom, that no one would have adopted a vagrant child, and reared it as his own, unless it had some claim upon him; and thereupon, would ask themselves, in knowing whispers, who was the unhappy girl the schoolmaster had seduced?

O wise ones! if all the world were truly of such stuff as you, your judgment, had no doubt been right. You would never have shown charity to the vagrant: you would never have fulfilled an act of charity entailing some sacrifices upon yourselves. But it is

the evil in your own hard hearts which makes you impute some base and selfish aim to every noble act in them who have a soul above you.

I will not, however, stop to defend my benefactor here. The actions of the good are better displayed in a simple record of their lives than in volumes of empty praise. This will, I think, be proved at least in the present case, from the facts which I gathered through a little incident which I am now about to describe.

When I was a very little fellow—still wearing frocks and drawers—I and some of the schoolboys were enjoying ourselves in the playground. My playfellow upon this occasion was Master Walters, the step-son of the Squire—that is to say, Squire Harrington—of whom more hereafter. This young gentleman was a pupil of my benefactor's school, and being only about two years older than myself, was very often my companion in our play-hours.

Master Walters betrayed, even at this early period of his life, some of those questionable qualities of character for which, as I have understood, he became distinguished in later years. Let it suffice, I caught him in the act of grossly cheating me at marbles, rebuked him with the delinquency, and refused to play with him any more.

"Why won't you play, Oliver?" said the young gentleman, so, seeing I was resolute, had yielded to me the matter in dispute.

"Because you're a cheat—that's why!" I returned, sturdily.

"Then I won't play with *you* another time, Oliver."

"Why?" said I, with childish curiosity as to the objection he would have to play with me; forgetting, as probably did he also, that if I wouldn't with him, he couldn't very easily with me."

"Because my father is a gentleman, and you—you're only a foundling."

"I ain't a Foundling!" I retorted, doubling my little fists and flushing with anger; though Heaven is my witness, I had not the remotest idea what a Foundling could be. But I supposed it was something wrong and reprehensible, inasmuch as Master Walters called me so—gentlemen, when quarrelling, not usually bestowing on each other epithets of praise; and being conscious of innocence, I vehemently repelled the charge.

"Yes, you are; I heard my father say so."

Whereupon, being in great wrath, I ran at my detractor with such fury, that Master Walters, thinking, probably, that Foundling or not, I was, just then a dangerous sort of person to deal with, took to his heels and scampered homewards as quickly as his legs could carry him.

But though triumphant over my enemy, victory brought with

it unpleasant recollections. *Was* I a foundling? that was the question. Supposing I was one, did Mr. Dalton know it? and did Mrs. Stukely? My heart misgave me as I thought of her. Then I wondered if being a Foundling was anything like the measles, and whether I should have any nasty physic to take; or whether Mrs. Stukely would, if she found me out, give me any verses out of the Bible, or any hymns to learn (oh, how I hated hymns!) for being such a naughty boy.

My first thoughts were to seek out my friend Mike, the gardener, and ascertain what information on the subject he could give: but just then the tea-bell rang, and I was forced to return indoors.

I was very quiet all that tea-time, and did not care to play with the other boys when the meal was over. I remember Mr. Dalton looking at me kindly once or twice, and Aunt Rachel (she taught me to call her aunt, good soul!) glanced at me with sharp curiosity as she doled out our allowance of bread and butter.

As soon as permission was given for the boys to disperse, I slunk away from the others, and anxiously watched for Mr. Dalton to retire to his study, where he used generally to spend his evenings, reading, sometimes aloud, to his sister and me.

Presently I heard his footstep on the stairs, then the door open, and bang behind him. I crept up the staircase after him. How my heart thumped against my pinafore as I tapped at the door!

"Come in!" said the voice of Mrs. Stukely, or Aunt Rachel, as I may henceforth call her.

I went in. There sat the lady at her usual place, in the arm-chair by the fire-side, darning stockings at a little three-legged table, which was drawn up into the warmth cozily. How well, in my mind's eye, can I see her now; her silver spectacles low down on her hooked nose: her scanty hair done up in a knot behind, like a horse's tale, and her lavender print dress bespangled with plum-coloured blue-bottles! How well can I recall the shape of her queer old workbox, like a miniature piano; her immense brooch with the portrait of the deceased Mr. Stukely in a wig! The sniff the good lady used to give as she broke off her cotton, then rubbed her nose, and burnt off the end of the thread up to the very stocking itself, is still present to my fancy's ear. The old tabby cat, too, on the table, guarding, as it were, the piano, admiring the stocking, and intently regarding every motion of his mistress, I can also remember.

The schoolmaster sat opposite the fire, his hand shading his eyes from the glare of the lamp, as he perused his book. His was a kind, grave face that inspired confidence in the hearts of those who looked upon it. His pupils loved him, and I among them,

most, perhaps, of all. He had generally a melancholy smile ; but that accorded with the suit of sombre black, in which his custom was to dress.

Observing me hesitate, he half-turned, and held out his hand encouragingly.

"Well, little Oliver," said he, "are you tired of play, already?"

"Bless the boy!" said Aunt Rachael, with a sniff of suspicion; "what ails him? Are you ill, child?"

"Ill? No; he isn't ill; is he?" returned the schoolmaster, cheerily, taking me in his arms, and setting me upon his knee.

I murmured something, which I wished to imply a negative. Indeed, if I had been unwell, I should have been afraid to confess it, for Aunt Rachel was too fond of "taking things in time," as she said, and, prescribing to her brother's scholars, mendicaments of an unpleasant kind.

"There is something wrong, Matthew, I know," said she eyeing me through her spectacles for a time. Shaking her head she arose, and went to the cupboard—I feared, for physic. But no, it was merely for a rosy apple, which she placed in my hand.

"What is it, then, Oliver?" inquired Mr. Dalton, coaxingly.

I hung my head, and answered "Nothing."

Aunt Rachael became fidgetty and cross.

"Matthew," said she, "the child looks well enough. You'd spoil any child; why don't you get on with your book?"

"But, Rachael—" Mr. Dalton began, then stopped for his sister had flashed upon him a grim look through her spectacles, meaningly.

"Bah!" she ejaculated, taking me from her brother's lap and placing me upon her own. "If there is anything wrong, as I think there is, we shall get at it presently, if you let the child alone. Why don't you read your book, I say?"

Thus admonished, Mr. Dalton returned to his volume, and for a quarter of an hour read, or pretended to read it, intently. But every now and then I caught his eye furtively seeking me.

Meanwhile, Aunt Rachael continued to stitch in silence; I, on her knees, listening to the monotonous sound of her needle, to the singing of the kettle on the hob; the purring of the cat, and cogitating the momentous question I had come to ask.

"Mr. Dalton, please," said I, presently, when that gentleman had pushed aside his book, and began to gaze moodily into the fire.

"Well, Oliver," said he, with a start.

"What—what is a Foundling, please?"

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated the lady. The cat phizzed, as well he might; for in her surprise my aunt had stuck her needle into him.

"A Foundling, my boy, is a child who has neither father nor mother."

"But a child can't help that, can he?" I inquired, after reflection.

"What a question!" ejaculated Aunt Rachel.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"And is it true that I'm a Foundling?" I continued, feeling much relieved in my mind that if I was I couldn't help it.

This seemed too much for my aunt, who stared at me with her mouth agape, and her needle suspended in mid air.

"What put that into your head, little Oliver?" demanded Mr. Dalton, softly, after a pause.

"Because Reginald Walters said I was, and I said I wasn't," I returned.

"My boy, you need never be ashamed of anything, except when you do wrong."

"But haven't I got any father or mother, then," I pursued, keeping to the point.

"Bother the child; I—I shall make a fool of myself directly," muttered Aunt Rachael, seeking in the piano workbox to conceal her emotion.

"No," Mr. Dalton, quietly returned.

"And didn't I have a father and mother, *once*?"

"Once, my child."

"And now——"

"Your mother, little Oliver, is dead."

"Tell me about my mother, please," I said, presently.

Then I learnt something of the mother I had lost, and the kind friends whom I had found.

CHAPTER II.

HOW I CAME.

It was one wintry night (so I have been informed) that good Mr. Dalton was sitting in his little study amidst his books, and his sister, with her piano workbox and knitting pins was sitting opposite; both of them cozily enjoying the bright fire, which seemed to burn the more cheerfully on account of the sleet and boisterous wind which were rampant out of doors.

"What a night!" ejaculated Mr. Dalton, as a gust of wind, more turbulent than usual, came roaring down the chimney, and went moaning away over the country wastes into the unknown regions where the wind goeth. And he raked the fire together with the poker, and shivered as the merry blaze shot upwards, as

ough he tried to fancy he was himself chilly, in order to enjoy the warmth of the fireside the more.

"Humph! cold enough and wet enough for them who are in it," was Mrs. Stukely's sententious reply.

"On such a night as this, I always think of the houseless poor," said Mr. Dalton, as if musing aloud, "especially of them at sea."

"The more fools they to go to sea, if they can help it!" retorted the lady, digging her knitting-pins into her work ferociously.

"But if they can't help it, my dear?"

"The more's the pity."

The schoolmaster smiled as he crossed to the window and looked out.

"You are a strange woman, Rachel!" he began. But while he was in the midst of the sentence an exclamation of surprise burst from his lips, apparently on account of some sight out of doors he beheld through the window.

Mrs. Stukely glanced up sharply at the sound.

"Matthew, I think you a strange man to be staring and gaping at the darkness, like a dog yelping at the moon."

Her brother bade her come and look also; at which she said he wasn't such a fool as to waste *her* time in staring at the sleet and the black night. But urged by womanly curiosity she went to the window nevertheless.

She then perceived that the cause of her brother's exclamation was the fact that a little group of some four or five persons, including a couple of his own servants with lights in their hands, had collected outside the schoolhouse gates, and were standing in the high road over some apparently inanimate body in the midst of them.

"Some one in a fit, I suppose. Well, I don't know what we're to do with 'em here; but I suppose we must take 'em in and do what we can; and, my gracious, Matthew! you don't mean to say you are going out of doors in such a night as this!"

The lady spoke excitedly, and in a half-reproachful, half-victimised tone, as though she thought herself very much illused by being compelled to act in accordance with her words. But though the schoolmaster had not moved from the window, nor betrayed the slightest intention of rushing out of doors, his sister ran into the hall, brought forth his hat and cloak, and almost forced him to the door before the poor man had time to think what he was about; for, truth to tell, Mrs. Stukely's actions were always at variance with her words, not that she was deceitful or false—far from it. I mean she would abuse a lazy vagabond begging in the streets, while she was in the very act of opening her capacious basket to

afford him bountiful relief. She would sneer at the Elmsley Dorcas Society as a humbugging "get up" of village gossips and scandalmongers, while it was conceded that no one worked harder, or supplied more substantial offerings to that society, than she. She pretended to scorn the rector and his prosy sermons: while in her heart she deemed the one the paragon of orthodox Evangelicism, and the other the sublimest creation of piety and genius.

Upon the present occasion no sooner was she aware that there was some human being in peril and distress near the door of her brother's house, than she began protesting, as it were, against making their house an asylum, while she was really most anxious to sacrifice everything else to aid the helpless one.

The schoolmaster, nothing loth to perform an act of charity, however Quixotic it might be, pulled on his cloak and hat, and sallied forth to the garden gate.

In the road, the first object that greeted his sight was the form of a fragile woman, who had apparently swooned from want and destitution. Unconscious, though she was, she still clasped to her bosom a little child, whose pinched and weazed cheeks told a tale of misery and woe.

"Here's Mr. Dalton! Now, mates, we shall know what to do with the poor thing," cried one, a sturdy ploughman, who held the woman's shrunken form in his strong arms, kindly and tenderly.

"I'm afraid it is all over with her, sir," said another, with his hand upon the woman's breast.

"The baby!" ejaculated a third—a woman, you may be sure.

"The poor, dear little baby!" added one of Mr. Dalton's servants, who held a guttering candle in her hand, which she tried in vain to shelter from the wind and moisture, and which now puffed out.

They would have been in utter darkness but for a lantern which another of them carried.

"This way, my friends! bring them in here; and some one run to the village, quick, and fetch the doctor." And Mr. Dalton, who spoke with some excitement, led the way to the house.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried the men who followed him, bearing the woman and her baby.

Thus it was, reader, that I and my friends became acquainted, for the woman was my mother—at least, so it was surmised—and I the child.

Mrs. Stukely met us in the hall.

"Well, Matthew!" she cried, trying not to look eager; "what are we to do?"

"We will do the best we can, my dear," Mr. Dalton returned.

"Is she dead?"

hope not ; but I am afraid—”

“umph ! I suppose we can’t turn her out, now you’ve told me to bring her in. Steady, men ! do you want to knock her off ? Bring her in, carefully ; and, Jane and Mary, upstairs and get the fire lit in my bedroom ; take her up there, and—leave me the brat !”

“Smiling thus, but actively making preparations, and giving orders for attempts to restore my poor mother to animation, Stukely took me into her arms—not at all angrily, though, as her language and tone might imply ; but very tenderly, and very (so, at least, her brother has affirmed) took the opportunity, when she thought no one was heeding her, to kiss my little weazen

“The fire was quickly blazing upstairs, and my mother deposited me in bed, while Mrs. Stukely dictatorily prescribed every method she could think of to restore her patient to animation, pending the arrival of Mr. Sullivan, the village apothecary, who was anxiously expected every moment. Indeed, we met that little gentleman coming up the stairs as I and Aunt Rachael were coming down for the night ; but, as it was understood, Mrs. Stukely had still retained possession of the house, though one of the servants had volunteered to relieve

me ; go upstairs—you’ll be wanted *there*. I’ll nurse the mother while you attend to the daughter,” retorted my aunt, abruptly. I believe I had already gained a high opinion by the great fancy I seemed to take to the miniature of the deceased Mr. Stukely.

“I was, however, ashamed that Mr. Sullivan should encounter me in such an unwonted position.

“Good evening, my dear ma’am ! how are we now, ma’am ; and how do you do, now ?” exclaimed that little gentleman, hopping on to the top of the staircase to allow Aunt Rachael to pass. And he was rubbing his hands together nervously.

“Upstairs, doctor, please ! I don’t want you, my good man, very thankful to say.” And she did her best to conceal my presence from sight. Unfortunately, at this critical juncture, I

“Unless my heart, Mrs. Stukely ! what have we there ? A

“Ooh ! my good man, you had better make haste upstairs. I am, sir, you’re wanted ! Never mind—the—the—well, then, good night, if you must know !”

“Mr. Sullivan has subsequently assured me that my aunt actually

“I don’t know what course of pathology Mr. Sullivan pursued ; but because I was downstairs in the kitchen, where, I have

understood, a great fuss was made of me, both by Aunt Rachel and the servants, who held a solemn discussion as to what was the most proper thing for me to eat; and, I have heard, it afforded them lively satisfaction—as, no doubt, it did me also—when I was prevailed upon to partake of a light repast of sop out of a spoon. Be this matter-of-fact as it may, there can be no question of this; that whether my poor mother recovered or not, *I*, at least, had no intention of giving up the ghost, but was as lively as any baby could be expected to be under the circumstances.

The noise of hurried footsteps overhead, the banging of doors and the hum of persons whispering and coming downstairs, caused Aunt Rachael to wipe my mouth with her pocket handkerchief and hastily to go forth to ascertain the cause.

We met Mr. Sullivan, who instantly began rubbing his hands together and skipping about as violently as before. Mr. Dalton with a very grave face, was a few paces behind him.

“Well?” ejaculated my aunt, curtly.

“Too late, my dear madam, I am sorry to say! too late!”

“Then she is dead?”

“Madam, I regret to say the poor creature no longer lives,” returned the little man, deprecatingly; as though that were a milder way of putting the fact.

“Ah! more is the pity.” And my worthy aunt strode away, carrying the present writer in her arms.

“Forgive my sister,” said the schoolmaster, kindly. “She hath a good heart, though rough in manners. As Shakspeare says, ‘’tis the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.’”

“Now, my dear sir, I and my good friend, Mrs. Stukely, are on the best of terms; we are really. And—ha, ha!—we like our joke as well as anyone. But, my dear sir, what do you intend to do?”

“To do?”

“That is—about the baby, my dear sir—the baby?”

“God knows!” Mr. Dalton answered, in a solemn tone. “It has been thrown upon my hands, and I will not suffer it to perish.”

“The workhouse, my dear sir, would, perhaps—” Mr. Sullivan suggested.

“No, no—not that; anything but that,” interrupted Mr. Dalton, hastily.

Mrs. Stukely rejoined the gentlemen at this moment, and vowed *she* wasn't going to be pestered with a baby at her time of life—not *she*. She wouldn't be bothered with a stroller's brat. *She* would not, however, part with me when the suggestion came.

Thus it was they adopted me, buried my mother in a decent way, and called me Oliver—the late Mr. Stukeley's name—while the world added that of—Dalton.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

ONE summer's afternoon, about three years and-a-half after the death of my mother, and a few months subsequent to those incidents which led to my discovery that I was a Foundling, an event happened which I have always considered as the first link in the chain of important circumstances which make up the history of my life.

Being a half-holiday, I and my schoolfellow, Reginald Walters—till whom, by the way, I was soon again on friendly terms—resolved to enjoy it by making an expedition to fish for tittlebats; which innocent diversion, having provided ourselves with a square glass pickle-bottle, with a piece of string round the neck as a reef, by which to carry it; with two or three old parasol handles and thread by way of fishing-tackle, we accordingly started; both of us fully satisfied with our own importance, and the heroic nature of our enterprise.

It was a lovely day in June; and nature, refreshed by a light shower in the morning, was clad in her brightest verdure. It is true it was sultry in the glare of the afternoon sun, but there were plenty of shady lanes, well-sheltered by overhanging trees, that afforded pleasant protection from the scorching rays. Indeed, before I was permitted to depart on the excursion, I had faithfully pledged my word to Aunt Rachael that we would confine our wanderings to those shady places; and, above all, that we would not go far away—promises, which I am afraid, were little remembered five minutes after permission had been obtained.

Be that, however, as it may, we started in high spirits, our exultation having been increased at the moment of departure by Aunt Rachael, who, stigmatising us as naughty children, and prognosticating that we should certainly drown ourselves in the pond, or at least spoil our clean pinafores with the mud, gave us a plentiful supply of plum-cake, done up in a nice clean napkin, for our tea.

This plum-cake, I may state in passing, we carried in our basket along with our various apparatus and fishing-tackle—which, I am bound to confess, was more miscellaneous than delicate; I am not aware, however, that we enjoyed it any the less on this account. We were not squeamish in our tastes, certainly.

With our angling exploits these pages will have nothing to do.

That we did not fulfil Mrs. Stukely's prediction and drown ourselves, is sufficiently proved, at least, so far as I am concerned, the fact that I have survived to write these memoirs. As to the remaining part of her prophecy—that, I mean, which had referred to the cleanliness of our garments—upon that subject, I fear, less said the better. They were certainly rather the worse for wear when we reached home again.

Let it suffice, then, that having satisfied ourselves with the capture of three unfortunate tittlebats, and a slight wetting of our shoes, we sat ourselves down under the shadow of an old elm, to refresh ourselves by the demolition of our plum-cake.

I think I have before observed that Reginald Walters was the step-son of Squire Harrington—the great man of our village—and whose mansion, the old Manor-House, we could see in a beautiful dell, a mile or so away.

The sun was now sinking downwards in the far west; the noble old trees, under whose shade we were reposing, cast forth long shadows, grim and fantastic in their ramifications. We were seated upon an elevation; a green sward, studded with buttercups and daisies: and as we looked down upon the quaint old manor, its windows flashed and flamed in the rays of the departing sun like burnished gold.

“Look, Reginald!” I cried; “look at the manor, flaming in the sunlight, almost as if it were Fairyland in a picture-book I have at home.”

“Ah,” said Reginald, “bolting his last mouthful of cake with evident reluctance. “Don't you wish you lived in a fine house like that, Oliver? and wouldn't you like to have a nice hat like mine?”

Of course I stoutly denied that I should like either, and maintained that the old schoolhouse, where I lived, was almost, if not quite, as fine a building as the Manor-House.

“But, Reginald,” I said, “how comes it that your name is Walters, while your 'pa's name is Squire Harrington?”

“Mr. Harrington isn't my real 'pa,” Reginald returned.

I ventured to ask how, if he were not his “real 'pa,” he could be his 'pa at all?

“Why, my *real* 'pa is dead,” Reginald explained. “He died a long, long while ago, and left my 'ma a lot of money; oh, ever so much—millions and millions of pounds.”

“In golden guineas?” I inquired.

“Of course. And then Mr. Harrington married my 'ma. That's how it is, you see.”

I confess that the tremendous fortune which Reginald's *mamma* appeared to have brought the lucky squire did not so much astound

ne as it might have done if I had possessed a clearer idea of what a million meant. However, I took it for granted, the squire was very rich ; for had I not seen him ride through the village in a splendid carriage only a few days previously. Besides, had he not been very generous to me upon one or two occasions when he had visited the schoolhouse—patting me on the cheek, and presenting me with a bright new shilling ?

There were other questions I was revolving in my mind, and which I considered the present a good opportunity upon which to gain information.

“ Is your sister, Edith, your real sister, or not ? ” I inquired. For I may as well inform the reader, in this place, that it was already a settled affair between myself and my friend, that when I grew up to be a man I was to marry his little sister. I am at a loss to explain how it came about, that a young gentleman, with such aristocratic notions as my friend, should have thus consented to waive objections to the disparity between his sister and one whom he had so recently disparaged as a Foundling. I think, in the first place, he liked to patronise me. In the second place, there was the fact that my veneration for the young lady (whom, however, I had never spoken to in my life) was so great, that the great of the proposed matrimonial alliance being broken off, had very often induced me to become Reginald's horse when it would have been more gratifying to my inclinations to be the driver. Thirdly, I have often whispered the multiplication-table into my future brother-in-law's ear. Lastly, it was always understood between us, that when I and Edith were married, we were all three to emigrate to the forest of some distant land, when we could subsist on milk and acorns, with the roasted flesh of an occasional lion, which Reginald was to slay with an imaginary gun, that was supposed capable of killing any animal, from an elephant to an Indian chief, at some dozen or twenty miles distance.

In reply to my question, Reginald informed me that the fair Edith was not the daughter of the squire, but of the deceased millionaire.

“ Is she anything in the face like—you, Reginald ? ” I next inquired.

And to tell the truth I sincerely hoped she was not ; for Reginald was not handsome. He was a sneak, and he looked like one. His features were well enough formed, but his eye shifted when you looked him in the face. He was thin and lanky and waxy about the legs. He looked as though he could be taken to pieces.

“ She's not so tall as me, and I can beat her at running, ” Reginald replied.

So I remained at liberty to indulge my fancy in Edith's portrait; and concluded that she was not like Reginald—in fact, she couldn't be.

We had by this time, however, exhausted all our provisions in the way of cake, milk, and sweetmeats; having given the last crumbs to the pickle-bottle, for our unhappy little tittlebats—a repast, by the way, which they most unaccountably declined.

We began to think that a little tea, and even a night's repose on a downy-pillow, would, perhaps, be a pleasant preliminary to going into any distant forest, or encountering any ferocious wild beasts; more especially as we were not yet provided with Reginald's wonderful gun. The sun, too, had by this time nearly sunk, and though the sky in that quarter was still of a glorious golden hue, far away in the east, where the moon was rising, it was black and sombre. The hills in the distance and the trees reared themselves forbiddingly, and cast athwart the heath their gaunt shadows. On the whole, I, for my part, thought it time to be going homewards, and proposed the same to my companion.

"Oh, don't let's go home, yet; my 'ma won't say anything to me," that young gentleman returned, haughtily. "I suppose, Oliver, you'd catch it if you stopped out, wouldn't you?"

Of course I was anxious to rebut such an idea as this, but, in my heart, I deemed it very likely I should "catch it" if I remained abroad after nightfall—Aunt Rachael had made me "catch it" for a similar offence once or twice before. But, as I scorned lie, I evaded the admission by silence.

"But I am much older than you, Oliver, ain't I? So, of course it is different my stopping out later than you."

"Reginald!" I interrupted, suddenly.

"Yes?"

"Supposing we should come across any gipsies or kidnappers, you know: whatever should we do?"

"Lor', Oliver! Well, perhaps, we may as well think about getting home, now," returned Reginald, rather hastily. "You're only a little boy, Oliver, and Mr. Dalton might let me have it hot for keeping you out late, you know?"

"Besides," I added, in a whisper—the fact is I was becoming rather nervous on this subject myself—"we are close by the Demon's mouth; and—and if we should happen to see anything——"

"Eh! oh, I say, Oliver, you needn't get talking like that!" And Master Walters glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the clump of trees near which we were standing, and through the foliage of which the moon had begun to glimmer faintly.

"Well, you know, they *do* say the Demon's mouth is haunted."

"You don't believe we shall see anything, do you, Oliver?" He looked as though he did believe it, for his teeth chattered, he kept glancing about in a way that made me feel uncomfortable, indeed.

"I—I don't know," I replied. "I say, Reginald—suppose we?"

We had already retraced our way a couple of hundred yards or and had got nearly away from the trees—as I was very thankful to perceive.

Reginald readily agreed to this proposal, and we started running accordingly.

"I'm not afraid, though, if you are," he said, haughtily. "I'll get my tea, and besides, you know, I——"

CHAPTER IV.

I AM INTRUSTED WITH A MYSTERIOUS COMMISSION.

THE explanation of the long dash at the end of the last chapter, that Reginald never completed the sentence he was speaking, or never completed it with a long and tremulous scream, and my young friend, at the same time, used the long legs with which nature—more bountiful to him than to me—had provided, and ran scampering away with all his might; leaving me to discover the object which had alarmed him, and to escape from it in the best way I could.

I had not long to wait in suspense. Upon turning to glance in the direction from which the cause of my companion's alarm seemed to proceed, I beheld a gaunt, half-crouching man—who, seemingly, had just emerged from the wood behind us.

I thought my heart would have leapt into my mouth when I perceived this awful being approach, making goblin-like gestures as he desired to speak to me. I would have given worlds at this moment for a pair of legs like my friend Reginald's! Though if I possessed them, I fear they would have been of little avail. Terror, for a moment that seemed an age, held me rooted to the spot.

By a great effort I managed, at length, to run a few paces, and I heard the man's great hoarse voice calling me to stop, and a heavy lumbering tread stamping after me.

"Heigh! you boy: stop, I say!" he roared; and, my goodness, it was a voice! My heart sank within me at his gruffness. I turned my head, still running, however; and could perceive he had been looking fearfully upon me. "Stop, you little devil!—do you hear?"

Another moment the fellow's gaunt shadow passed over me, and then I felt his hand upon my shoulder. I was completely in his power, and, probably, not a human being to aid me within a quarter of a mile!

"Now, then, where are you?" said he, turning me round like a teetotum, so that I could feel his hot breath in my face.

"Oh, please sir, don't!" I implored.

"Don't what?" said the man, severely."

"Oh, please, don't hurt me, sir."

"Where are you, now, you little devil, eh?"

I could see by the faint light of the moon that my captor had a most diabolical face; dirty and sallow, and a bull-dog sort of muzzle, and that he was grinning horribly. He seemed to enjoy the terror he inspired most heartily. As to answering his question, which he had twice demanded, that was quite beyond my power. This, however, was certain, that wherever "I was now," I devoutly wished I was anywhere else.

"Do you think I want to eat you, you little fool?"

"N—no, sir."

"What are you afeerd of, then?"

"I—I don't know."

"You don't know, eh?" he returned, making the most hideous grimace it is possible for the human mind to conceive."

"No, sir; but I should like to go home, if you please."

"Where is yer home, and what is yer name?" said the fellow, reflectively, as he let go my arm, which he had pinched tightly.

"Oliver Dalton, sir, and I live at the schoolhouse yonder," I returned, pointing and hesitating whether I should not give him more clearly to understand the direction by using my liberty, and running thither as fast as I could.

Whether my enemy divined the thought that was passing in my mind, or whether he merely guessed at the probability of my attempting an escape, I know not. However, this may have been, he pounced upon my drawers behind, and lifted me into the hand thereby, with a suddenness which, for the moment, made me think I was either flying away, or that the earth had slipped from my footing.

"Look, ye here, mate," said he, setting me on the ground again. "I ain't done with you, yet. I want you to answer me one or two questions; do you mind me?"

"Yes, sir, please," I whimpered.

"And if you play any larks, I'll massecrate yer; do you mind that, too?"

I meekly replied that I fully comprehended the dangers of my

situation, though I had but a vague notion of what his threats implied.

"Do yer happen to know Mister Harrington, anywhere hereabouts?"

"Squire Harrington, sir, do you mean?"

The fellow nodded his head eagerly.

"That's him, I'll be sworn! Do yer know, him? quick, yeregger, quick?"

I replied with considerable trepidation that I knew Squire Harrington a little, and that he lived in the big house, which we could see in the moonlight through the trees.

My companion took off his cap, and rubbed his head. He wore a skull-cap, surrounded by fur.

"So, then, yer do know Squire Harrington?" said he, more to himself than me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"And does he know you?"

"I dare say he does, sir."

The man thereupon began whistling some tune in a low tone, as though he were maturing a plan in his mind. He put his hand into his pocket, and jingled some money there.

"Now look ye here, my lad," said he at length, in a conciliating tone. "Some folks might have massacrated yer, and put yer naked into the ditch for the birds to peck at, mightn't they?"

I shuddered at the idea, but said I supposed "some folks" might.

"But cheer up, my little man, I ain't one of them there sort; ain't. I only said I'd massacre yer in fun, yer know."

"Thank you, sir!" I was greatly relieved that it was only a joke.

"In course not," pursued he, laughing derisively. "You didn't suppose I meant it in earnest, surely."

Though all this might have been pleasant amusement to him, on my part, I could not help thinking I should enjoy it rather more if he had not made such hideous grimaces. Added to which, I was rather fearful he might change his mind, and give me to the birds to peck at, after all.

"Look here, my fine fellow!" he went on; "if I was to let you go home quiet and comfortable, I suppose you'd get telling folks that I'd been ill-treating of yer?"

"Oh, no, sir, I won't! I won't, indeed, if you'll only let me go."

"Let yer go! why, mate, of course I will; and supposing I was to give you a penny—all for yourself, you know—to spend;

would you object to taking a message from me to this here Squire Harrington?"

"To Squire Harrington, sir?"

"That's him : would yer now ? Come, what do you say ?"

I replied that I would take any message to Squire Harrington he pleased. I was glad to be let off on any terms.

At this, the man gave utterance to the most unearthly chuckle I have ever heard in my life—a sound which so alarmed me, that I could scarcely refrain from crying out. He did not, however, appear to notice this, for, fumbling about in his pockets, he presently drew forth a pocket-book, the contents of which he proceeded to examine by the light of a lucifer match, which he ignited on the heel of his boot.

"Can you write, mate?" said he, turning upon me suddenly.

Full of conscious power, I replied, haughtily, that I could.

"I ain't much of a scholard, myself," he returned ; "so if you'll just take this here, and put down what I tell you, I'll take it as an uncommon favour. Soh ! now mate, I'll light another of these here matches, so as you can see what you're up to—ready?"

"What am I to write, sir, please?" I inquired, as I took the pencil, pocket-book, and scrap of paper from his hands.

"To write ? Ah, just so. That's what I'm thinking of, mate," he replied, scratching his chin in doubt.

"Say : ' Mr. Richard Biffle '—yes, ' Mr. Richard Biffle ;' that'll do, slap up !"

Another lucifer was ignited, and I wrote the name.

" ' Mr. Richard Biffle : ' yes, sir. Is that all ?"

"You may say afterwards : ' seven o'clock to-morrow night at the Demon's Mouth.' Have you got that down ?"

"All down, sir ; is there anything more ?"

"N—no, mate ; that's about all, I guess," he returned, after considering.

"Here it is then, sir ; Now may I go home, please ?"

"Take that paper to-morrow morning, mate. Give it to the squire, and to nobody else, and there's two pennies instead of one for yourself. Will you do it, honour bright, and not let anybody know ?"

I promised faithfully.

"First thing to-morrow, mind ! honour bright !"

I repeated the words "honour bright," and then he let me go.

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE MANOR PARK.

How I reached home that evening after my disagreeable adventure with Mr. Richard Biffle, I do not know. This, however, I do know, that having once escaped that gentleman's presence, I did not spare my legs, to prevent myself, by any chance, from falling into his power again, and arrived at the schoolhouse-gate just as the old clock overhead was striking nine.

I perceived Aunt Rachael at the window, and at once inferred, to my great dismay, that she was probably watching for my return. Mr. Dalton, himself, opened the door, and let me in.

"Why, little mannikin, where have you been?" said he, lifting me in his arms, and putting my cheek against his own grave, yet kindly-looking face.

"Fishing, sir, with Reginald Walters," I replied.

Mr. Dalton smiled as he put me to the ground.

"Fishing, and so late? Thou wouldst delight the heart of old Izaak Walton, little one; if you can find such pleasure in his favourite pursuit, as to make you forget your tea."

I knew nothing about Izaak Walton, but I assured my kind protector that I had certainly been fishing for tittlebats, and that he was quite wrong about my having forgotten my tea. And I showed in one hand, the basket which had contained our provisions, while in the other I held up, for his inspection, the pickle-bottle containing my three unlucky captives who, I regret to say, did not look very cheerful in their confinement.

"Three of them, and all alive! and they have actually not eaten you up! What a brave angler my little Oliver must be!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, laughing.

"Where is Aunt Rachael, sir?" I inquired, as though I had not seen her through the window, and was frightened to death that she should receive a severe rebuke from that stern-visaged lady when she encountered her.

"You will find her in the parlour. You had better run to her and show her your spoils, to pacify her: or she'll be thinking your tittlebats have swallowed you alive."

I had not, however, to run far, for Aunt Rachael had seen me, and now came from the parlour with considerable trepidation to capture me.

"Oh, you naughty child! where *have* you been?" she cried, seizing me by the arm with a suddenness which nearly jerked my tittlebats out of my hand. "Look at your clothes, sir!—wet

through, of course ; as well as your boots and stockings, and your face as pale as a ghost ! Have you caught any fish ?”

I showed her my trophy with pride, delighted at the prospect of getting clear of the irate lady without castigation.

“ Pish !” she returned, scornfully, but taking the bottle into her hand, and regarding its contents with mingled pride and curiosity.

“ But ain’t they beauties, aunt ?” I cried.

“ Not worth getting wet for, child, and giving me the fright you have. But if you ever do it again, sir, I won’t leave a whole bone in your skin—mind that, now ! There, don’t whimper ! Get along upstairs to bed ; make haste and get your wet things off, and I’ll forgive you this once—but never again, sir, as long as you live. What—loitering, sir !”

“ I only dropt something, aunt,” I replied, in great confusion. For I had let fall the slip of paper containing Mr. Biffle’s message, and stopped on the stairs to pick it up. Fortunately Aunt Rachael was too deeply engrossed with the necessity of getting rid of my damp clothes to heed the action, and I was soon installed in my little bed with the precious, yet mysterious document, under my pillow.

This was all the scolding I received for my misdoings upon this occasion, and I congratulated myself not a little upon my good fortune. Nevertheless, it was a long time ere I obtained a wink of sleep that night. I trembled still, when I reflected upon our adventure in the woods ; nor did I quite relish the mission I had undertaken to perform on the morrow.

I wondered what such a common sort of a gentleman as Mr. Richard Biffle, could possibly want with Squire Harrington. Had he come to beg money of him ? I did not consider this likely, because he spoke in a manner not at all like the cringing tone usually adopted by beggars. Those few words, too, which I had written at his dictation, seemed, so far at least as I could make out, to have rather the style of command than entreaty. Again, in addition to all this, it was evident Mr. Biffle, notwithstanding his shabby dress, could not possibly want *money*. For, I argued, surely he must be very rich, since he had made me the munificent donation of twopence to carry his message, when he had only promised me a penny ; and, might indeed, have insisted upon my taking it for nothing at all.

I could make nothing out of the transaction, think how I would. All I hoped was that the squire wouldn’t be angry with me when I delivered to him the curious missive. I did not believe, though I was not quite sure, that the delivery of a disagreeable message, under such circumstances, was a criminal offence, and punishable by law. I was not quite certain of this, however, because I recollected,

with painful vividness, the chapter in English History, in which seven bishops were sent to the Tower of London for presenting a respectful petition to the King. And if seven Bishops could be punished so severely for such an offence to the King, might not a Foundling be still more harshly dealt with for giving displeasure to a Squire?

This was not a very hopeful way of looking at things; but it never for a moment entered my head to break my promise to Mr. Biffle. I am glad to think that I ever held my word, once pledged, as sacred, and did not flinch, even with the terror of the Tower of London before my eyes, from fulfilling my compact with the mysterious man of the woods.

There was the bare chance that Mr. Harrington might not be angry, after all! Perhaps Mr. Biffle might be some eccentric friend of his, whom he would be delighted to see. I had grave misgivings, however, as to the correctness of this theory. At least it was possible that though Mr. Harrington might be displeased with Mr. Biffle, he might not visit his wrath upon me!

Trying thus to console myself the best way I could, I presently fell asleep; only to dream unpleasantly of fish, bishops, kings, gipsies and burglars, all mixed together into one hideous nightmare.

The morning sun, streaming in my window, awoke me from my disturbed slumbers. At the first moment of awakening I had but a dim perception of something unpleasant on my mind. As the incidents of the previous evening returned to my recollection, I jumped out of bed, determined to execute, without delay, the commission I had undertaken.

Peeping from the door of my little bedroom, I perceived by the clock on the landing, that it was scarcely half-past six o'clock, and a few minutes later the bell rang to summon the boys (there were but four or five boarders) from their rest.

Morning prayers being over, and our breakfast despatched, I crept out of the house, while my schoolfellows were preparing their lessons, or playing in the grounds. The scrap of paper, containing Mr. Biffle's message, I had contrived to keep in my pocket; and very thankful was I that hitherto, it had not been discovered.

It was a beautiful morning; the sun shone brightly on the meadows and cottage-gardens, by which I had to pass on my way to the Manor-House. In one of the latter I saw my old friend Mike—the sexton and gardener—already at work amidst his vegetables and flowers. He wished me a cheery “Good morning!” which I, not quite so cheerfully, returned: for I was afraid he might question me as to the cause of my being abroad so early, and, especially, as to my visit to the Squire. He did not, however, detain me, and I passed on my way.

There was a fine park surrounding the Manor-House, the entrance to which was a tall iron gate, kept by an old lady in a lodge. The park was, however, generally open to the public, and I did not anticipate being stopped here. In this, however, I was disappointed, for the old lady, who had red cheeks, and a little red shawl fastened round her head like a gipsy, was standing at her door, and doubtless, wondered what so small a child as I could be doing in the park by myself.

"Here child!" she cried, shading her eyes from the sun glare with her hand. "Where are you going, and what do you want?"

"If you please, ma'am, I want Mr. Harrington," I faltered.

"Him? Why, child, where do you come from?"

"I come from Mr. Dalton's, ma'am, and I have a message."

"The schoolmaster's?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mr. Dalton was pretty well known; so the woman, with a rather dissatisfied look, permitted me to proceed.

"You will find Mr. Harrington somewhere in the grounds, child," she said. "I saw him a few minutes ago."

Thanking the dame for her information, I passed through the gate along the gravelled pathway that led to the Manor-House. I had not, however, gone very far, when I came to an ornamental piece of water in which swans were swimming, or were taking shelter from the sun under the shade of the willows, that bent their heads to the surface.

The foliage was so thick that I emerged into this spot with a suddenness that brought me actually into the presence of a lady and gentleman and a little girl, before I perceived them.

The gentleman, whom I at once recognised as Mr. Harrington, was a tall and stately gentleman, who, although apparently not more than forty years of age, had rather a stooping gait as he walked with his hands clasped behind him; and his once raven hair, was already streaked with silver.

The lady whom I had seen before, though I had no recollection of having spoken to her, was seemingly many years younger than Mr. Harrington, and I knew her immediately to be that gentleman's wife—the rich widow, and Reginald's mamma. A very beautiful woman she certainly was. Soft blue eyes that looked at me kindly, and a fair, pink face and golden hair that reminded me then—and the association still clings to me—of some picture I had seen of the Virgin Mary.

The little girl, I inferred, was Miss Edith. She was a pretty damsel of four years or thereabouts, and in the little gentle face and beaming eyes I perceived the miniature of which her mother's face was the prototype. I know not hardly how a child

of my years should have been bashful in the presence of a little maid, but I was so certainly ; and my heart beat violently when I perceived the child cling to her mother's skirts, and slyly draw attention to me.

"Mamma ; look at the pretty little boy !"

The lady having thus caught a glimpse of me, smilingly beckoned me to approach ; which, doffing my cap, I did accordingly.

"Well, my dear," she said, kindly, "were you in search of us ?"

"I have something for Mr. Harrington, ma'am ?" I replied.

"Indeed ! What is it ?"

"If you please, I was to give it into his own hand."

Mr. Harrington had been standing with his back towards us a little distance away ; and as he was gazing vacantly into the glassy waters of the lake, he had not till this moment perceived my intrusion. The sound of our voices caused him to start, and as his eye rested on me, I could not but remark that his brow contracted into a fleeting, but very perceptible frown. Having scanned me for a moment, the frown vanished ; but though he smiled, it was not a pleasant smile, but one full of sarcasm, that made me more afraid of him than his frown. I think this was an aspect peculiar and natural to the man. In after-life I have often witnessed it again : and, though at the time, I, of course, thought it was bestowed personally upon me, I am of opinion now that I was scarcely at the moment in his thoughts at all.

"Do I understand you have something for me, my boy ?" he said.

His voice was soft and musical, and its sweetness had a peculiar charm. Yet even as I heard it, it was not entirely satisfaction nor assurance that I experienced, but something of fear and dread. The pipe of the Indian snake charmer is soft and melodious, yet who can say what may be the thrall of the serpent he subjects to the fascination of its power ? Is it ecstatic delight at his cadence, or may not the victim be conscious of its fate, but led on and on by its mysterious faculty ?

Without comment, I handed to the Squire the memorandum which I had written at the instigation of Biffle. Never to my dying day shall I forget the expression of mingled anger, hatred, and, perhaps, dismay, that flitted for an instant across Mr. Harrington's handsome, though cynical face !

"Boy," he exclaimed, in a sharp metallic tone, "where did you get this ?"

I was about to falter out a trembling reply.

"Who gave it you, I say ?" he added, fiercely.

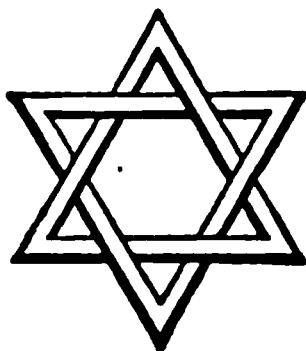
His lips moved as though he were about to add something more,

but his eye at this juncture falling upon the alarmed face of his wife, he arrested the words ere they had obtained utterance.

“No matter!” he continued, assuming a tone of indifference. “it is really of no consequence! Here is something, my good little boy, for your trouble; and you can tell Mr. Dalton I shall call upon him on the subject in a day or two; do you understand?”

I placed the half-crown the Squire smilingly threw at me in my pocket, and observed that he put the paper I had given him into his pocket also. As to his query, I answered that I did understand, though I fear in one sense, this was not strictly true. One thing I could not understand, and that was what the schoolmaster had to do with Mr. Biffle's message.

However, the Squire gave me a kindly pat on the head by way of dismissal; and the lady and little girl each a friendly nod, and so I went on my way wondering.



THE OLD HOUSE ON DENMARK HILL.

BY MRS. G. J. GUNTHORPE.

CHAPTER III.

AND this was how it was. It was one very sultry August afternoon, and we were expecting a friend or two to take tea with us in a quiet way—one being a very particular friend of my husband's, a medical man, who had been travelling for some months on the Continent with an invalid gentleman; and, consequently, whom I had never yet been introduced to. "Mind you try and look your best, Nellie," Fred had said that morning when leaving me; "for I have a high opinion of Nugent's taste as regards women, as well as other things; and, besides, I really want you to like each other."

I had somewhat got over my nervousness, as some days had passed over, and nothing had occurred in any way to alarm me. If there had been mysterious noises—and I cannot say the house had been quite free from them—still they were in the more distant part of the house, and I was making it now my practice, during my husband's absence, almost to live out of doors; and always near where Joyce was at work, and within call; for somehow, I seemed as if I had a staunch protector in this man.

In this particular afternoon he was busy on the front lawn, and that morning he had been mowing; but was now sweeping, and weeding the two or three flower-beds on it. It might have been an hour or two since I had taken my lunch, or early as you would possibly call it, since I had no other meal usually but I could call dinner, save on a Sunday. But Martha and I always spoke of it as my "luncheon," and so I had dropped the old way of so terming my midday meal.

I thought I would dress early, and so have a little quiet before my stranger guests arrived. Then, too, it was threatening a summer-storm, and I did not care to be up alone in my room if one should come on. I am proving myself to have been a sad coward; but I was in those days, though I could be brave enough on an emergency, or if one I loved was in danger. I had all but the finishing touch to my dressing, when I remembered there was a particular lace canezou of Honiton make, which Fred was fond of seeing me in. Taking it from my drawer to put it on. I found it looked a little tumbled, and knowing Martha was at that moment busy ironing some starch things, I ran down to get her to

pass her iron over it. She had, of her own free will, taken upon her to wash and get up my lace and fine things, and most beautifully, I must say, she always did them. She nicely straightened out the few creases, and then carefully adjusted it on my shoulders for me; after which, surveying me all round, she drew this fold of my dress into its place, and that curl more away from my forehead, putting me in apple-pie order as she called it, and that in such a tender motherly way as quite affected me. When she had put her finishing touch, I said—

“Well, Martha, shall I do, think you?”

“Do, my dear?” she replied, “their hearts must be made of harder stuff, even than mine, if them that’s coming don’t like you. And now go out into the garden and rest yourself, and don’t go upstairs any more—don’t now.”

I said I had left my handkerchief on the bed, and must go for it. She wanted to go for it herself, but I said it would not take me a moment to fetch, and I begged her to go on with her ironing, or she would not be ready before our company arrived. I remembered afterwards that she stood with her head on one side as if listening for something, then, lifting the plate off the basin where her starch things were folded, she drew out one of my handkerchiefs with a broad lace on it, and began to pick it out to make it ready for ironing; saying quietly as she did it:

“Don’t stay upstairs, ma’am, a moment longer than you can help; I don’t think it’s altogether safe for you to be up there alone.”

“Not safe, Martha! why?” I exclaimed.

“Why, why—” she hesitated, and looked hither and thither as if she had forgotten what she had said.

“Why did you say it was not safe for me to be alone upstairs,” I questioned.

“Oh! did I say so,” she absently and wearily replied—“ah, perhaps I did; you see there’s a bad storm coming on. I can feel the Evil One is at his work, and if the lightning struck you, or other danger came near you—you are so far away from help; further than I care you should be.”

I told her I thought I should not be more than a moment or two at most, and then she would find me on the lawn in the front of the house should she need me for anything.

As I passed up the stairs it struck me her words were strange, but then she did say such odd things at times. Still, though perhaps I did not feel the full significance her words portended, I could not help casting many a timid side-long glance at the spots around where the panels might be slid on one side, and even fancied one was not quite close shut.

I was standing before the mirror, ostensibly fastening a handsome brooch into my freshly-ironed pelerine, and yet absently watching Joyce at his gardening operations, and thinking how lovely and fresh our garden was looking, despite the overpowering heat, when I was startled by the feeling—ay, it was only the feeling—that some one was looking over my shoulder at me in the glass. Then ere I had presence of mind to convince myself whether such was really the case or not, there came on my right side, close almost to my eye, the gleam of some bright instrument flashing in the light. I felt as if my heart had ceased its beating, and had become a lump of ice. This was for a second of time, the next moment I had shouted out frantically—the window, fortunately, being wide open—“Joyce—oh, Joyce, come—come to me, instantly.”

Lucky was it for me, as I afterwards heard, that Joyce so quickly answered my summons, for Martha was much too far away to have heard any cry of mine, let me have needed help as I might.

He bounded through the front door and up the short flight of stairs, meeting me on the landing just outside my room door. On turning to fly from the room, nothing was to be seen—nor, indeed, was there any place there where any one could have been concealed; but as we met, the door on the right hand, leading to the unused rooms, was violently slammed to. I suppose I was looking shy pale as I stood for a moment on the threshold of my room, leaning against the door-jamb, for Joyce said:

“Lean on me, my lady, and don’t be frightened: that was only the wind blew that door to. It’s always gusty, you know, ma’am, just before a storm.”

With his powerful stalwart form beside me, my courage revived, so I said—

“I am not frightened, now, but will you look everywhere about my room, and in the wardrobe, and dressing-room; for when I called to you I felt certain some one was standing behind me.”

Then when we had thoroughly inspected the whole five rooms, and I was convinced no one was in hiding anywhere, I wished to go and look over the other rooms in the old part of the house; but his he would not hear of, telling me I was not fit to do any more, or he could see I was all of a tremble yet. And he so earnestly begged me to go and sit out of doors, so as to quiet down before master and his friends came, that I yielded to his advice.

As I sat there on the garden-seat, dreamily watching Joyce, who was putting the last finishing touches to his gardening operations, I felt Martha was right when she said she thought a very bad storm was approaching; for the air was excessively oppressive, and there was that unnatural stillness that invariably precedes a severe

storm of thunder and lightning. We had birds in our little domain, blackbirds, thrushes, and such-like tuneful little creatures, but now there was not a note from one of them, no, not even so much as the faintest twitter.

I was just beginning to feel very anxious about Fred and Jack, wishing they would arrive before the storm commenced, when a cab drove into the gates, from which they both of them alighted, accompanied by Mr. Nugent, the medical friend, whom Fred had that morning told me he should, if possible, bring home with him. I saw that gentleman had brought a travelling bag with him, so I concluded my husband had succeeded, as he hoped he should do, in persuading him to remain a few days with us at "The Elms."

Joyce carried the bag in, while Mr. Nugent sat down beside me—to make my better acquaintance, so he said, before our friends arrived, and to keep me company while Fred and Jack proceeded to divest themselves of the City dirt they had since morning acquired, and to change, as they always were accustomed to do, their business dress for a more easy, or, as in this instance happened, an evening attire. After chatting a while on general topics, and making me feel almost as thoroughly at home with him as though he was as old an acquaintance and friend of mine as he was of my husband's, by-and-bye Mr. Nugent skilfully drew me out to tell him all about our old house, and to give him a thorough description of it. Then when he had heard everything, he laughingly, and yet rather abruptly, asked me if the house was a *haunted one*!

Fred had by this time joined us, and looking towards him in a sort of confused hesitation as to what kind of reply I should give to this half-bantering style of question, I was not a little surprised to catch very significant looks passing between them, as my husband, without giving me a chance of replying, said—

"Oh, yes! Nellie thoroughly believes 'The Elms' may be placed on the list of haunted houses, for she has heard all sorts of mysterious noises in it; only, strangely enough, it is during the broad daylight she is so favoured. Tell Nugent all about everything, pet; you will find you have a most interested and sympathetic listener in him. He is a famous fellow for enjoying stories about haunted houses and ghosts and hobgoblins, and so forth; indeed, I don't feel at all certain but what at heart he is a thorough believer in that style of thing, only he is shy of confessing to it."

I looked at the serious, kindly face of the man beside me, and, somehow or other, though Fred was beside me, and always did laugh and chaff me so whenever I told him of my frights, and notwithstanding a feeling came over me that my husband had been consulting him professionally about my frequent nervous attacks,

as Fred would persist in calling my frights—yet I took heart of grace to begin from the beginning of the first alarm I had, and I told him everything ; ay, and a great deal more than Fred, or even Jack, knew. When I told them about the face I had seen at the panel, my husband exclaimed, “ What ! Nellie, my poor child, and you never told me ? ”

“ You have always made such fun of me, dear,” I replied, “ and from a child I have been always so foolishly sensitive to ridicule ! Jack knows what a baby I am in that respect.”

Then growing in confidence as I saw the real interest my auditors were now taking in my narrative, I went on to tell them of the still greater fright I had that afternoon, but an hour or so ago.

Mr. Nugent put many pertinent questions to me, making me again minutely describe the situation of the rooms ; inquiring how many servants we kept, and how they were at that time employed, and in what part of the house. Finally, he asked whether we had at any time missed anything, suggesting whether there was any possibility of any one being linked in with the servants to rob the house. But Fred said he would vouch for the honesty of both our servants.

After considering for a few moments, and as if the rumbling thunder in the distance had suggested to his mind the possibility of such a thing—Mr. Nugent said “ Perhaps after all that gleam, as if of a bright instrument that you speak of having seen close to your face, might, Mrs. Compton, have been only the transient reflection in your mirror of a flash of lightning, for, I think, if I remember rightly, you said you were standing in the front of a looking-glass.

It was quite possible, I acknowledged, for it to have been so, but then I said I had such a strong feeling that with the gleam I had caught the shadow of a hand raised as if prepared to strike me, and which was rapidly withdrawn the instant I shrieked out for Joyce.

A little more talk together, and then Mr. Nugent said, as our visitors had not yet arrived, if quite agreeable to us both, he should like to look over the house.

“ Oh ! you shall see all over it,” Fred replied, “ from the dungeons, as Nellie persists in calling our splendid wine-cellars, to the leads—not where we air our prisoners, though, but ourselves, when we want to luxuriate in a weed, and a fine prospect together.”

I told them they had better visit the lower regions first, and, meanwhile, I would go in and see where the servants were, and tell them where I was to be found in case our friends arrived while we were making the round of the house.

Going into the house for that purpose, I found Joyce in the dining-room, busied in laying the cloth for our substantial tea. I

sent him at once to tell Martha that, as her master was going to take a gentleman over the house, I thought, perhaps, she would like to know, in case there was anything about in her room that she would like to put away, or make more tidy. It was a fact, however, that, go whenever you might into her bedroom, it was more neat and orderly than I have ever found the rooms of even the most tidy of servants—and that though humble in its appointments, her room always gave you the idea that a refined woman was the inhabitant thereof. So why I sent that marked and particular message to her that day I never could afterwards satisfactorily account to myself, save by thinking it was through one of those strange premonitions which at rare intervals of my life have come over me—often, too, at the moment imminent danger had just cast its shadow on some dear one, and thus has that intangible warning proved a shield from the threatened peril.

For a moment or two after the man left the room, I stood casting a glance here and there over the table to see if all was nearly ready for tea, and if the fruit and flowers were placed, so as to show off their beauty to the best advantage, and I was just stooping over to reach a dish of honeycomb I fancied I could place in a better position, when Martha precipitously entered, looking as white and scared, as I daresay I had looked an hour or two back. She had been employed cutting bread and butter when Joyce had gone to her, and in her excitement she had not put the knife and bread out of her hand.

“What is this Joyce tells me, ma’am?” facing round upon him as he stood behind her, at the same time speaking in a harsh, agitated tone. “A gentleman going to look over the house! Not a policeman in disguise, surely! None of that ma’am! none of that! It’s as much as his life is worth if he goes prying about this house!”

“Sit down, Martha,” I said, almost placing her in a chair, for she trembled so violently and looked so deathly white I thought she was going to faint. “What is it you fear? No one is going to hurt you. It is only Mr. Nugent who wishes to see over our old house, because he has heard what a curiously built place it is. You must remember Mr. Nugent, for your old master, Mr. Compton, you know, was his guardian.”

“Master Robert, is it? Has he come back, then, from his travels? Oh, yes, I remember him; a good kind creature he was to me and mine,” wiping the beads of perspiration that had broken out over her face as she spoke. “But, why, ma’am, did not you send me word who it was had come? Joyce said a strange gentleman had come, and I’m afraid of strangers, and hate the sight of them; they are always birds of ill-omen to me. No, thank you, ma’am,”

for I held a glass of wine to her lips—"A glass of water I'll be thankful for. I never take anything stronger. Don't mind me, ma'am, this ague fit will pass off directly now I know what like it is. But you see it is one thing on another, for I've been greatly agitated and upset this afternoon, for Joyce has been telling me all about your fright, and, oh ! if you had been murdered, and murdered by—by—there it would have been the death of me, too. Don't let the gentleman go upstairs just at present, ma'am, if you please ; being late this afternoon, I've left my gown and things about, and I should like to put the room straight before they pass through it."

In reply, I told her they were just gone into the cellars, and while they went over the rest of the house I should remain on the lawn if she wanted me for anything.

"That's right, ma'am ! and don't go out of sight of the windows whatever you do. And, mind, Joyce, keep close to the mistress, and don't leave her for an instant?—do you hear—till Mr. Nugent, or some one, comes to take care of her."

"Oh, nonsense, Martha !" I said, "I'm not a baby. I can surely take care of myself."

"You'd best do as I say, Joyce, or it will be the worse for you," she said, in a stern, authoritative tone.

"Why ?" I questioned, in great astonishment.

"Don't ask me no why's nor wherefore's—I'm losing precious time as it is. All I can say is that it is a mercy your'e alive at this minute, I can tell you." And before I could say a word she had caught up the bread and the knife we had taken from her, and rushed out of the room.

Joyce and I looked at one another in amazement, but at last he said—

"I think, ma'am, if I might presume to advise you, you had better do as she tells you, and go on to the lawn—for—for—that is you see, ma'am, its growing very hot in these rooms ; and yet I don't know whether it is altogether safe for you under the trees if the storm comes nearer."

Then when I was again seated in the garden, and he standing behind me, he stammered out some sort of excuse about hoping I would not think he was taking a liberty, but if he might advise, he thought it would be better if I had another servant in place of Martha—"not," he added, "that he had any dislike to her, or any real fault to find with her—for she had gone through a great deal of trouble, some time or other, he was sure, and so had he—so he could feel for her, and he knew she had a great deal on her mind then ; but he did sometimes fancy she was not always in her right mind."

"You don't mean to say, Joyce," I cried out with a start, "that you think she is insane?"

"*'Insane'* is a strong word to use, ma'am; perhaps, not exactly insane, but at times she is certainly very odd. For instance, all at once when she is busy about her work, she will start and turn pale and listen—and listen like as though she heard something more than I could; and if she chanced to catch me watching her she would look fit to kill me—if looks could kill—and ask me what I was standing gaping at and watching her, instead of minding my own work; and then after a minute or so, when she saw I did not answer her, she would burst out into a sort of hysterical laugh, and then begin singing at the top of her voice, as if to drown any noise she heard. Then I have often of a night, when I have chanced to have to sit up for the master—which, it is true, I have not had to do more than twice; but one of the times I heard her talking to some one so loud that I heard what she said, which was, that if they did not lie still where they were, she would strap them down as she had done before, and they should go back where they had escaped from. And then I heard such moans and groans, as if somebody was in such great pain, that I knocked at her room door and asked was anything the matter. But she did not seem to have heard, for she went on talking, and the groans were so bad that I knocked again, and again asked was anything the matter. And when she did open the door I thought she would have taken my head off, she snapped at me so, and said why could I not leave people alone to groan as they liked when they had got the tooth-ache?"

"But, oh, Joyce!" I said, "why did you never tell all this to your master?"

"Well, ma'am, because next morning she came down with her face tied up, and spoke so naturally about the dreadful night of pain she had had, and was so sorry she had disturbed me; and asked me to be good enough to get her something at the druggist's to ease her pain, that I thought, perhaps, through its being night, I might have fancied the groans sounded more terrible than they did. But then, to-day, when I went up to dress for tea, ma'am, after the gentlemen came home, I could not find my razor anywhere, and thinking Mrs. Newman (the charwoman) or she (Martha) might have put it out of the way when they were cleaning the rooms yesterday, I went downstairs again to ask if she knew where it was. But directly I asked her I was forced to catch her in my arms, for I thought she would have dropped on the floor. However, in a minute she recovered wonderfully, and shook me off roughly; pushing me away with such a force that I, in my turn, would have fallen, but that I staggered against the dresser. 'How

ften I have told you, Joyce,' she said, 'never to leave them nasty things about, or out of your locked-up box ; why, don't you know, man, that I walk in my sleep, and might, for aught you know, cut your throat some night, or, like enough, my own.' Then bidding me stop where I was, and on no account to follow her, she said she'd try and find it for me, if she could—that I was to keep watch by the clock, and if she was not back in a quarter of an hour, I was to call one of the gentlemen to go with me, and go up to her room to look for her. However, in less than that time, while I was wondering whatever her strange words meant, and almost afraid of them, she returned with my unlucky razor, her arm bleeding from a nasty gash, round which she had tied a handkerchief."

Just then, before Joyce could finish his strange tale, Mr. Nugent and my husband came out to me from their visit to our cellars.

"Oh, Joyce!" said my husband, "mind you go for the lock-ninth first thing in the morning, for I find the lock on the wine-cellar door has been tampered with, and several bottles of my best port wine are missing out of the bin,—that prime old wine, Nellie, that Uncle Compton sent us for a wedding present; a bottle of which I have never yet tapped, nor thought of tasting, reserving the treat for some first-rate occasion. And there were broken bottles strewn about as if the thief had knocked the necks of them off, and drank the contents on the spot. Some bottles of champagne-andy are gone, too! The rascally thief is a judge of what is the best, not having meddled with any of the commoner sorts of beverages. Luckily we found three bottles untouched, hid behind one of the buttresses in the outer cellar. However, as I don't mean this business to go on any longer, we must at once give Martha the sack. I told you we should find the old damsel liked something better and stronger than tea or coffee, but I had no idea she was making free with my property."

"I don't believe it is Martha that is the thief," I replied; "I don't, indeed, Fred."

"Well, who do you think it is then, Nellie? Do you think Jack and I walk in our sleep and tiddle?"

"No, Fred, of course I do not. But there's a great mystery in the house that must be solved if we are to live in it—a very great mystery, indeed!"


He gave a long, low whistle, then putting his arm round my waist, he said softly and tenderly—

"Well, I begin to think so, too, my beauty; and I wish I had looked into it sooner, and not teased and made fun of you, darling. However, I hope it is not too late now, and Nugent has just been saying if you can give him a shake-down and a welcome long

The Old House on Denmark Hill.

gh he should like to try his hand as an amateur detective, and
d out who is playing the ghost and thief here."
assured Mr. Nugent of a welcome as long as ever he liked to
with us, and said I should indeed be thankful if he could
ar up the mystery. But, as I said so, I little thought how
ickly it would be cleared up, or in what a terrible manner.

CHAPTER IV.

AT that moment while we were talking about the depredations
in the wine-cellars, a Mr. Walter Merivale and his sister came up
the avenue. He was a barrister, and a very rising man, Jack told
me; a friend of my husband's, but not so long known, nor so inti-
mate a one as Mr. Nugent, whom he had known from boyhood. 
was glad to see he had brought his sister Margaret with him, as she
was the one lady acquaintance I liked best of all those who had
called upon us. They had formerly lived at Enfield, quite at the
other side of London; but within the last two months—that is, at
the Midsummer quarter—they had taken a house, not a very great
way from us, at the top of a road called Grove Lane.

Mr. Merivale was intending to be married towards the latter
end of September, and so had made this change, partly at the wish
of his intended bride, that she might be near her parents, who re-
sided on Champion Hill, but principally, I think, because he found
Enfield too far from the Temple, where he had chambers, now he
had more to do.

While I was upstairs with Margaret, taking off her bonnet, she
began telling me many things about the approaching marriage,
and, amongst other things said, that after all was over, and she had
paid various promised visits to friends and relatives, she would
have to make a home for herself somewhere, and settle down as
regular old maid. I expect I did not quite make answers in
right places, for I was busy thinking what a handsome couple
and Mr. Nugent would make, and wishing they would take a fi-
to each other. I have always had a very quick eye for seeing
suitability of people for each other in a matrimonial way, and
I believe, at heart, naturally a matchmaker; only the great re-
sistance of how a marriage might turn out has hitherto kept
back from meddling in what might prove troubled waters.
could not help warmly wishing that these two might find
their own happiness in life to become one. And as I
find another opportunity of doing so, I may as well here re-
combination of circumstances—fate, if you will—caused M
and Margaret to be intimately thrown together, and

about the desire of my heart as regards them, and that, too, without any meddling of mine. It is many years now since they were married, and seemingly they are as much one in heart and interests as Fred and myself are ; and that is saying a great deal.

When we came downstairs into the drawing-room, we saw Jack strolling about by himself in front of the windows, and directly he spied us he came in to tell us Mr. Merivale had also gone with Fred and Mr. Nugent over the house, and, if inclined, we were all to join them on the leads. But even as he spoke, a startling flash of lightning shot through the room, and the rain began to fall heavily, so going out on the leads that evening, Margaret observed, was quite out of the question ; adding that now she was living so near us, doubtless she should have many other opportunities of going up there to see the fine view.

When the three gentlemen returned to us, Fred surprised me greatly by telling me there was a strange man in the kitchen, whom Martha had told them was her son ; and that Nugent had said he well remembered Uncle Compton having a son of Martha's in his office, who was considered a very peculiar-tempered, odd, eccentric fellow, but he certainly could hardly have known him if Martha had not said he was the same man, he was so strangely altered for the worse in his appearance, and was looking so ill.

So," said Fred, "as his mother told us his proper home is some distance from hence, and as it seems we are in for a wet night, and the fellow is looking so awfully ill, I think, Nellie, you had better tell her to give him some tea and 'a good tuck-in' with it ; and, I dare say, she will be glad enough to make him up a bed in one of the old rooms, if you give her leave to do so."

I went out at once to perform the kindly act Fred had so thoughtfully suggested, but when I saw the man, of whom they had spoken, as he sat there in the kitchen with his cadaverous-looking face, and eyes like living coals of fire fiercely gleaming above the sunken cheeks, my heart fairly jumped into my mouth, for I felt positive his was the face I had seen at the panel ; and as I looked at him such a panic seized me I could scarcely command myself sufficiently to give my hospitable-meaning words plain utterance. For to add to my discomfort, the man had risen from his chair at my entrance, and, to my excited imagination, seemed to be standing in the attitude of a wild beast about to spring on his prey, so that I had to control myself by a violent effort, in order to prevent myself turning round and fleeing at my utmost speed into the drawing-room for safety. As it was, I involuntarily put up my hands to protect my throat. Martha at once thanked me, and said he was indeed grateful to myself and the master for our kind offer ; when turning, she came quickly towards me, I scarcely knew for

why, only I had a sort of intuition it was in order to protect me from some threatened danger, and then in a stern voice, she said—

“Why don’t you thank the mistress, Jabez?”

“Your mistress is an angel, mother—I’ve told you so before many a time; and my best way of thanking her would be to help her out of this world before the devil comes to take possession of it.”

“Hold your tongue!—hold your foolish tongue, can’t you?” she replied, stamping her foot, and going up to him and catching him tightly by the arm. Then looking over her shoulder at me for a second, she added, “Go away, ma’am—go at once! tea is made, and is waiting.”

I did not wait a second bidding, I can assure you; and as I got back to the dining-room door, Joyce had just told them in the drawing-room that tea was on the table.

Mr. Nugent sat by me, and was very kindly attentive; saving me, by every means possible, almost all trouble in my capacity of tea-maker. While he was so assisting me, I took the opportunity of inquiring what he knew of Martha and her son; and then he said how surprised he was to find her living with us; and asked how I came to engage her. I told him Mrs. Compton had engaged her for me before I was married, rather to my annoyance, as I had much wished to have brought with me a servant whose friends were all known to my parents. Again Mr. Nugent expressed his surprise, as he said he could not but feel certain Mrs. Compton must have known the very unpleasantly suspicious circumstances under which she had left Mr. Compton (our uncle).

“How was it, then?” I inquired.

“Well, my dear lady, in order for you to understand, I must begin at the beginning, as they say, and a very strange tale it is. You know, I suppose, that your husband’s mother is a Scotch woman. Martha is of the same clan, though in no way connected, except by the most remote tie of blood. Martha’s parents, though extremely poor, had managed to give her a sufficiently good education to enable her to earn her livelihood as a governess; and while in a family in that capacity, residing in Newcastle, a very well-to-do timber merchant made her an offer, which she accepted. This man turned out a regular brute, and it was said by the neighbours that the wretched pair quarrelled and fought most fearfully and continually. During the eleven years of her married life she had managed to get together fairly, or unfairly, from their joint income, over five thousand pounds, and it was believed to be her refusing to tell him where she had placed out this money that was the cause of most of their quarrels. It turned out in the end, though, of course, no one in Newcastle knew of it, that through

your husband's mother, she had placed the first hundred or two in Mr. Compton's hands for investment, and that she had, through the same source, been continually adding to it. At last one morning, when the one servant they kept came down to attend to her duties of lighting the fire, &c., Martha's husband, Mr. Ronaldson, was found dead at the foot of the stairs; a poker lying near him, and his skull smashed in. On flying up to her mistress to tell her the servant found the door fast, with the marks of bloody hands on the door, and door-jamb,—all suspicious circumstances, when it was known what wretched lives this couple had lived. To make a long story short, she was taken up on suspicion of having murdered her husband, and though a bureau had been broken open, and a quantity of plate they were known to have possessed was missing, yet on the trial it was believed that was only done to make it appear burglars had entered the house, and committed the murder. She was condemned as guilty, and would have suffered the full penalty of the law, but that it was discovered in time that she was likely to become a mother, and her son, whom you have just seen, was born in prison, in the condemned convict's cell. Before this ill-fated infant was a week old, some burglars were tried, and one of them, turning Queen's evidence, confessed to having been one of a gang who had broken into Ronaldson's house, and that one of that gang who had just previously been transported for highway robbery, was the one who murdered Ronaldson; not meaning, however, to do more than stun him, to prevent his giving an alarm, which they had been afraid he would do, as he had but that moment parted from a friend at his own street-door, when, opening it from the outside, he had come suddenly upon the housebreakers. Upon this confession, of course Mrs. Ronaldson was liberated, and as soon as she was able, she, for a time, returned to her own house. But human nature somehow or other, finds it much more easy to believe their fellow-creatures guilty of a crime of which they have been accused, than to receive them again into the pale of society. And thus, though her innocence of the foul crime was as widely as possible made known to the public, yet she found herself under a ban in Newcastle, and the neighbourhood and herself and her child as persistently shunned as though they were tainted with the leprosy of old. For years nothing was positively known of their whereabouts; though remittances continued still to be forwarded to Mr. Compton for investment. At length a person in shabby sort of mourning, styling herself Mrs. McLaren, applied to that gentleman to know if he had room for another articulated clerk, as she should like to place her son with him. Mr. Compton, having really made known amongst his friends that he had a vacancy for one, and not knowing how otherwise to refuse the woman, whom, from her

garb, he believed to be below the station from which he should choose to receive a pupil into his office, told her the premium he should require would be a very high one; when she at once made herself known to him, and said whatever was the sum, she was quite willing to pay it so that her son could be received into a respectable gentleman's family, where he would have the opportunity of getting on in the world, and where the wretched secret of his miserable birth might never be cast upon him. Her earnest entreaties at length prevailed, and the youth—Jabez McLaren, as he was to be named—became one of the family, and most ardently he became attached to Mr. Compton's wife, whom you never knew. Her word with him was law, and I believe there was not anything in the world he would not have done for her night or day; and yet when her death occurred—and which was a most sudden one—he almost displayed a pleasure at the event, and did actually say he was glad his dear Mrs. Compton had been taken away from this world, for she was a deal too good to live in it, and he hoped he should soon go to her. Of course it was soon found some one was needed in Mrs. Compton's place, and in a house, too, where there were two or three young gentlemen to be cared for, and servants to be looked after, and Mrs. Frederick Compton, your husband's mother, who was then a widow, was asked by my guardian to bring Fred with her, and come and head his house. But she declined doing so, saying with her delicate health, she should find it too much for her, and, besides, as she had her married daughter to visit, and other friends in Scotland, and spent so many months of every year there, she should not like to take any tie upon her that would prevent that. Yet, while refusing for herself, she urged Mr. Compton's asking Mrs. Ronaldson to take the place of housekeeper in his family, for she knew she had, since her husband's death, filled a similar post in a Scotch nobleman's family, and had only given it up to be near her son in London, and so, doubtless, she would only be too glad to accept the situation in a family where that son was. Mr. Compton did not, however, yield at once to his sister-in-law's suggestion, for it was not until after much deliberation, and his household getting into great disorder, and no one better offering, that he quietly wrote off to the steward of that nobleman in whose house she had been living, to inquire her character, saying that a friend had proposed to him to take her as his housekeeper, but before offering her the situation he should like to know something of her character. The reply was most satisfactory for everything but her temper, which described as generally morose to a degree, except under one extreme case, when she was very much tried, and then her excitement made her appear more like a mad woman than anything else—but it was

only her due to explain the reason of how her temper so overcame her. Her son, a delicate, but promising youth, was at a collegiate school at Dumfries, where one day, after his mother had been to see him, and to take him out to visit some distant relatives ;—returning to school the boys began to taunt him with being the son of the woman Ronaldson, who was hung for murdering her husband, for they had heard one of the masters say so directly he had caught sight of the woman he called his mother. The lad, unable to endure the disgrace of such a thing, had run away from school, declaring he would never return there again, and as she heard the reason of his refusal to go back to that school, she fell to the ground as in a fit ; and on her recovery went off into such an access of passion it was difficult to hold her, declaring she would be the death of the man who had been the cause of her son hearing so disgraceful a tale. Mr. Compton took a night to deliberate over the account of Mrs. Ronaldson's temper, and whatever he thought about it he did not tell me, though I was always a great deal in his confidence, for, having no children of his own, he invariably treated me as a son. In the morning he went to the address she always wrote to him from, and where he found her living in the closest, meanest way, though she was worth at the time nearly nine thousand pounds,—saving it all up for her son, that he might be able to live like a gentleman when she was gone—so she explained to Mr. Compton when he expostulated with her upon living in such penury. To his great surprise she declined the situation, glad as she acknowledged she should be of such an opportunity to earn money. The reason she gave for declining it being that it would be against her son's interests for it to be known his mother was in service, and, above all, in the same house where he was living as a gentleman. Soon after this, while Mrs. Compton was on a visit to him, Mr. Compton had a severe attack of the gout, and I was sent to Mrs. Ronaldson to ask her as a favour to come and help Mrs. Compton to nurse him. I had not any idea until many years afterwards, that she was in the most remote degree connected with the young gentleman who lived in the house with us—Jabez McLaren—and that the stern, reticent Scotchwoman was his mother ; we should none of us, at that time, ever have believed. From nursing Mr. Compton carefully through his illness, and known only in the household as the hired nurse 'Martha,' she continued on afterwards for eleven years as his housekeeper, much respected, and for so cold a mannered woman, tolerably well liked. Never, during the whole time she remained in the house did she ever appear in the parlour, except to receive orders from her master. This, I ultimately learned, was at her own special request, in order that no one might ever suspect she was in any way connected with young

McLaren. For it was the one thing she saved, and toiled, and lived for, that, despite the miserable circumstances of his birth, he should one day take his place in society as a gentleman of wealth and position. That, poor soul, was then her day-dream; and to attain that end she would have been satisfied to have lived and died in the greatest obscurity and poverty. About the end of the eleven years of her service, and at the time Mr. Compton had made arrangements to retire from business, it somehow or other got bruited about in the office, and amongst the servants, that he had made his will, and that in it he had left Martha £500; also that he had equally divided the residue of his property between Fred and myself. When we told him of the report, Mr. Compton neither satisfied us of the truth of it, nor did he absolutely contradict it; but he tried in vain to find out who had first set it afloat—no one seemed to be able to say from whom they had first heard it. But very soon afterwards (it was one night after supper) Mr. Compton was taken alarmingly ill; and I, who was present when he was taken ill, being at table with him, was convinced, by the symptoms, that some poison was at work. I, at once, therefore, used what immediate remedies were at hand; and, meanwhile, sent express for one of our most eminent medical men—but, at the same time, taking care not to give voice to my suspicions, though I carefully locked up the dish, of which he had been partaking, and which I knew no one but Martha had prepared; for though we had a clever first-rate cook in her way, there were some dishes no one did to Mr. Compton's liking so well as Martha; and sweetbreads were one of those particular dishes. Therefore I was certain no one but she would have any hand in the preparation of it; and she it was that I accused in my own mind, and the reason of the foul act, as I believed, was her desire, thereby, the sooner to get possession of the bequest. Fortunately, the remedies which were so promptly administered to Mr. Compton, saved his life; but directly he had at all recovered, strange to say, he sternly insisted not a breath should go forth to his household of there having been even a suspicion of his life having been attempted. This much he conceded, that the medical man called in should take the dish of sweetbreads away with him for analysis, and that he might send him certain proof of the food having been tampered with. For *that*, he said, he would thank him; but he insisted upon it we should leave him to bide his own time for convicting the guilty party: for he said he would never have it on his conscience that an innocent person had been wrongfully accused. My friend and self had agreed we would remain up with him, if not the whole of the night—at any rate, the greater part of it—to see that none of the bad symptoms returned. Mr. Compton was to all appearance sleeping

tranquilly, and we were talking quietly together. The household had all retired some time, and we supposed everyone to be asleep but ourselves, when a little after one, as nearly as I can guess, to our intense surprise McLaren walked in, with nothing on but his night-shirt; looking very wild, and carrying in one hand a glass with some nearly colourless liquid in it. 'Is good Mr. Compton gone to heaven, yet?' he said. 'The angels want him, and Mrs. Compton wants him to go to her. She says it is so lonely up yonder without him; and this many weeks she comes every night and tells me to send him. If he is not gone, please, Mr. Nugent, to give him this; I've made it so nice and sweet, and I've had some myself, so I know it is good, and it will take us both quickly to heaven; then mother will get her five hundred pounds, and won't have to work so hard any more to keep me.' "

What further Mr. Nugent might then have told me I don't know, for the storm, which had been gradually approaching, broke suddenly upon us with a fearfully blinding flash, followed almost instantaneously by a perfect crash of thunder which seemed to shake the house to its foundation, reverberating loudly through the hollow vaults. Before we could almost think, came another flash, and an equally terrific peal at the same time; and a fine tree, in some grounds on the opposite side of the road, was struck by the electric fluid.

In the midst of the terrors of this most awful storm, Joyce rushed in, calling "Mr. Nugent!—Mr. Nugent!—oh! master, help! help! come to Martha!"

Of course we all thought the poor woman had been struck by lightning, and in a body we rushed out into the kitchen. But what a scene presented itself to us! I really don't think any of us, to the longest day of our lives, can forget it.

Our dinner service from the dresser shelves, laid shattered in fragments on the floor, but, much as I might have lamented over its destruction at another time, that we scarcely seemed to observe in the horror of beholding the man—Martha's son—struggling with her violently, as she was endeavouring to wrest a carving knife out of his hand; both of them, too, seeming to be covered with blood from the wounds they were unintentionally giving each other in their frantic struggle for the possession of the instrument.

Suddenly, however, the maniac—for he was one—catching sight of me, left hold of the knife, and, dashing across the kitchen before any one could in the surprise of the moment prevent him, seized me by the throat, and, while endeavouring to strangle me, exclaimed—"She, at least, shall be saved by me, from the fiends who are come to destroy the earth!"

CHAPTER V.

WHAT followed, or who rescued me from the imminent death, I only know from hearsay; but the fright and the injuries I received accidentally, through their anxious endeavours as quickly as possible to free me from the grasp of the poor madman, caused me so serious an illness, that it brought me almost to death's door.

After I had been rescued from his clutches, and removed to my bedroom, he, poor fellow, became more violent than ever—requiring to be strongly tied hand and foot; and even then for some little time, while Joyce was gone to procure other assistance, it was all that his mother and Jack and Mr. Merivale could do to prevent his doing himself and them serious injury.

It was during his struggles to free himself from them that he broke a blood-vessel, after which, poor fellow, he lay quiet enough. Indeed, Mr. Nugent, when fetched down from my bedside to see him, thought at the utmost he could survive barely an hour, life seemed to be ebbing away so fast. However, through the means used to stop the bleeding, he so far recovered that he was able to be moved next day to some lodgings that Mr. Nugent had procured for them; his mother, of course, accompanying him. A comfortable, rather superior place it was; for Martha could well afford to pay for the best, especially as the days of poor Jabez were well-nigh numbered—she felt she had no longer any wish, or care—save from habit—to spare any of that money she had so pinched and toiled to save up. Of what value would all that money be to her now, she oftentimes moaned, when her darling son, was so soon to be taken from her?

He lingered, however, long enough for me to be sufficiently recovered, to go, at his earnest request, to take leave of him. Indeed, I went to sit by him for half-an-hour or so on two or three occasions; on one of which he told me how often he had watched me unknown to myself. That it had been the one pleasure of his life—during the intervals of reason—to listen to me while I was playing and singing; and to watch and wait about where he could see me in the house or garden. That he had once or twice stood so close to me while I was at the piano, that he could have touched me, and did one time raise one of my curls from my neck, and cut a small portion of it, which he still wore about him, and which his mother had promised should lie where it now was—over his heart—when his poor body was laid to rest. And Martha also told me that, even in his worst moments, the sound of my voice or my

piano would, for a time, soothe and calm him. That when very violent, and she found she could do nothing with him, she learned the only way to keep him quiet was to threaten she would take him back to St. Luke's, where he would never more be able to see his "good angel" (so he called me), or hear the sound of her voice.

The seeds of insanity, poor fellow, had been born in him. Homicidal insanity had been a curse inherited by most of the males in Martha's family; for, singularly enough, it seemed to have confined itself solely to the males. But as it had passed over two generations, she had hoped and trusted it had worn itself out, especially as there was some old saying or prophecy kept in memory by her people, to the effect that the curse would be withdrawn when a son of the fated house was born in a prison, amidst great sorrow and tribulation. Therefore, that prophecy being fulfilled in the circumstances of his birth, she had felt no fears about his reason until the time when he attempted Mr. Compton's life; as, until then, he had, to her fancy, shown no signs of the hereditary disease. Rightly or wrongly, we have since believed that, possibly, Mrs. Compton's death, too, was caused by something he gave her in food as little suspected of having been tampered with by him as was the dish of sweetbreads; for she had died most suddenly; but no suspicion attaching to any one, her death was supposed to have arisen from natural causes.

Poor Martha did not long survive her dear, but sorely-afflicted, Jabez. Having no object to live for after he was gone, she seemed, as it were, quietly to drift out of life; and so in a very few months, she, too, was laid to rest beside him.

Sorely against my father's and husband's wishes, she insisted on leaving all her money to me, because her son had been so fond of me; and, moreover, because it had been that dear son's dying request it should be so left for my own sole use, and Mr. Nugent to be the trustee. Poor Jabez! I still often think how his pale face startled me as I saw him at the panel, peeping out at me. And I can afford to laugh, now, at the foolish fancy that then took possession of me, that the face was far too emaciated and ghastly to be real.

It appears that after he had recovered from the effects of the poison he himself took the night he attempted Mr. Compton's life, he became so decidedly mad, that though sorely against Martha's earnest entreaties—who was quite sure she could manage him herself—he was put into a lunatic asylum, where he remained for a time; but after some residence there, seeming to have recovered, his mother was allowed to remove him. This was just prior to, or about the time she took service with us; though I have fancied she

must have seen over "The Elms," and knowing we were young people only just married, believed we could have no possible use for all the old rooms, and, therefore [thought she could easily keep Jabez there unknown and totally unsuspected by us, even under his worst attacks. But how she did manage to do so will ever be a mystery to us all.

OUR SECRET.

ONE jewel amid the soil,
One atom of gold in dross
A Sabbath in a week of toil,
A Crown above life's Cross
Folded—as in their green,
The future lily or rose,
The secret we know, my Queen,
And never another knows.

One tiny golden thread
In all life's tangled skein ;
One bright star overhead,
Lighting the midnight main.
A rift in the clouds, with light
Of heaven glinting between ;
So our secret lightens the night
Of this dark world, my Queen !

MAURICE DAVIES.

LEGENDS OF THE GIANT MOUNTAINS OF BOHEMLA.

VI.

THE COUNTESS CÄCILIE AND THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

AFTER the poor woman, Ilse, had received such a handsome gift from the gnome, a long time elapsed before he again gave any signs of his presence in the Giant Mountains. It is true, the people amused themselves with all sorts of marvellous stories about him, which the narrators, in their social evening circles, would spin out according to their imaginative powers; but these were mere fables to while away the time. The Countess Cäcilie was the last person who met the gnome before he took his departure again to the subterranean world.

This lady, who was suffering from gout and debility, was making the journey with her two healthy daughters to Carlsbad. The mother was so anxious to commence the cure, and the young ladies to enjoy the society, the balls, and serenades, and the other pleasures of watering-places, that they were travelling day and night. It happened that they reached the Giant Mountains shortly after sunset.

It was a fine, warm, summer evening, with not a leaf stirring; the sky, studded with stars, the silver-crescented moon, whose pale light softened the dark shades of the tall pine forests, and the glitter of innumerable shining insects sporting among the bushes, illumined one of the most beautiful scenes of nature, though the travelling party saw little or nothing of it, for the Countess, as they slowly ascended a hill, had been rocked, by the swinging motion of the carriage, into a gentle slumber; and the daughters, as well as the waiting-maid, had each settled themselves comfortably in a corner, and were also dozing. Sleep, however, did not visit the eyes of the vigilant Johann, perched on the high coach-box. All the tales about Rübezahl, which he had listened to so eagerly in days gone by, crowded back upon his mind, now that he was actually traversing the scenes where these adventures had taken place, and he heartily wished that he had never heard anything about them. Ah! how he longed to be safely back in Breslau, where a ghost nor a necromancer, would not likely venture. He kept glancing timidly round on all sides every three or four minutes, and at each indistinct object upon which his eyes rested, a cold shudder ran down his back, and his hair rose high on his head. Now and then he com-

municated his uneasiness to the postillion, and inquired eagerly of him if the mountains were haunted? The postillion, with a round oath, assured Johann that the place was perfectly safe; still his heart beat violently from fear.

After there had been a long pause, and not a word exchanged between them, the postillion suddenly stopped the horses, muttered something between his teeth, and drove on, then halted again, and so on. Johann, who had firmly closed his eyes, suspected no good from these manœuvres; he opened them timidly, and beheld with horror, about a stone's throw in front of the carriage, a figure as black as pitch, of gigantic size, with a white Spanish necktie; but the most terrific part about it was, that the apparition had no head. When the carriage stopped, the figure also stood still; but when, by dint of the free use of the whip, the horses went on, it moved further.

"I say, do you see anything?" cried the faint-hearted domestic from the high coach-box, his hair bristling up.

"Yes, I do see something," his companion replied, in a subdued tone. "But hold your tongue; we must mind we do not go wrong."

Johann repeated mentally all the short prayers he could remember, the Benedicite and Grantias included, becoming alternately hot and cold in his mortal dread. As a woman who is afraid of lightning, when, in the middle of the night, the thunder is rolling in the distance, rouses the whole house, thinking herself secure in the society of others from the dreaded danger, thus, from the same motive, the cowardly servant sought encouragement and protection from his sleeping mistress, and tapped eagerly at the front window. The Countess, not over-pleased at being roused from her pleasant slumber, asked what was the matter?

"Will your ladyship be so good as to look out," said Johann, in a trembling voice. "Yonder is a man without a head."

"Blockhead that you are!" answered the Countess, "what commonplace trash are you dreaming? And if it were so," she added, jestingly, "a man without a head is not a rarity; there are plenty of them in Breslau, and everywhere else."

The young ladies, however, could not appreciate their mamma's jest. They were terribly frightened—pressed close to their mother, and groaned—

"Ah! it is Rübezahl, the mountain goblin!"

The elderly lady, however, whose theory on the spirit-world was very different to that of her daughters, reproached them for these vulgar notions; declared that all stories about ghosts and spectres were merely the creations of diseased imaginations.

She was in the midst of her harangue, when the figure in the

black mantle, having disappeared for a few minutes, again emerged from among the bushes to the high road. It was now evident that Johann had not seen correctly. The apparition had a head, but he did not carry it on his shoulders, but under his arm. This frightful sight, not three yards off, created the greatest dismay, both to those within and those on the outside of the carriage. The young ladies and their maid screamed in chorus, drew down the silken blinds, and hid their faces, like the ostrich, when it has no chance of escaping the sportsman. The mamma clasped her hands together in silent horror, and secretly repented her confident assertions in regard to spectres.

Johann, against whom the figure in the black mantle seemed to have some especial designs, began, in the anguish of his mind, the common exorcism with which ghosts are greeted: "All good spirits,"—but before he could get any further, the monster, flinging his severed head at his face, knocked him clean off his exalted, cushioned seat; at the same instant the post-boy was stretched on the ground by a tremendous blow from a fist, and the spectre, in a hollow, unearthly voice, said—"Take that from Rübezahl, the Lord of the Mountains, for encroaching upon his rights. The carriage, and all it contains, now belongs to me." Then swinging himself into the saddle, the spectre urged on the horses up hill, down dale, over hedge and ditch, the rattling of the wheels, and the snorting of the horses, completely drowning the screams of the four terrified women within.

All of a sudden, the party was increased by another person; a horseman rode past the postillion, and did not appear to remark that he was minus his head; he kept in front of the carriage as if he belonged to it. He in the black mantle did not seem to like this company, and turned off in another direction; the horseman did the same, but often as he changed his route, he could not get rid of his tiresome escort. The postillion was astonished at this, particularly as he distinctly perceived that the cavalier's steed had one leg too little. The black postillion, astride on the saddle-horse, became uneasy, and he feared that his Rübezahl rôle would soon be at an end, as the genuine Rübezahl seemed to have presented himself on the scene.

After awhile, the horseman turned till he came close up to the postillion, and, addressing him in a confidential manner, asked—

"Friend without a head, whither are you journeying?"

"As you see, following my nose," answered the postillion, in rather an unsteady voice.

"Indeed!" responded the cavalier; "let us see, my man, where your nose is!" and he seized the reins, laid hold of the fellow in the black mantle by the body, and flung him with such force to the

ground, that he felt as if every limb was broken, for the would-be spectre proved to be made of flesh and bone like other ordinary people. Quickly the mantle was pulled off him, and a curly head made its appearance, which was shaped like that of any other man. The rogue, finding himself detected, and fearing the heavy hand of his adversary, not doubting, either, that *he* was the true Rübezahl, whom he had dared to personify, threw himself upon his knees, suing for mercy.

“Stern Lord of the Mountains,” he said, “have pity upon an unfortunate being, who has been the butt of fate from his earliest youth—who never was allowed to be what he wanted to be—who on every occasion was forced to abandon the occupation for which he had tried to qualify himself!—and now that his career is dashed among men, may not even venture to assume for a time the appearance of a being not of this world!”

This speech was well timed. The gnome was very angry with the fellow for daring to personify him, and would instantly have punished him by strangling him on the spot, if his curiosity had not been raised to learn the adventurer’s history.

“Sit up, comrade!” he said, “and do as you are desired.” Then, having first drawn out the fourth leg of the horse, he went up to the carriage-door, opened it, and was about to bow politely to the travelling party.

But all within was still and silent as the grave. Excessive terror had shaken their nervous systems so much that, one and all, from the noble Countess down to the waiting-maid, had swooned away. The traveller was not at a loss in this dilemma; he filled his hat with water from a cool mountain-spring that rippled not far off, and sprinkled it in the faces of the ladies; he held smelling-salts to their noses, and rubbed their temples with a reviving essence, and thus recalled them to life. One after another they opened their eyes, and beheld a handsome, gentlemanly man, whose polite and kind manners soon inspired them with confidence.

“I am truly sorry, ladies,” he said, “that in the district over which I have jurisdiction you should have been attacked by a worthless wretch, whose intention it doubtless was to rob you. But now you are in safety. I am Colonel von Riesenthal; permit me to guide you to my residence, which is not far from here.”

The Countess accepted the invitation with pleasure; the curly-headed impostor was ordered to drive on, and obeyed with trembling haste. In order to leave the ladies time to recover from their late fright, the cavalier again placed himself by the side of the postillion, desiring him to drive now to the right, then to the left; and he observed, much to his increasing horror, that the knight called one of

the bats which were flying around, and gave it some secret command.

In about an hour's time, a light was discovered in the distance, then two, and at last four, and four jagers came galloping along with lighted torches, who said they had been anxiously looking for their master, and appeared delighted to have found him.

The Countess had now entirely recovered herself, and, no longer feeling in danger, she thought of honest Johann, and became anxious about his fate. She communicated her uneasiness to their kind protector, who immediately despatched two of the jagers to look for the unfortunate servants, and to render them any service in their power. Soon after, the carriage rolled through the gloomy outer gates into a spacious courtyard, and stopped in front of a handsome house, which was lighted up from the top to the bottom. The cavalier offered his arm to the Countess, and conducted her to the reception-rooms, where already a large party was assembled. The young ladies were not a little embarrassed at being introduced to so distinguished a circle in their travelling costume, and before they had time to arrange their dress at all.

After the first little ceremonies were over, the company formed themselves into small groups; some placed themselves at card-tables, while others conversed together. The ladies' adventure was much canvassed, and, ere long, the attentive host came in, accompanied by a gentleman, who seemed just the person wanted. He was a medical man; he inquired after the state of the Countess's health, and that of her daughters, felt their pulses, and, looking very grave, feared there were many critical symptoms. Although the ladies, considering the circumstance, were really very well, yet the threatened danger alarmed them much. The doctor prescribed strong doses of soothing powders and drops; and the healthy daughters, against their will, but to please their anxious mother, were obliged to swallow some of the medicine too.

Patients of too yielding a temper make exacting doctors: our present friend now insisted upon bleeding the fair travellers, and the Countess submitted to the preventative recommended against all the ill effects of fear. The young ladies, however, refused, and with difficulty the persuasive powers of the medical man, and the paternal authority, induced them to overcome their dread of the lancet.

This surgical operation had not been long accomplished when the party adjourned to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was prepared. The sideboards were laden with silver and gold plate, splendid salvers, and golden drinking-cups, of the finest workmanship. Charming music came floating in from an adjoining room, and added to the pleasures of the *recherché* dishes, and the

fine wines. When the more substantial viands were removed, the servants put down the dessert, consisting of miniature mountains and rocks of coloured sugar and tragacanth gum, and the artistic confectioner had represented the whole scene of the Countess's adventure in small wax-figures. The Countess could not help silently wondering at, and admiring, this original display. She turned to her decorated neighbour at table, who informed her that he was a Bohemian Count, and asked what fête day was being celebrated, and received as answer that there was nothing unusual taking place—it was only a social party of old friends, who had met by chance. She was astonished that she had never heard of the wealthy and hospitable Colonel von Riesenthal at Breslau, or elsewhere, and although she mentally ran over all the genealogical tables, with which her memory was well stored, she could not discover this name. She determined to question her host himself on the points on which she wished explanation, but he so skilfully avoided the subject that she could not gain her object; he intentionally turned the conversation to the aerial regions of the spirit-world.

A fat canon told many wonderful stories about Rübezahl; opinions varied as to the faith to be placed in them. The Countess, who was quite in her element when she could show forth her learning, and enter the lists against preconceived opinions, placed herself at the head of the freethinking party. A lame minister of finance, whose only nimble member was his tongue, and had constituted himself Rübezahl's advocate, was very hard pressed by her energetic sallies.

“My own history,” she added, in conclusion, “is a proof that all that has been said of the Mountain Spirit is mere imagination. If he dwelt here in the mountains, and possessed the noble qualities which romance and weak-minded people attribute to him, he would not have allowed a rascal to have imposed upon and annoyed us, feigning to be him. But the miserable nonentity of a spirit did not come forward to save the honour of his name, and had it not been for Herr von Riesenthal's generous aid, the bold scoundrel would have had it all his own way, and we should have been entirely at his mercy.”

The host had hitherto taken little part in the conversation; he now, however, joined in, saying—

“You have entirely depopulated the spirit-world, madam; the whole creation of imagination has been swept away like mist before our eyes by your lucid explanation. You have also proved, by very good arguments, the non-existence of the old inhabitant of this neighbourhood, and have silenced his worthy advocate, our Minister of Finance. Nevertheless, it appears to me that some objection might be made to your last argument. What if the fabulous Lord

of the Mountains had had a hand in delivering you from the power of the disguised robber? What if our friendly neighbour had assumed my form in order to bring you here in safety? and what if I tell you that, as the host of the house, I have not moved from this company, that you were conducted to my abode by a stranger, who is no longer present? Thus it is possible that the mountain lord preserved his honour, and consequently that he is not quite the myth you consider him."

This speech somewhat disconcerted the Countess, and her pretty laughs put down their knives and forks in astonishment, and tried to read, by the expression of the countenance of their host, whether he were in earnest or jest. Any further discussion on this subject was interrupted by the arrival of the servant and postillion, who had been sought and found. The latter had just experienced as much pleasure in the sight of his four horses in the stable, as the former felt on entering the dining-room in high spirits there to find his mistress and the young ladies quite well and happy. He triumphantly carried round the gigantic head of the black-mantled spectre, by which he had been stretched on the ground as if he had been struck by a bullet. The head was handed over to the doctor to dissect, and to give his *visum repertum* on it. But without the aid of his anatomical knife, he instantly perceived it to be a pumpkin, which had been scooped out, filled with sand and stones, and, by the addition of a wooden nose and a long flaxen beard, was made to represent a hideous human face.

On rising from the table, it being already very late, the party separated for the night. The ladies found excellent couches with silk hangings, prepared for them, in which they fell asleep so quickly that fancy had not time to conjure up again the terrors of ghost stories, to be followed by broken and troubled dreams. It was late in the morning when the mamma awoke, rang for her maid, and roused her daughters, who would willingly have turned on the downy pillows and had another nap. But the Countess was so anxious to try the healing powers of the mineral waters as soon as possible, that her hospitable host could not induce her to remain another day, eager as the young ladies were to be present at the ball he promised to give for them. As soon as breakfast was over the ladies prepared to depart; touched by the kind reception which they had met with in Herr von Riesenthal's house, and for his politeness in escorting them to the boundary of his district, they promised, on bidding him adieu, to pay him another visit on their journey homewards.

The gnome had scarcely returned to his house, than the curly-headed impostor was brought before him; he had passed the night

in an underground apartment, fearing and trembling at what might await him.

"Miserable worm!" said the magician, addressing him, "what is there to prevent me from destroying you for the trick you have played which brought me into ridicule in my own domain? You shall pay me for it with your life."

"Magnanimous sovereign of the Riesengebirge!" answered the cunning fellow, "though your right over the land is so legitimate that I could not dispute it with you, still, tell me, first, what your laws are which I have broken, and then judge me."

His bold language led Rübezahl to believe that he was no ordinary man. The gnome, therefore, moderated his anger, and said—

"Nature has written my laws in your heart; but that you may not say that I have judged you unheard, speak on, and honestly confess to me who you are, and what prompted you to be personifying a spectre here in these mountains?"

The prisoner was delighted to hear that he was allowed to speak, hoping, by a faithful account of his life, to mollify Rübezahl's anger, and, perhaps, escape his revenge."

"Formerly," he began, "I was called poor Knuz, and I lived in the Saxon town, Lauban; by trade an honest purse-maker, though I could scarcely exist upon what I earned, for there is no trade so penurious as that of honesty. Although my purses were liked, because, it was said, they held the money well, my own purse was never anything else but as empty as a conscientious stomach on fast-days. My father was constantly preaching to his seven sons the golden rule: children, what you undertake, that do with all your might; so I unremittingly worked at my trade, without, however, increasing my means. War, famine, and bad money, were in the country; my companions thought, 'light coin, light wares.' I, however, thought 'honesty is the best policy,' and I gave good articles for bad money. I worked myself to beggary—was thrown into a debtor's prison—and when my creditors would no longer maintain me, I was, through honesty, expelled the country. During the career of misery I now entered upon, I met one of my old customers; he was riding grandly on horseback, and he called scoffingly to me—'You bungler, you! I see you are not master of your trade! you can make splendid leather purses, but have no money.' 'Harkye, comrade!' I answered the scoffer; 'you are a bad shot—your arrow does not hit the mark. There are many things in the world which belong together, but which one does not find together. Many have a stable, but no horse in it; or a barn, and no sheaves to thrash; a bread-pan, and no bread; or a cellar, and

no wine;—so goes the saying, ‘one has the purse, another the money.’ ‘It is better to have both together,’ he said. ‘If you are willing to become my pupil, I will make a perfect man of you; and as you understand so well how to manufacture purses, I will teach you how to fill them too. I am a money-coiner by trade.’ ‘It is all right if you are employed in the mint; but if you are coining money on your own account, that is a precarious business, which will bring you to the gallows, and I would rather have nothing to do with it.’ ‘Those who venture nothing can win nothing,’ he replied; ‘and he who sits by the dish, and cannot help himself, may starve. After all, it very little signifies whether one is stifled or starved to death—die one must.’ ‘With this exception only,’ I added, ‘whether one dies as an honest man, or as a malefactor.’ ‘Prejudice!’ he cried. ‘What harm can there be in rounding a piece of metal? The Jew, Ephraim, has fashioned many of the same stamp as ours; what is right for one person is fair for another.’ In short, the fellow had such persuasive power, that I agreed to his proposition, and speedily reconciling myself to the work, I became a skilful and clever pupil. I put my mind into my business, and soon learned that the art of money-making was much more profitable than that of purse-making. But the success of our fabric awakened the envy of the trade; the Jew, Ephraim, had us prosecuted—we were tried, and condemned to imprisonment for life.

“Then I passed several years, following the rules of the Penitent Brothers, until a good angel, who was then traversing the country to set free all prisoners who were strong and healthy, opened the doors of my prison for me. He was a recruiting officer, who, instead of enlisting me for the king, gave me the noble privilege of fighting for himself, and I joined the free corps. I was quite satisfied with this exchange, and was fully determined to be a thorough soldier. I distinguished myself on every occasion; I was always foremost in the attack, and if we were forced to fly, I was so active that the enemy could never catch me.

“Fortune favoured me. I already commanded a troop of horse, and hoped soon to rise, when I happened once to be sent on a foraging expedition, and followed my orders so exactly, that I not only emptied barns and warehouses, but also boxes and coffers in private houses and churches. Unfortunately, this occurred in a country friendly to ours, and a great fuss was made about it; invidious persons called it a plundering expedition. I was tried as a marauder, and, in the presence of five hundred men, I was degraded from the rank in which I had hoped to have made my fortune, and afterwards dismissed.

“ I did not know what to do now except to return to my first trade ; but two things were wanting, credit to obtain the leather to make the purses, and inclination to work ; so I set to searching pockets, and every purse of which I gained possession, I looked upon as my own work, and consequently lawful prize. For a time this business throve. I visited under various disguises, now as a cavalier, a shopkeeper, or a Jew, fairs and markets, and my hand became so practised, and my fingers so nimble, that I never made a mistake, and I lived sumptuously. This mode of life so exactly suited me, that I determined to persevere in it. However, the caprice of fate will never allow me to do what I want. I went to the annual fair at Leignitz, and had hold of a well-filled purse of a wealthy farmer ; but the awkwardness of the heavy thing caused it to elude my light touch, and I was caught in the act, judged, and thrown into prison, my evil star once more thrusting me from my livelihood. But I watched my opportunity, and succeeded, one dark evening, in escaping from my place of confinement.

“ I hesitated what to attempt now ; begging failed ; the police in Groszglogau took me in charge, and wished, whether I liked it or not, to force me into a trade. With the greatest difficulty I got free of this severe jurisdiction, which takes upon itself to be the guardian of the unemployed. So I avoided towns, and betook myself to the country, never staying long anywhere.

“ It happened that the Countess was travelling through that part where I had just put up ; some portion of her carriage had broken, and had to be mended. Among several idle persons who were led by curiosity to stare at the strangers, I went too, and I made the acquaintance of the chicken-hearted domestic, who in his simplicity, confided to me that he was terribly afraid of you, Herr Rübezahl, for owing to this delay they would have to pursue their journey over the mountains during the night time. This suggested an idea, namely, to take advantage of the timid party's fears, and to try my talent in the spectre world. I slipped in by the back door to the cottage of the village sexton, where I was lodging, and as he happened to be absent, I appropriated his long black official mantle, and a pumpkin, which had been placed on the top of the clothes-press, as an ornament. With these articles I betook myself to the wood, and there arranged my disguise and mask. Of what use I made of them you are aware, and had it not been for your appearance on the scene, there can be no doubt, I should have succeeded in my master stroke ; indeed, the game was already won. Having rid myself of both the cowardly servants, my intention was to have driven the carriage into the depths of the wood, and, without doing the ladies the smallest harm, to have exchanged the black mantle—which, having done me good service, had considerably

risen in value—for their money and ornaments, to have wished them a pleasant journey, and bid them adieu.

“Honestly speaking, Herr Rübezahl, I had no fears of your spoiling my game. The world is so unbelieving, that children are not even frightened by your name nowadays; and if it were not here and there for a simpleton, such as the Countess’s servant, or some old wife mentioning you, the world would have forgotten you long ago. I thought who chose to personify Rübezahl might do so; I know better now, and am in your power. I have surrendered at discretion, and can only trust that my frank avowal may have lessened your displeasure. It would be a trifling matter for you to make an honest fellow out of me. If you would dismiss me with a small slice of your wealth—or pluck me a branch from your sloe-tree, as you once did for a hungry wayfarer, who, it is true, broke a tooth in eating your fruit, but found the sloes afterwards turned into pure golden berries—or, if you would honour me with one of the eight ninepins you still possess, of which you presented the ninth to a student of Prague, after playing at ninepins with you—or, the milk-jug, the milk that ran from which turned into golden cheese;—or, if I am worthy of punishment, flog me in school-master-fashion, as you did the cobbler, with a golden rod, and favour me with it afterwards as a remembrance. All of these tales the day-labourers and artisans love to relate of you at their drinking bouts. Ah! my fortune would be made at once. Truly, Herr Rübezahl, if you felt the wants of mankind, you would know that it is very hard to be honest when one is suffering all sorts of privations; for instance, when one is hungry, and has not a rap, it is heroic virtue not to steal a loaf from some rich baker, whose counter is laden with bread. The proverb says, ‘Necessity has no law.’ ”

“Go, scoundrel!” said the gnome, when the curly-headed prisoner had finished speaking. “Go, as far as your feet will carry you, and mount to the summit of your fortune—the gallows!” and he sent him off with a tremendous kick. The fellow was thankful to escape with so slight a punishment, and he congratulated himself that his eloquence had this time rescued him from his perilous position. He exerted himself to the utmost to get out of the sight of the stern Lord of the Mountains, and in his haste forgot his black mantle. Though he hurried and hurried on, yet it seemed to him as if he never left the neighbourhood; he always saw the same mountains and prospect before him, though he had lost sight of the house to which he had lately been. Worn out by this eternal treading over the same ground, he stretched himself under a tree in the shade, to rest awhile, and to watch for some passer-by who could guide him on his way.

Presently he fell fast asleep, and when he awoke, there was profound darkness around him. He well knew that he had dropped asleep beneath a tree, still there was not a breath of wind stirring the branches; he saw no stars shining through the foliage, nor the smallest light such as is discernible even in dull nights. In his dismay he tried to jump up, but some unknown power kept him back, and the movement which he made produced a loud re-echoed noise, like the jingle of chains. He instantly became aware that he was chained, and fancied that he must be again in Rübezahl's custody, several fathoms beneath the earth, a thought that filled him with fear and dismay.

Some hours after the darkness began to disperse, but light only fell faintly through the iron grating of a small window, high up in the wall. Without knowing where he was, the dungeon did not appear quite strange to him; he eagerly watched for the gaoler, in vain. One long weary hour followed another till the prisoner was consumed with hunger and thirst. He began to make a noise, and to rattle his chains; he knocked against the wall, cried anxiously for help, and at length heard voices approaching. But no one would venture to open the prison door for a considerable time, however; at last the head gaoler, crossing himself, cautiously unlocked the door, and began to drive out the devil, whom he fancied was let loose in the dungeon. Much to his surprise and relief, he recognised his escaped prisoner, the thief, while Knuz beheld the gaoler at Liegnitz, and perceived that Rübezahl had transported him back to the very prison from which he had escaped.

"So," said the servant of the law, "you have hopped back into your cage. How did you get in?"

"Through the door, of course," replied Knuz. "I am tired of roaming about, so you see I have settled down, and have taken possession of my old quarters again."

Nobody could imagine how the prisoner had re-entered the tower, or who had put on his chains. Knuz, not wishing his adventure to be known, stoutly and boldly declared that he had returned of his own account; he had the power to pass in and out of locked doors, to put on chains, or, when it pleased him, to throw them off, for no lock could withstand him.

Whether this story was believed or not, he gave no further proof of his supernatural powers, for no one had ever heard of his having taken advantage of them.

Meanwhile, the Countess Cäcilie and her party had reached Carlsbad in perfect safety. The first thing she did was to summon the doctor, in order, as usual, to consult him about her state of health, and to receive his instructions how she was to commence the "cure." The then celebrated physician, Dr. Springsfeld, from Merse-

burg, who would not have exchanged the golden springs of Carlsbad for a river in Paradise, entered the apartments of the Countess.

"How happy we are to see you, dear doctor!" cried the Countess, and her charming daughters also received him in the most friendly manner. "How kind of you to come to us!" added the elder lady. "We thought you were still at Herr von Riesenthal's. But why did you not tell us there that you practised at Carlsbad?"

"Ah, doctor," exclaimed Miss Hedwig, "my foot pains me so much where you bled me! I shall do nothing but limp here. I fear I shall not be able to waltz at all."

The medical man looked surprised, but could not remember having seen the ladies anywhere.

"Your ladyship, doubtless, mistakes me for another," he said. "I have not before had the honour of making your personal acquaintance, nor have I had the pleasure of visiting Herr von Riesenthal; indeed, during the season here, I never leave the place."

The Countess could not imagine any other reason for the strict *incognito* which the doctor seemed so anxious to preserve, except, perhaps, contrary to the usual custom of his brother practitioners, he did not wish to be remunerated for the services he had rendered them, so she answered, smiling—

"I understand you, dear doctor; you are too kind; but I must acknowledge myself your debtor, and am truly grateful for your skilful aid." And she forced upon him a golden snuff-box, which, however, he would only accept as payment in advance, and not wishing to annoy so promising a patient, ceased to gainsay her. He had no difficulty in unravelling the riddle to his own satisfaction, for he concluded that the whole of the Countess's family were slightly touched, and in such cases it was not unusual for the imagination to take strange and inconceivable freaks; therefore he proscribed accordingly very gentle and soothing remedies.

Dr. Springsfeld was not one of those solemn medical men who, with the exception of recommending their pills and draughts, has no idea of making themselves agreeable to their patients; he knew how to amuse them, and to cheer them, with droll stories, the news of the town, and little anecdotes. When his visit to the Countess was over, and he continued his round, he related in every drawing-room the strange meeting with his new patient, and, of course, by frequent repetition it grew in proportion;—now the lady was an invalid, then not quite right in her mind, then a seer. People were curious to make the acquaintance of such an extraordinary woman, and the Countess Cäcilie became the rage of the place. The first time she appeared with her daughters in society, every one crowded round her. And exceedingly surprised she and the young ladies were to meet here the whole party to whom they had been intro-

duced, but a few days before, at the house of Herr von Riesenthal.

The Count with the numerous orders, the jovial canon, and the lame Minister of Finance, were the first they perceived. There was not a face that was unknown to them in the hall, and they were spared the stiff formality of curtseying to utter strangers. With frank ease, the affable ladies turned to first one, then another of the company present, calling each by their name and title, spoke much of Herr von Riesenthal—referred to the pleasant conversation they had had with them at the house of that hospitable gentleman—and could not understand why the ladies and gentlemen who had been so kind and friendly towards them at their first meeting, had become so cold and distant. The Countess and her daughters naturally fancied that it was a preconcerted arrangement, and that Herr von Riesenthal would put an end to the joke by unexpectedly making his appearance. The Countess, however, would not let him enjoy the triumph of having got the better of her penetration, so she jestingly commissioned the minister on crutches to search out the colonel in his ambuscade, and to bring him forth.

All these speeches proved, according to the opinion of the Carlsbad visitors, the Countess to have a very lively imagination, and they pitied her extremely; for, except when she got upon the subject of the Giant Mountains, she appeared to be a very sensible woman, and not in the least extravagant or absurd in her conversation. The Countess, on her part, guessed by the serious faces, the significant glances and nods, of the persons around her, that they misjudged her, and that they fancied her disease had flown from her limbs to her brain. She concluded that the best way of refuting this mortifying opinion would be by frankly relating their adventure on the boundary of Silesia. She was listened to with the attention that might be paid to a legend, that amuses for a few minutes, but not a word of which is believed. “Wonderful!” cried her audience, as with one accord, and glancing significantly at Dr. Springsfeld, who secretly shrugged his shoulders, and mentally resolved not to release his patient from his care until the mineral waters had thoroughly washed out of her mind all remembrance of the supposed adventure among the Giant Mountains.

The “Bad” accomplished, in truth, all that the physician and the invalid expected of it. When the Countess perceived that her story found little credit with the Carlsbad visitors, and, indeed, caused them to doubt the soundness of her mind, she dropped the subject, and Dr. Springsfeld did not fail to ascribe her silence to the healing powers of the mineral waters, which, however, had quite another effect, and released the Countess from her troublesome gout and severe pains in her limbs.

When the course was finished, and the pretty daughters had allowed themselves to be stared at and admired enough, had plentifully imbibed the pleasing incense of flattery, and had danced until they were tired of it, the mother and daughters returned to Breslau. They purposely chose the route home through the Giant Mountains, in order to keep their word to the hospitable Colonel that they would give him a call on their return journey. Besides, the Countess hoped from him to obtain an explanation of the incomprehensible riddle how they had become acquainted in his house with the visitors then at Carlsbad, who had behaved so strangely to them.

But nobody could direct them to the castle of Herr von Riesen-thal—indeed, his very name was not known on either side of the mountains. So, at length, the astounded lady became convinced that the stranger, who had taken herself and her daughters under his protection, and entertained them so handsomely, must have been none other than Rübezahl himself, the Magician of the Mountains. She admitted that he had acted in a most hospitable and generous manner towards them, pardoned him his jest with respect to the visitors at Carlsbad, and from thenceforth firmly believed in the existence of supernatural beings, though she hesitated, on account of scoffers, to express her belief to the world.

Nothing has been heard of Rübezahl since his adventure with the Countess Cécilie and her daughters. He returned to his underground dominions, and as, after this event, the vast subterraneous fire burst forth which destroyed Lisbon and Guatimala, and since then continued its devastating onward course, and has lately spread to the fundamental base of the German fatherland, the gnomes have had so much to do, in the bowels of the earth, to stem the progress of the streams of fire, that none have again made their appearance on the surface of the globe.

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DREAMS OF OTHER YEARS.

DREAMS of other years !
Dews that fall in shadow from the eyes of night,
Like an infant's tears,
Falling fast and lonely for the faded light !

Golden summer flowers,
Shedding, when the summer of their years is fled,
Through the heart's lone bowers
All the darling fragrance that they used to shed !

Heart-remembered strain,
Where the still sad music of the spirit blends,
Soothing us again,
Like the sweet old voices of our early friends !

Lamps to light us still
Where the Distance beckons, like a beckoning star,
With their wan bright will
From the travelled Land into the Land Afar !

Shall I mourn for beams
Of dear eyes decayed ?—for hopes and spirits riven ?
Are ye not, of dreams,
Golden links of soul to bind us unto Heaven ?

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

THE DRAGON MYTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRIMITIVE MYTH.

MYTHS and Symbols are—except among some adherents to the Primitive Church, modern Ritualists, and such country gentlemen as are turning from Gallicised saloons to old wainscotted halls, and ancient decorations of time-honoured heraldry—out of fashion. In this hard utilitarian world, the practical details of life hold far too much sway over all that is poetic, to permit such trifling with stern facts as the idealisation of the phenomena of nature, or the deification of human virtues or human beauty. It is possible that in this instance, as in many others, there may be a day of reaction. Man may turn back, wearied with his struggles against man—the exhausting competition for wealth—and seek repose in that love of the ideal and the beautiful, which has been so kindly and so considerately planted in the human mind as a solace to the exigencies of the body. The application of art to industry has opened the way to a new state of things. As taste is developed it will ally itself more and more with all that is beautiful in nature, and this is all the more inevitable, as the struggles for the corporeal man are intermittent, whilst the pleasures of the moral being are for ever.

The notion of tracing a Dragon Myth from its origin, through its various transformations in different ages, and among different people, may appear to some as peurile a pursuit as that of an aged inhabitant of China flying a dragon-kite in commemoration of the same antique tradition. But a myth of such high antiquity, and which, amidst its numerous transformations, has been handed down to our own times, is deserving of respect. It may be truly said, indeed, that no myth of antiquity has been so universally received, or has been so generally popular, as that of the Dragon.

It is surely worth while, then, to trace this myth through the various modifications which it has received at the hands of different people, and the phases which it has been made to assume by the particular genius of time and place—its realisation at one moment, its idealisation at another; its embodiment in one country, and its symbolisation in all. Realised in the storm, the deluge, the whirlpool, the waterspout and the river flood—in the dangerous rock and eddy; idealised at one time, as destructive power, at another,

as watchful guardianship ; embodied in the crocodile—the Leviathan of old—pictured forth in the huge ruin tenanted lizards—the very emblem of Biblical desolation—and combated by knight and heroes of medieval romance, still it has ever remained the persistent symbol of warlike ardour.

Step by step the same pervading idea can always be traced, and more or less proximately eliminated ; and surely if the vindication of the origin of a primitive myth in the phenomena of nature is worthy of philosophical research, so the transformations which it has had to undergo at different epochs, amid different nations and people, and through varying cosmogonies and religious legends and traditions,¹ are equally deserving of study and research ; nor is the inquiry so void of philosophical bearings as might be supposed.

It is, at all events, with this feeling predominant, that the present inquiry has been instituted. It has been found in the course of that inquiry, that up to the present time the Dragon Myth has been almost invariably localised—that is to say, that it has been contemplated in a more or less local and temporary point of view. Thus the mythologist has been content with tracing analogies between themes often repeated ; the Biblical interpreter has been satisfied to wade amid a number of uncertain images, often, indeed, (without any philosophical basis to guide in the inquiry) inconsistent with one another, while the herald has perforce, had to content himself with proclaiming the Gothic and Celtic origin of his fantastic devices.

It was, then, a pleasant task to bring such apparent discrepancies into harmony, and to trace these transformations of myths amid varying times and places into a certain satisfactory co-ordination.

There are no practical advantages, and but few moral lessons to be deduced from such an investigation ; but there is the pleasure

¹ The two words "legend" and "tradition" are more than any other liable to misuse. Dr. Robinson in his "Biblical Researches," constantly uses the word legend in the sense of "fable." The two words are still more commonly used as if synonymous. A legend, as is manifest from its derivation, ought only to apply to that which is written. It was in this sense that it was applied to the lives of saints read at matins and that it is still applied to the words encircling a coin. Tradition, on the contrary, means that which is handed down orally—the delivery of oral report, and not by writing. It is of the utmost importance that this distinction should be upheld, or great confusion and misunderstandings arise.

It is the same with the word *talisman*, which, in the original "*talism*," means an inscription, and which inscriptions being with the Eastern nations, as far back as Assyrian and Babylonian times, carried upon the person as engraved cylinders, amulets, (*alexi pharmakon*, or "antidotes to evil") or charms, the said amulets have, with the progress of time, got to be called talismans, without regard to whether there be any inscriptions or not.

of tracing through many and varying phases, a tradition of remarkable antiquity, of some Biblical importance, of great mythological interest, and of no little legendary, heraldic, romantic, and poetic and artistic celebrity—traces of the influence of which are indeed, still to be met with in the literature and art of most countries.

The framework of historical studies, it is necessary and essential to premise, has been much extended in modern times. Many years have not elapsed since the systems of Mythology have been successfully investigated. Literary men drew from such those eternal metaphors which hastened the decline of classical literature; historians penned vague phrases upon the poetry which transformed the heroes of olden times into gods and demi-gods, while theologians contented themselves with denouncing the worship of the devil and all his works. A few speculative minds ventured now and then to trench upon occult and mysterious meanings and associations, but without result, for they had no key to guide them in their inquiries. Hence it was that mythology continued so long to be a study, to which no serious or scientific writer would devote his attention.

But the progress of philology and of scientific criticism, especially as developed by the deep and rare penetration of the Germans, have now brought mythology within the limits of positive inquiry, and have, indeed, rendered it an unexpected auxiliary to ethnology. The classification of religions, like that of languages, has been found to coincide with the distribution of races. Mythology has confirmed the relations established by comparative philology. The work is still far from complete; but, for the Indo-European family, which is the first and noblest of all, the results are definitely acquired, and there only remains to elucidate the details.

Mythological criticism is made up of several successive operations. Myths having seldom descended to us in a simple state, they must first be analysed, reduced to their essential elements, and the real analogies of these elements with allied mythologies must be determined. Such a labour demands, besides erudition, skill in eliminating the historical and comparative sense of myths. When this first investigation, which has been so materially extended by contemporaneous research, has been effected, we find ourselves in presence of another problem,—whence came mythological images? What character of mind gave birth to them? and if the study of facts leads us to perceive, in primitive myths, an embodiment of natural phenomena, whence comes it that that embodiment assumed poetical and animated shapes?

Among the various systems of mythological interpretation which have obtained, up to the present time, the historical is the simplest and the most generally accepted. The development of

Hellenic mythology, by transforming gods into human persons, and myths into anecdotes, especially lent itself to this mode of interpretation. It is to be met with in Homer and Herodotus. Evhemerus, or Evemonis, a materialistic philosopher of the school of Cyrene, argued that all gods had been human personages. This was the favourite opinion of the learned men of antiquity, such as Denys of Halicarnassus, Diodorus Siculus, Servius, and others. The Fathers of the Church used it as a potent weapon, with which to annihilate Paganism. Among moderns, a host of able critics, such as Vossius, Bochart, Huet, Banier, Clavier, Raoul Rochette, Gladstone, Dollinger, and others have advocated similar views. But while Bochart and Huet detected disfigured Biblical personages in Pagan deities, Gladstone has a leaning to more philosophical systems, and he recognises the unity of the Godhead in Cronos; and the Trinity in Zeus, and his brothers Hades and Poseidon; Divine wisdom in Athena, and the Redeemer in Apollo, born of a woman, Latona. If competent men have not held by this system, it is still popular with the public. But just as the legend of William Tell has been given up, when found to have been anticipated by a Scandinavian hero in the pages of "Saxo Grammaticus," so when fables of apparently a purely local character, are found to be also contained in the mythologies of distant nations, there is no further dependance upon their historical value or import. Legends thus reproduced, with national variations from one end to the other of the Indo-European domain, cannot be circumscribed within the limits of some trifling incident that has happened in a corner of Greece, Italy, or Sicily.

Traces of history are undoubtedly met with in the great epic legends, such as the Ramayana and the Mahabharata in India, and in the sieges of Thebes and of Troy, in Greece. Fabulous epochs have also had their events, which left a permanent impression upon the memory of the people. History, according to Grote, furnishes the material, but religion, in such instances, supplies the form. It is, indeed, imagination writing on a real basis, that essentially constitutes "the legend." The vice of mere historical interpretation is that it does not give the enigma of the myth. For example, let it be admitted that the fables of Hercules combatting the Hydra, of Lerna and the river Achelous, can be explained by draining a marsh, and embanking a river, the mythological element of the fable would not be explained. It would still remain to be shown how the simple facts of the case came to receive so rich an investiture by the popular imagination. All that could be concluded would be that the people had confounded certain historical events with religious beliefs. Now, it is precisely these beliefs which require

elucidation, and which the system of simple historical interpretation completely ignores.

Antiquity possessed another mode of interpretation, which consisted in looking upon the gods as so many allegories or symbols, representing either nature and its elements, the divinity and its forces, or physical, metaphysical, and moral truths. This system dawns in Hesiod, and the Pythagorians viewed pantheism in this light. Epicharmes said "the gods are the winds, water, earth, sun, fire, and stars." (Stob. Flor. xci. 29). Plato and Aristotle likewise taught that polytheism had been preceded by the worship of stars, of the elements and of the first principles of nature, of which popular mythology was only a later transformation. The Stoics developed the same views, and brought in the aid of etymology, precisely as the moderns have done. The Neo-Platonicians, however, went astray when they transformed the gods into metaphysical entities.

The symbolic school has had many followers in more recent times. Bacon saw in the fable of Typhon the picture of the revolution of empires. Some, like Bryant and Gebelin, have carried this mode of interpretation so far that they seemed to have cared less for what myths signified than what they might signify! Dupuis, while adopting the astronomical system of interpretation, had, at least the credit of beginning by the examination of facts — a method which others actually inverted.

Mythology was first treated upon what may be termed scientific principles by the celebrated Creuzer. He viewed the matter as a method of teaching employed by early priests and wise men under enigmatical figures; but he did not make of this antique wisdom an exclusive system, either moral, physical, or astronomical, but admitted elements of all kinds. His only fault was that he did not take sufficiently into consideration the succession of epochs; he looked upon mythology as a complete and unchangeable institution. His work has been translated and much improved upon by Guigniant, Alfred Maury, and Vinet. Critical history had not at the time when Creuzer wrote attained the perfection which it has in modern times. But archæological mythology had come to assist in the interpretation of classical antiquity. Pompeii had been discovered, the Egyptian hieroglyphs had been deciphered, and the Græco-Etruscan vases had become the objects of especial study. The results came to confirm the theory of the symbolists, for as M. Bréal remarked, "whenever mythology is studied by the aid of figured monuments, it leads to symbolism, for it is only by symbols that stone expresses ideas." The antiquities of India were also beginning to be examined, but critics began with the Puranas, which, in respect to date and ideas, are to the Vedas, what the works of the Alexandrian epoch are to those of primitive Greece. It

would have required a more than human sagacity to have discovered origins that are only to be found in the Rig-Veda.

Otfried Müller, who brought the preciseness and clearness of a high archæological criticism into the study of mythology, did not get further than the theory of symbolism, whereas it is generally conceded that the Greeks brought with them from the East traditions already altered by anthomorphism. Their gods were no longer identical with natural phenomena, but the memory of their origin constituted the basis of Hellenic symbolism, in which Hermes is no longer fire, or wind, the messenger of the gods, but a divine messenger; and Phœbus is no longer the sun, but the divine charioteer. The transition from the physical to the moral sense was easy. All the gods became, under the latter system, allegorical symbols. Zeus became government, Athena, wisdom, Ares, war, and so on. Lobeck was the first to assail, which he did with a masterly and unsparing critical power, the childishness of mere symbolism, the contradictions of antique interpretations, and the unmeaningness of mysteries. Otfried Müller became the founder, however, of a learned school, of which Preller, Welcker and Gerhard are among the most distinguished exponents.

Such was the state of mythological studies when a careful appreciation of the Vedas came to throw a new light upon the investigation. What the discovery of Sanscrit had been to philology, the perusal of the Vedas became to mythology. It supplied the common centre to which all questions refer themselves. A new school arose from the comparison of the Vedic gods with those of the other members of the Indo-European family. This school which had its origin with the great philologists, such as Jacob Grimm and Eugene Burnouf, has been continued by the labours of Roth, Alfred Maury, Wilson, Max Muller and others, and has, perhaps, received its greatest development at the hands of M. Kuhn. Max Müller stands, however, at the head of a new school, which has sprung from the Vedic. He sees in mythology what he terms, "a disease of language," the bane of antiquity, arising from a succession of double meanings and equivocal ideas. Polytheism being the result of such an unintelligent state of things—the result of a disease of language affecting the intellect, there was anterior to such a morbid state, a normal or healthy condition, which was monotheism. Thus, with Bunsen, he travelled back to the most remote period, when Biblical monotheism presided over the origin of a primitive mythology. Biblical monotheism has been disputed by some, and even the Rev. Geo. Cox has expressed his doubts if God was conceived at first in all His purity, simplicity, and power; but there is no question but that we find in the Vedas, as we do in the Bible, the

worship of a moral God—the elements of the religion of Paley and Addison.

The myths being in the Vedas nearer to their origin, have not undergone an anecdotic corruption, and they thus permit us all the more easily to decypher their meaning. In a hot climate where the livelihood of the people and the food of their cattle was ever dependent on the bounteous rains of heaven, and where from the vicinity of mountain ranges of exceeding height, atmospheric changes were frequently accompanied by those natural phenomena of thunder and lightning which are both rarer in our own climates, and upon a much reduced scale, these remarkable and terrific manifestations became apparently among the earliest in which the power of the divinity was detected.

Every time that a storm burst forth it was a struggle between the supreme god Indra, or Dyauspitar (Jupiter), master of the celestial herds, and the demon Vritra, a three-headed monster, *with a serpent's body*, who drags the herd with him, and shuts them up in a cavern. Indra pursues the robber, makes his way into the cave, strikes the monster with his thunder, and brings back the cows to the heavens, whence they pour down their benevolent milk (rain) upon the earth.

It is evident that a storm is depicted. But whence, it has been asked, came the idea to represent it thus? Wherefore this combat, this god, this monster, and these cows? Must we, with M. Bréal, explain all these by epithets misunderstood, and forgetfulness of the primitive figured sense? According to M. Bréal, the monster and the cows had their origin in a mere equivocation. Vritra means an envelope, and in its origin it designated only the cloud that enveloped the waters. The same name applied to the serpent, led to Vritra Ahi being transformed into a Dragon, which enveloped the waters, and held them prisoners in its folds. "Some time we see a cloud that's dragonish." (*Ant. & Cleop.* iv. 12.)

As to the clouds, their identification with cows appears to M. Bréal, the result of an equivocation brought about by the word *gavas*—things in motion—and which would apply equally to clouds sweeping across the sky, and to oxen walking on the earth. Max Müller does not, however, agree with his disciple in this latter reading. He much more naturally and convincingly looks upon the idea of cows with full udders representing clouds charged with rain, as a poetical metaphor. (*Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 354.) Rosen read "*gavas*" also in one passage of the Rig-Veda (1, 95, 8), as "walkers," but M. Benfey (*Orient und Occident*, ii., p. 512) reads it quite differently.

According to Max Müller, the mind acts, in establishing such metaphors, by a spontaneous operation. It seeks to associate,

almost involuntarily, the known with the unknown. If the sinuosities of lightning appear to the primitive man as so many serpents, it is that, not suspecting their true origin, he compared them with that which he had seen on earth. But more than this, he may have done so without any reference to their origin ; for it is sufficient that he saw in their forked dartings the subtle and instantaneous assault of the serpent, and that he knew that evil comes (and hence terror in its train) with the lightning flash, that he should represent it by the creature most dreaded on earth, and which, when armed with destructive flashes, became to him as a Fiery Dragon.

Philological criticism seems to be carried to a point of refinement which is not called for by more simple psychological studies, and by the consideration of the more simple operations of the mind, when it seeks for the origin of the primitive myths in equivocations of words. These, as Creuzer, Burnouf, and Maury have shown, come more into play in secondary myths. But in the origin they are almost instinctive ; as has indeed, been observed, they are not so much metaphors as they are modes of seeing and of understanding natural phenomena. Metaphors spring up thus from the simple action of the human mind, if believers became afterwards the dupes of these, it can only be attributed to that facile perversity in human nature which leads it to cling to the metaphor rather than to the origin, as more simple, more readily accepted, more pleasing to conceive, and sufficiently satisfactory to a generally limited intelligence. There is no necessity, from the constant reproduction of this phenomena, down even to Christian times (as in the legend of St. Christopher, which had its origin in the precept, *Portare Christum in corde suo*), to refer it to some fundamental law in the human mind : it is popular and universal, because it is agreeable and acceptable. It saves thought, which is a great point in the mass of mankind, as might be much more largely exemplified.

If we turn from the Vedas to the interpretation of the fable of Hercules and Cacus, as given by M. Bréal, a zealous and clever follower of Max Müller's school, we shall find always a counterpart of the combat of Indra and Vitra, extending down even to Roman times. The fable is contained in the *Ænied.* Cacus, a three-headed monster, son of Vulcan, steals the oxen of Hercules, as he is traversing Italy with the herds conquered from Geryon. In order that their tracks should not be followed, he drags them backwards into the cavern. But the mowing of the cows is heard by Hercules, who besieges the cavern in which his enemy has taken refuge. It is in vain that Cacus vomits flames, and envelopes himself in smoke and darkness. Hercules makes his way into the cavern, and destroys the thief. Then, having recovered his oxen,

he raises an altar to *Jupiter inventor*, who aided him in his researches, and instituted the worship which should be rendered to himself.

This old tradition had a local interest with the Romans; for, according to the legend, the cave of Cacus was situated in the valley, between Aventinus and Palatinus, where, at a later period, the *forum boarium* was placed in memory of Hercules. Not far from thence was the *ara maxima*, consecrated to the same god. The triumphal way led from the *forum boarium* to the *ara maxima*, and, as it had been traversed by Hercules, conqueror, so the triumphant afterwards traversed it in commemoration of that victory.

Hercules and Cacus are Greek divinities, and if we stopped at these Hellenic names, an Italian origin to this fable would scarcely be thought of. But the Latin authors have handed down the names of the real heroes of the myth. Hercules, conqueror of Cacus, was called Sancus (Sanctus) by the Sabines, and he was the same as Semo, "the sower," and Dius Fidius, the god of good faith. It was before him that oaths were taken at the *ara maxima*; and he was further identical with Jupiter Caranus, "Jupiter the Creator." He was, then, a purely Latin god, the greatest of the gods, and not a hero who destroyed Cacus. Cacus, "the wicked," is further found to be a Greek alteration, or acceptance, of the Latin name of the monster Cæcius, "the blinder." The myth, reduced to its simplest expression, represents, then, a combat between a god and a demon, for the possession of a herd of oxen.

Greece possesses a number of analogous legends: such are the combats of Zeus against Typhon, and against the Titans; of Apollo against Tityus, and against the serpent Python; and of Bellerophon, Perseus, Jason, and Cadmus against monsters. Heracles (for it is better to give him his Greek name, in order not to confound him with the Hercules or Herculus of the Latins) was engaged in similar combats all his life-time. His engagements with the Hydra of Lerna, with the Stymphalid birds, the lion of Nemæa, Cerberus, and others, appear to be so many variations of the same myth. But of all his labours, that which best recalls the fable of Cacus is the conquest of oxen upon Geryon, a giant with three bodies, like the Italian monster. Another fable which attaches itself by one feature to the Latin tradition is that of Hermes stealing the oxen of Apollo, when still a child, and dragging them backwards, so as to render their tracks deceptive. These oxen of Apollo were like the oxen of Geryon, and those of the Sun, which are mentioned in the *Odyssey*,—celestial animals, which pastured in the atmosphere. As to the name of Cæcius, M. Bréal

ingeniously traces it to a wind called Coecius, of which Aristotle makes mention—as, instead of driving the clouds before it, attracting them towards it. It appears probable that the phenomena, so common in storms, of the clouds coming up against the wind, was thus symbolised. Do they not proceed backwards, like the oxen of Cacus and Hermes?

Max Müller, instead of being satisfied with tracing primitive metaphorical conceptions to the simple action of the mind, proceeding from the known to the unknown, and applying to the great phenomena of nature causes which are seen in daily action around, would go further; and he argues a necessity in primitive language which could not otherwise express itself. As if there had been no word for rain but milk, and for lightning but serpent. Müller is more philosophical when he applies this idea to secondary myths—that is to say, when a word which has been used metaphorically is applied without a due sense of the transition which led it from its original to its metaphorical sense. We have then “a diseased language,” and a corrupt mythology. The fault, however, lies not so much in the language, as in the inattention, forgetfulness, or ignorance of the multitude, who have preserved the word, but forgotten the sense. The same evil arises, not only from misconception in the sense of words, but also in that of sculptured symbols. Yet because the representation of a bishop standing in the presence of neophytes, plunged into a baptismal fount, gave rise to the legend of St. Nicholas resuscitating children, are we to conclude from this that sculpture was diseased?

The influence of language appears in reality to have little or nothing to do with mythological origins; it was otherwise in the case of the misinterpretations and misunderstandings and equivocations, whether in homonyms, “single words,” or polyonymes, “whole epithets,” that arose subsequently in the secondary myths, towards the explanation of which Max Müller’s school has done so much. But in their primitive simplicity, as Schwartz has so admirably put it (*Der Ursprung der Mythologie*), “the gods were originally living beings, and manifested themselves directly in natural phenomena.” They are, indeed, still so with many an uncultivated savage.

When the eyes of man were first opened to the contemplation of nature, its operations would appear to him as living and animated; he could receive no other impression. Physical phenomena would appear to be produced by forces similar to what he felt acting within himself. The most simple analogies would suffice to imagine beings, and even to found beliefs. Thus the clouds became monsters, endowed with voluntary means of progression; if the low mutterings of thunder issued from their flanks, it was the mowing

of cows ; if it rained, it was the milk from the celestial udders ; if the thunder grew heavier, and forked lightnings issued forth, it was a combat between the protecting deity and a serpent, or dragon-like demon.

Such a conception of nature which gave birth to the first divinities, must not be confounded with symbolism. The gods are not the allegorical signs of the phenomena, but the phenomena themselves, viewed in a certain light. But unacquainted with the laws of nature, which are regular and constant, mankind in its infancy pictured them as capricious and uncertain as human nature, and thus constituted a fantastic world, after its own image.

The atmosphere by its mobility, the storm, especially, by its capricious and grandiose phenomena, served especially as a theatre for these manifestations : gods and monsters were seen to pass by in the strange forms of clouds ; their voices, their steps, their blows, the very barking of their dogs, the mowing of the herds, and the assaults of the enemy, were heard in the winds and in the thunder and seen in the lightning. The last is even with many, to the present day, an arbitrary instrument of divinity.

The myth of Indra and of Vritra appears to have had no other origin. The divinity was pictured forth to the imagination in the clouds, people trembled before the sound of his voice and at his manifestations of power, when scattering the strongholds of Cambara—the image (like that of the mountains piled up by the Titans) of clouds cumulating before they break forth in the storm—Vritra, the enveloping monster—the Dragon that held the herd prisoner—was also apparent in folds of flame, till the celestial light opened upon his tempest-torn cavern. The mowing of the cows, and the barking of the dog, Sarama, were also distinguished amid the conflict. It is true that, as Max Müller has observed (*Lect. on the Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 462) Sarama is not expressly depicted as a dog in the Rig-Veda, but the metaphor occurs in all subsequent traditions, and seems to have been handed down in the dog Orthos. It is possible, as has been further suggested, that primitive fables did not originate in their entirety—that they were made up of, or sprang out of parts. Thus people may have said Dyaus (Zeus) is striking Vritra, Sarama is barking, the celestial cows are mowing. The myth may have thus afterwards constituted itself out of these diverse parts, transmitted by tradition, and, so to say, incarnated in the language, and reunited into a whole. It is just as easy, however, to imagine a whole fable primitively pictured forth by the fancy, and then broken up into parts, with these additions subsequently made to each part, which constitute the very intricacies of a more modern mythology. It was then that isolated features became grouped into anecdotes. India alone

did not lose sight of the primitive origins. It is always simply Indra going to deliver combat to the dragon Vritra, in the Vedic poetry. The Greeks, on the contrary, who had forgotten the original sense, were exhaustless creators of fables. When a distinction was established between physical objects and the powers that moved them, between the cloud that passed by, the lightning that glistened, and the divinity which directed them, the era of abstraction had arrived. From that time forth, the combats of Indra and of Vritra lost their primitive application, and degenerated into anecdotes of events, which were supposed to have happened "once upon a time."

This new epoch marked, it has been said, a decisive crisis. The sense abandoned the myth, and only left the envelope. A sacred legend alone remained, which tradition still further altered while handing it down. It was thus that many religious beliefs passed into the state of superstitions. But by a fortunate compensation many myths, disengaged from their natural origin, became enriched with new significations, the development of which was reserved more particularly to Persia, to Greece, and to Rome. The Veda had simply contemplated a god struggling with a monster in the storm. Indra was good, Vritra—the dragon—was wicked; the moral conception went no further, and did not attain to the elevation of establishing the right. In the Western World, Cacus became a thief, and Hercules a just god; that is to say, right and morality received their due. It is not perfectly clear or satisfactory, however, that in order to have arrived at such a metaphor, the primordial sense of the myth should have been, even if forgotten or discarded, totally superseded. When the Hindus represented the master of the herd, and the director of the storm as a divinity, and the power that he battled with as a demon, a dragon, or a serpent, they also appear to have instinctively implied the existence of a good and of a bad agency, and the conquest remained with the good, for it was followed by the beneficent pouring down of the waters of heaven. Vritra, as Ahi, was, indeed, essentially a wicked dragon or demon.

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

WINTER SUNSET.

BLOOD-RED, a sudden splendour fills
The mountains ; and the ice-peaks hit
With the fierce glory, flare, and split,
And headlong through the craggy hills
Flash down in splintering atom-rills.

Flash down, or melting, in a flood
Leap into the low vale, while higher
The fierce sun sets the hills on fire ;
And far below the cold white wood
Seems leafed with burning leaves of blood.

The hot hill-snows in vapours rise
Beneath the brazen, blazing sun ;
And all the valleys, one by one,
Roll up an incense to the skies,
The steam of Nature's sacrifice.

Blood-red in scarlet-shafted spheres
The huge sun stands : the red-ribbed beams
Glow round him : some huge king he seems
Returning, bleeding, from his wars,
Pierced with a thousand fiery spears.

Back reels the simple shepherd, awed :
He fears to mark, in flaming light,
The huge sun on the wild hill-height,
Where never human foot hath trod,
Stand, like the awful form of God.

He fears : he lifts his horn on high,
And " Praise the Lord ! " in worship blows,
And " Praise the Lord ! " across the snows,
And white hills lit with the red sky,
A hundred lifted horns reply.

With the loud voice the woods are stirred,
And the low vale, responsive, thrills :
And all the everlasting hills
From chasm to chasm, in full accord,
Shout to each other, " Praise the Lord ! "

On, on, the bugled echoes fly :
From vale to echoing mountain, on :
Till now, from lands beside the sun—
Far lands of light—dim sounds reply,
Like angels answering from the sky.

Again all peace : white snows alone
Steaming, in purple splendour thawed :
Like some white martyr, slain for God,
With smoke of stakes about him blown,
Burning to death without one moan.

But now behind the wild hill-height
The sun drops, and the fierce red beams
Soften to faint and golden gleams,
And silver-skimmering clouds of night,
Rose-flushed with lingering hues of light.

A mist of mellow shadow lies
Rose-flushed on vale, and wood, and hill,
As though the lingering sunlight still
Behind it, thro' the shading skies
Looked, like the soul through weary eyes.

Far-up on one high peak a beam,
In grey, weak splendour, still abides,
And clings about its cold, wet sides :
While down below the broad, deep stream
And woods, in dumb, deep shadows, dream.

From skies where late the huge sun made
Fierce lights, soft dewes descend, and stray
On each bowed head, as who should say :
“Thy God, in awful might arrayed,
Is God of Love : be not afraid !”

The rich sun's splendours all have died :
But one last ray still gilds the air :
I see one shepherd still in prayer :
I cross the dumb stream's darkened tide,
And kneel, O shepherd, at by side.

And bless that last soft ray with thee,
Which now, far-off in English night,
Gilds two blue eyes at home with light,
Nor yet disdains to smile on me,
Alone in distant Chamouni.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

THE LAST YARN OF OUR CRUISE.

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

INTRODUCTION.

A DEAD calm at sea is generally admitted to be one of the severest tests to which a patient nature can be put. Persons whose speech has ever been beyond reproach, whose tempers have remained unruffled through the wildest storms, have been known to make use of asteriskal expressions in such a time, without feeling the slightest compunction, until a wind comes to bear them away from the region of their frailty. A sense of the utter weakness of one's own resources to administer to one's comfort in the world forces itself upon the mind; and as most minds are similarly affected, the additional consciousness of the feebleness of looking to anyone as a source of consolation, is generally present. Of course, much advice can be given as to the proper development of the resources of an intellectual mind under these circumstances. If there chance to be a violin within reach, and one can produce any sort of a rasping sound from it, and every person within its sound can appreciate its music, the hot sun will not seem to travel so slowly across the lurid sky; then if one can have a delight in translating the Ingoldsby Legends into Latin Hexameters, the day will not seem long; and if a studious mind would only undertake the writing of a careful commentary on the works of Mr. Tupper, a month or so of this calm will not be at all too lengthened for a conscientious execution of the work. Oh, there is no doubt but a great deal could be done in a long calm at sea. I have a pet theory that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the first chapters of his History of the World at such a period. But still, in spite of the ways just enumerated, by which it could be passed agreeably, a dead calm at sea is an hour of trial to most minds.

If it is so out in the deep, with nothing but the blue overhanging sky above the white, drooping sails, and the flat, bare, blue sea stretching around the motionless hull on every hand, till it seems to be a part of the low heaven in the distance, how much more trying it is when the calm falls as a fair land, towards which a weary ship has been speeding for many days, is in sight! but how immeasurably unendurable when that land is the south coast of England, when the vessel is a yacht, and when the steward makes the remark, after taking the wires off a few bottles of lemonade, and the corks out a few of claret—"This is the last bottle, sir; there's no more left!"

Yet so it was with a party on board the schooner yacht, "Faustina," seventy-two tons measurement, one September morning.

There were nine of us in all, sitting on the deck with our straw hats on, and with more than one pipe alight amongst us. Young Howard, the owner of the craft, was a man who—kept a yacht of seventy-two tons as such an ornament should be kept. This fact will, it is hoped, convey a pretty good idea of the circumstances of his life. He had been on a number of cruises since the yacht came into his possession; the one from which we were returning now had occupied three months. He had brought eight of us with him through the Mediterranean, and, during the whole of that time none had ever felt a tiresome day—none except the grumbling one of the company, who may be found in every company. This was a young man of the name of L'Estrange; and he possessed the gift of writing verses on every place we passed, and of quoting classical lines at each spot of interest. He was a young man with a secret enveloping his existence—a secret which was quite devoid of secrecy—this was an unrequited attachment he had formed for a young lady who had just bestowed her hand upon a person totally unworthy of her, being a long way inferior to young L'Estrange, who was, himself, by his own confession, even undeserving of the least favour at her hands. This melancholy tale he had told Howard some time since, and had, through the influence of its pathos, got enrolled among our party; to each of us the same narrative was unfolded by the unhappy young man in moments of intense confidence, but always with an appeal to the secrecy of each who would be his confidant at the instant. What that young man would have been if that episode had never taken place in his life it would be hard to imagine. Separate from his story, he was nothing. He seemed to be well aware of this, and, certainly, never tried to effect the separation. He told us day by day that he was miserable, and I think he had really almost brought himself to believe that he was so. We all felt that if he had only been surrounded with the heroic glamour of his secret before meeting the young lady who was the cause of it, he might have succeeded with her. There is a good deal of heroism in the possession of a secret, even though it be divested of all its secrecy.

Thus through the months we had gone without a weary hour till this, when running for Cowes, to end our voyage, the calm fell over us, and the blue waters of the Channel kissed the fine curve of the "Faustina," but so gently, as not to awake her sensuous passion, which generally caused her to give back kiss for kiss of the loving waves in all the rapture of a lover.

"This is the last bottle, sir!"

The announcement gave us all a terrible shock. We had gone on drinking claret-cup for the past three months without the remotest thought of the supply falling short.

"The last bottle!" repeated Howard, in a hoarse whisper, as soon as he was able to speak. "How is that, Robinson?"

"It was bound to end some time, sir; I thought we had as much as would bring us over to-day, but you see this calm, sir, it upset my reckoning."

"Confound the calm! we might have been beyond the power of a hitch of this sort if the breeze had only held out. By Jove, just think of it! not another claret-cup aboard!"

"And four hours till dinner," said a voice.

"And the sun getting hotter and hotter."

"Confound the calm!"

"For goodness' sake," said a peacemaker, "don't begin to growl on the last day of the cruise! If you will take the trouble to calculate how many bottles of lemonade will extend over a cruise of three months among a party of nine at the rate of two a-head *per diem*, you will come to an interesting result. Of course, I knew it would end some time; we have only to thank Robinson it has run so far. Why, when L'Estrange's grief was fresh, I have seen *him* take as many as four bottles a-day."

"His grief is rather stale, now," said a voice.

"He got rid of it pretty well," said another; "he took good care to give us share-and-share-alike. When a love affair is divided into nine equal parts——"

"That has got nothing to say to the question," continued the peacemaker.

"What the mischief is the question?"

"'To be or not to be,' of course," said the clever man of the party.

"The question, my boys, is,—required the best way of getting rid of four hours of superfluous time without the assistance of claret-cup?"

"Sleep," said one, "Smoke," said another, "Ecarté," whispered another; and all eyes instantly turned in the direction from which the whisper came, but it was never found out who breathed it.

"All rotten suggestions!" said Howard. "No, my friends; I'll tell you what—I propose that the skipper give us a farewell yarn. This, you see, will not prevent any of the other suggestions being followed by those who will—sleep, smoke, or—ah, I forgot, there was nothing else mentioned. Come, skipper, we'll soon be parted; I'll be paying you off to-morrow, you know; give us a farewell yarn, old man."

This skipper of ours was certainly one of the best fellows afloat,

and there are, undoubtedly, a great number of good fellows afloat. He was one of the captains of a steamship company whose vessels traded Eastward, so far eastward they went, that they at last arrived at the West. Howard had met him a few weeks before our cruise commenced, when he had obtained leave of absence from duty on account of ill-health. He had intended going to the south of France for awhile, but Howard, after a great deal of persuasion, had induced him to accompany us, nominally as skipper, but in reality, as one of ourselves; for there were a few in our party who remembered him of old. They recollected a certain terrible crime which had convulsed the neighbourhood of a particular college—a crime connected with fireworks, which displayed themselves during an evening lecture. It was known that one of the gentlemen whose names were uttered by the voices of the junior Dean and the wrathful Proctors, had disappeared to where beyond these voices there is peace; he had run away and betaken himself to a mariner's life. This youthful episode was quite sufficient to cement a friendship between our skipper and a few of our party.

"Your kindness in remembering me at this moment is quite overpowering," said the captain, taking his pipe out, and shifting a cushion beneath his head, for the rough seaman liked a cushion under his head at times. "There seems to be a general idea aboard this craft that the commander is a sort of self-acting loom, that by turning on a little steam will begin to spin of its own accord till it's turned off again. I made a discovery the other day which, had I made sooner, I should have been more cautious in my yarn-spinning."

"What was the discovery, Blaxell? Has an application been lodged in the Queen's Bench to have you tried for perjury?"

"Worse than that; the fact is there is a spy among us, a black traitor, a viper in the bosom of our family party. There he sits, my friends, with a face of innocence hiding a guilty heart." The speaker pointed in the direction of a most inoffensive young man.

"What have you discovered about him, skipper? Is he a paracide or a fratracide? Has he forged a will, or committed a contempt of court? May be he is contemplating a seat in Parliament."

"Worse than that, even; you will hardly believe it; the fact is, he writes for a magazine?"

"And he has been taking secret notes of your yarns?"

"Yes; he has been culling leaves from my flowers of speech, he would say himself. He has been seen doing so, and when I confronted him, the wretched man confessed his crime; nay, gloried in it."

"A hardened ruffian!" said Howard. "Oh, Heavens, that he

should go forth unpunished! yet, depend upon it, if his own conscience lets him go without rebuke, a terrible retribution will fall on him from another quarter."

"*Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma
At sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi,*"

said the young man with the secret, and we all laughed but the captain.

"Quite so, sir, I was going to make the same remark myself."

"Come," said Howard, "heave ahead, old man! if we ever find our secrets disclosed to an unappreciative public, we will each take a solemn vow to hunt down the offender till his life becomes a burden to him. We are waiting for you to go ahead with your yarn."

"Intentique ora tenebant," said the young man, with a sickly smile.

"Those few simple words, so full of meaning, decide it," said the skipper. "The argument they convey is irresistible."

And he spun the following yarn :

THE SKIPPER'S TALE.

"I have long been under the impression that the organisation of my mind is highly poetical; I don't say the construction of my nerves is of such a nature as would ever have allowed me to write verses, for there can be but little doubt that a lot of poetry we read, or rather *you* read, is merely the product of nervous spasms—why doctors don't give the complaint a suitable name is rather odd; why not call it the spondaic-spasm? Well, it doesn't matter! I believe that I am poetical, and I'll give you my reasons for arriving at that conviction.

"I never lie as we have been lying this hour, in a calm, without having my mind fly back through a long range of years till it alights upon a time I spent with such a dead, deep calm hanging over all the waters within the girding line of our horizon, and there my mind remains, recalling everything of that great calm as it has been doing this half-hour, and as it will now do for you if you are good enough to listen to me. This is the second prelude to my yarn, and now I'll turn the handle of the spinning-wheel, and tell you how I got into this said calm.

"I had just slipped into the birth of third mate of a seven hundred-ton ship, the 'Bird of Passage,' and had gone to Falmouth to join her. Our voyage was to be to Calcutta. I managed to get into her by a fluke; the man whose place I took had fallen sick at the last moment, and I was forwarded from London to supply the vacancy. I had only time to touch my cap to the captain, when I was sent aft to see the mizen sails shaken out while the first mate

was getting the ship under weigh, and the second was at the foreyards. In a few minutes we were knocking up the water at a furious rate, plunging out of the harbour with a splendid breeze astern. By the time everything was trim, and I had recovered my power of observing anything besides the running-gear of the mizen tops'l yards, it was evening—a September evening—and the land, that very land we see there, was brown, and getting dimmer and dimmer under the double influence of our speed and the twilight's shadow. After observing this natural phenomenon without much emotion, I became aware of the presence of a couple of men, who were standing with cigars, looking back at the coast we were leaving. They were passengers, I could see in a moment. We somehow got into talk as we remained close together, and from a dozen words we spoke I judged that neither of them was a snob. If they had continued silent, I daresay I should have said they were both confounded snobs.

“While we were standing so on the poop deck, we were all startled to hear a soft sound of the music of a piano coming from the cabin. The skylight was only a little way open, so I went gently over to it, and let it up as far as it would go. Then there came softly and clearly to us the tones of a woman's voice singing a hymn, for it was Sunday evening.

‘Abide with me : fast falls the eventide.’

I had heard it often before, but I thought it lovelier now than it had ever seemed to me, as the stillness of the time was so deep. I felt a quietness steal over my heart, soothing beyond any influence I had ever known. None of us could speak, and the soft, low entreating voice went on, the ripple in our wake making an accompaniment. I listened till it seemed, by some means, a watery mist had come over all before my eyes, making everything blurred.

“‘Mr. Blaxell, make it sou'-west-by-sou'-a-quarter-sou',’ shouted the captain, from forward.

“‘Sou'-west-by-sou'-a-quarter-sou', it is, sir ! Quartermaster, sou'-west-by-sou'-a-quarter-sou'.

“‘Eight bells. Heave the log !’

“That was how the quiet hymn faded away.

“But after I had walked the deck with the captain till my watch was over, and I had turned into my bunk, I thought I could hear the words, ‘Abide with me,’ sung in the same voice. I took out Clara's photograph—for that was the name of the girl whose photograph I used to wear in my locket then—and I wondered a good deal about Clara, which further proves my singularly poetical temperament ; but though I was forced to acknowledge that her

eyes were splendid, still I had an uneasy consciousness that Clara's voice would fade from my memory before the one I had just heard ; and so it did.

" I found in the morning that there were six passengers aboard. There was a Cape farmer and his wife, the two young men I had spoken to on the poop—one of whom was in the Indian Civil Service, going out to an appointment up the hills, the other an engineer, bound for Ceylon ; lastly, there was a young lady, the daughter of a celebrated Indian officer, whom she was to join at Calcutta, and her maid. All this I learned from the steward, as I had my breakfast alone next morning, for the breakfast hour was just the hour my watch began.

" The Cape farmer and his wife were both sick, of course, so was the lady's maid ; but all the others were on deck, and I could hear their voices talking above me as I sat at breakfast. Then I went up to resume my watch. I confess to you I felt very uneasy about the steering of the quartermaster, and also about the strain on the mizen-yards ; for though I could not make out the slightest fault with either, yet, so great was the force of my uneasiness, I stayed aft for a long time in the neighbourhood of the passengers' chairs. I think I can safely say that ship was well steered as long as my watch lasted.

" She was the loveliest girl I had ever seen. Her face was rather pale this morning, but it was a face you could never imagine anything else but pale. Her eyes were grey, I think ; they were calm beyond imagination, and their lashes were long and drooping ; once only I saw them raised, as she looked up to something the captain pointed out to her. Then I saw the depth of her wonderful eyes, and her rich brown hair fell back over her shoulders in its irregular ringlets, coiled without any neatness. Perhaps the man at the wheel did keep half a point or so from the course at this instant.

" We all dined together in the evening, and I had the opportunity of opening my lips a few times, in a small way, as was becoming in a third mate, of course ; but intensely as I valued these opportunities, I was much happier at the chances I had of hearing Miss Westbourne say the few things she did. I had an idea, too, that the other men present felt themselves equally blest. Then, while I walked the deck through the evening, I heard the sounds of her voice and the piano blending together sweetly as before, and, afterwards, a tenor song sung by a man's voice. I never before that moment knew how perfectly I despised a tenor. Then I heard a bass song, and I felt that bass was a contemptible thing ; no one but a bully ever possessed a bass voice. Finally, as

I took out Clara's photograph, I wondered how I could ever have thought such eyes good-looking.

"Thus we sailed southward and southward for many days, till we slid into the warm seas of the Tropics, and an awning was put up over the poop. The passengers sat in its shade with books, which they never read, in their hands; that is the three passengers, for the Cape colonist was a wiser man and a more fortunate—he slept for ever, taking care to awake for meals. His wife employed herself weaving nets for fruit-trees, and they were both happy. Miss Westbourne used to talk with me at any time I was near her. I found it necessary to be near her pretty frequently in these days, and so friendly did we become, that I discovered myself telling her a great deal of my eventful life; and so confidential did she make me with her quiet words, that I hid nothing, even of the Clara episode from her. She saw the photograph, and had almost made me return to the belief I had long since abandoned, that her eyes were very fine.

"‘Ah, no,’ I said; ‘she is not very good-looking, but she is good-natured—oh, so very good-natured!’ I knew very well I lied; she was anything but good-natured.

"One night the ship's surgeon came to me as I walked on the deck, and lit his pipe. He was a tall, but very young man, and was making the voyage for his health.

"‘By Jove,’ said he, ‘it is a jolly thing to watch the progress of a fever when once it has thoroughly developed itself! It is lovely to a man who understands the thing perfectly. I have been doing so for the last fortnight.’

"I looked at him. ‘I didn't know there was such a thing aboard; surely every one was at dinner to-day.’ ‘Yes, of course.’ ‘And how could you let the person come among the others all this time?’

"Then the doctor laughed. ‘It's a fever not in my line of treatment, though, by Jove, I could prescribe for it without difficulty. It is what is called *febris amoris*! I saw it in its earliest stages, and I have watched its progress since. The crisis will be here some of these days. Would you like to observe it? Well, keep your eyes on young Fairchild when Miss Westbourne is in his neighbourhood. By Jove! it's interesting to a fellow like me, or like you, who have had the disease often—it has lost its contagion to us.’

"Mr. Fairchild was the engineer for Ceylon; a tall, rather dark-complexioned man, without either a beard or moustache, only with large whiskers. He was what women would call handsome, and I have no doubt that he had heard himself so called by some women. I had never noticed anything particular in his manner towards Miss Westbourne, so when the doctor had gone down to

the forecastle to look after some of the crew, I could not help laughing outright at his fancies. The next day, however, I followed his suggestions, and observed Mr. Fairchild as closely as I was able. Before dinner was over I felt convinced that the doctor had good grounds for speaking to me as he had spoken. What a blind fool I felt myself for not having known long ago that the man was in love with the girl! Every motion betrayed it to me now. He hung upon every word she breathed, upon every movement she made, upon each glance of her lovely eyes. And she—I felt certain that she was quite unconscious of his attention to her. She talked with him as she talked with all of us, so pleasantly, and quietly, and simply. Oh! we all loved her, from the captain down to the quartermaster, to whom she had once, with her own hands, brought a tender offering, in form of a glass of gin; that quartermaster loved her rapturously, I know!

“‘Well,’ said the doctor, as I went on deck, ‘what do you think now? Have I made a very wide shot?’

“‘You were right,’ I answered; ‘how the deuce I could have remained blind so long, I don’t know!’

“‘It was some time before I noticed it myself,’ said he. ‘The first thing that struck me as being remarkable was last week, when Fairchild was carving a fowl; he deliberately cut off the liver-wing for her; that set me thinking. I felt sure that any man who would give away a liver-wing must have some motive for exercising such self-denial. By Jove! then the whole truth flashed upon me in a moment. But the best of it is, the girl knows nothing about it herself, no more than anyone else in the cabin but ourselves. I say, don’t you go and howl what you have seen all over the ship! Wait till the crisis comes, my boy.’

“‘Certainly, whether Miss Westbourne was aware of his passion or not, she spoke to Mr. Fairchild far more frequently than to his friend, the Indian civil servant, Mr. Hammerton. This man was less in height than Fairchild, and also a great deal lighter in complexion. His face was considerably bronzed, and his light hair was very curly. He did not seem to be fond of talking, and as we went southward, he seemed to care even less about opening his lips; still, when we would be together in my watch, he would often continue on deck long after the others had turned in. He seemed to me inclined to be moody, for he used frequently to stand leaning over the side for hours at once, looking into the water.

“‘We had the very fairest of breezes hitherto, and we were within a few days’ sail of the Cape; but as yet the crisis the young doctor spoke of had not arrived.

“‘It had come to be a custom in the cabin that for an hour after tea the captain and Mr. Fairchild sat down to chess, a game

the captain was excessively fond of. During this hour the other passengers were accustomed to go on deck ; afterwards Miss Westbourne generally went to the piano, and played and sang with the men—certainly, with Mr. Fairchild—beside her. Mr. Hammerton did not sing nearly so much now as he had done at first.

“ One evening at this time, I was just getting up the companion, when Hammerton came behind me, and whispered that he wanted to say a word to me before I went to my cabin to prepare for my watch, which came on at eight bells. We walked forward, and then to my surprise, he said—

“ ‘ My dear fellow, I want to ask you to do me a great favour—the greatest any man could do for me—it is, don’t come aft to-night so early as you generally do.’

“ ‘ What is that for ?’ I said. ‘ You are aware my duties cause me to be very much aft ; I have really no control over my duties ; I am bound to——’

“ ‘ Then I’ll tell you my reason for making this request of you. The fact is, I mean to let the next half-hour decide the happiness of all my future life—I mean to tell Miss Westbourne that I love her with all my soul, and to ask her at least to believe me. I cannot live any longer, Blaxell, with this on my heart ; the doubts I have will be either confirmed or dispelled. Doubts ! oh, heavens ! what reason have I for hope in this ? What am I that I should hope for such a creature of purity and beauty ?’

“ I was so startled with the vehemence and suddenness of his disclosure that I could not speak a word. Neither the observant doctor nor myself had once fancied that this man was in love with that girl. He had not seemed to care to speak to her, or to be near her ; he had never showed her any attention ; and she had certainly been unusually silent towards him. I felt what a fool he was not to be able to see how much more favoured than himself the other man was, but I did not say a word of it. I only promised not to be aft before nine o’clock—an hour past my time for usually coming on deck.

“ When I stumbled into my cabin it was long before I could bring myself to think over what I had heard. The sun had gone down a short time, and the brief twilight was over the water, while a faint tinge of the crimson fire of the sunset still hung about the western horizon. I stole slowly out of my little cabin, and stood at the side, looking out across the long-ridged ripples that became grey in the distance, while close to us they were blue, lapping our sides, and then bubbling, and seething, and eddying in our wake, white as snow-flakes. I stood there long in a strange mood, till the eight-bells was rung, and I was on duty. I had just received the course from the chief officer, whom I relieved, when Hammerton came to

me with his face radiant with joy. He caught me by the hand, shaking it violently.

“ ‘How can I ever thank you?’ said he: ‘you have done it all. I am the happiest fellow in the world, Blaxell! the very happiest!’

“ ‘I was thunderstruck. ‘She accepted you, then? She ——’

“ ‘No, no, I didn’t ask her for that; but she told me, Blaxell—Oh, heavens! who would have believed it!—that she had loved me for long, that she could trust me. If I can obtain her father’s consent she would be mine. Think of it, Blaxell! think of it! That girl! such a girl! and such a fellow as I! Oh, it is beyond the power of thought!’

“ ‘So it was.

“ ‘Suddenly some one appeared at hand—it was Fairchild, and his face, I saw, was deathly pale. Hammerton turned to him.

“ ‘ ‘Congratulate me, old fellow! only think of it—she listened to me! she answered me like an angel, Fairchild—purely as an angel.’

“ ‘ ‘She!’ he said in a whisper that sounded like a gasp. ‘She—accepted—she answered—who?’

“ ‘ ‘Louise!’ said Hammerton; ‘that is—I mean, Miss Westbourne. She is mine by the pure and perfect love she bears to me—love which seems to have made myself as pure as she. Congratulate me! I am a man to be congratulated!’

“ ‘ ‘You are,’ said the other, quietly; ‘you are a happy man.’ And he turned about and hurried aft. But Hammerton was so excited he did not mind his manner, but continued talking rapturously, as perhaps you fellows, here, may not be aware, is not quite an uncommon thing with accepted lovers.

“ ‘When the clever doctor heard of this matter he gave a long whistle, and shook his head in amazement, but said nothing.

“ ‘The position of these two men in the cabin was now completely changed. Hammerton took upon him all the talking and singing, and Fairchild became moody and reserved. Poor fellow! he could not feign satisfaction at that which was so bitter to him.

“ ‘The girl, who was now always beside her lover, was quite surprised and sorry at the change in Fairchild; but no one ever attempted to explain to her that deep mystery—why a man who has loved a girl is not perfectly happy when she has accepted the love of another.

“ ‘Thus we reached the Cape, and landed the colonist and his wife. The number of hours they slept aboard this ship was wonderful!

“ ‘After leaving the Cape, the fair weather which had hitherto accompanied us changed, and it began to blow very freshly, making our pleasant ship uncomfortable. Miss Westbourne was com-

pelled to be in the cabin in the evenings, instead of converting the deck into paradise with her presence, as she had formerly done. But Fairchild's and Hammerton's friendship did not seem to have broken off. They were constantly together on deck, though the ship was rolling under close reefs.

"One of these rough days was just coming to a close, and I was in my cabin putting on my oilskins, preparing for a wet night, when suddenly there came, as if from a distance, a faint, strange cry—a cry from the surging waters. I started and rushed out, for I had once before heard such a terrible cry. As I had got aft there was a shout of voices. You know the words, 'Man overboard!' but none of you here can know what they mean unless your ship has her three masts covered with sail, and the water is leaping over the bows with her speed. The captain shouted something; I knew it was to put the ship about, but somehow, I found myself in the stern of the long-boat, letting go the lines that went through the davit-blocks. Then I remember seeing a white figure at the companion, then I felt myself drenched with spray as I held the tiller ropes of the boat, trying to keep her head to the waves, while I shouted directions to the men, who had got out the oars. It was simply two hours of keeping her head to the waves, that followed. We shouted till we were hoarse and dumb, we showed lights, but no answer came, unless the yelling of that wind was an answer—a reply like the laughter of demons making revel.

"The vessel picked us up. I was the first on deck. She rushed towards me. 'Lost, lost! he is lost!' she cried wildly; and I knew, for the first time, it was Hammerton who was gone. Then I heard her give one long cry of utter desolation—a cry of terrible despair, and—no, I heard nothing more till, on the third day after that; a dark figure, that had once been white, stood at the door of my cabin, in which the doctor sat, for they told me I was unfit to rise. She spoke gently.

"'I have come to take your hand,' she said, 'to take your hand and thank you for what you did so nobly. Here is my hand, God bless you! He hears me now say, God bless you, and it is not my blessing only you have. He is close to us. . . . I grasped her little white hand in my big paw, and held it to me. Then she came beside me. I felt her unutterably gracious motion near me. She leaned over me, and I felt her lips touch my face. Then she moved away softly, and it seemed to me I had been in a dream—it would seem so even now, only that I feel her kiss on my face at this moment, as I felt it then.

"The doctor told me the story of that evening. Hammerton and Fairchild had been together leaning over the side, when the former had expressed a desire to obtain some of the phosphorescent

water of this region for the purpose of examining the animalculæ it contained, for he had subjected various parts of the Atlantic to a microscope, and held certain theories on the subject of phosphorescence. As he leaned over the side with a small flask and line, an unusually heavy sea had struck the ship while Fairchild was sitting in the companion, and the poor fellow had gone overboard. It was a simple story.

"The next day the doctor came to me again, looking very grave. I at once asked about Miss Westbourne, and he shook his head.

" 'She will never be the same,' he said; 'she will never recover that shock. It has struck her deep.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'it struck to the depths of her heart.'

" 'Worse,' said the doctor; 'her brain. She is talking strangely to her maid, saying he is not dead, but that she will meet him in a few days. Ah! it is sad when a blow cuts so deep as that.'

" 'In a few days?' I said, and I pondered over the words.

"I shall hasten to the end. The end was not far off. The gales we had encountered had not left us; but on the first day that I resumed duty, the wind had so increased that all we had passed through were light breezes in comparison. It was a hurricane—the sails were blown away like paper, then one of the topmasts came down, disabling two of the men. Worse than this, a sea carried off the rudder; you know what we did, you have heard of jury-rudders—we made one; we had soon need of jury-masts, for we had hardly got the ship manageable when the main went down. Axes, hatchets, and knives—those came next; a broken timber forward; water in the hold; pumps; they were next—then a thunder of sea shattering us, sweeping the decks, a plunge of the bows down into the depths of the water, and there they stayed, till we seemed to be sailing down, down for ever! There was nothing else to be done but hold on—some were swept away through that night; but when the morning broke wildly over our desolation, our bows had righted, the wind had all abated. We stood at the pumps all day working, working till the blood burst from our hands; while we worked we felt ourselves gradually sinking, slowly, but with a grim certainty!"

" 'To the boats!' All was order that day; no confusion, no curses, no mutiny; everyone worked nobly for the salvation of all.

" 'Passengers first!' shouted the Captain.

"Where were they? Miss Westbourne's maid appeared white as a ghost. Fairchild had worked desperately with all of us at the pumps.

" 'Where is your mistress?' he cried wildly. The girl made no answer; she had an idea that she would be left behind, so

with tears begged us piteously to save her. Fairchild rushed down the companion, and we heard his voice crying that name through the cabins. We could feel the ship heavy with water roll beneath us, yet we waited there by the boats. I went down to the cabin then, and searched amid all the confusion of broken timbers, but in vain. She was gone. She was not to be found. Fairchild raved like a madman through the knee-deep water on the cabin floor; raved, accusing himself of having murdered her, and it was with difficulty I could force him on deck again.

“There were two boats, both well provisioned and secure. The Captain took command of the long-boat. The chief officer was disabled, the second had been washed away; so the command of the second fell to me. There were nine men in the long-boat and five in mine. We were to keep close together and steer one course. So we pushed off. The Captain's boat showed a few yards of canvas, and ran before the wind for about a mile; but I must confess I did not seek to follow it at once, for within a couple of hundred yards, the ship, now very deep in the water, swayed heavily, and I felt that there was a chance of something I could hardly comprehend resulting from our being in its neighbourhood; so I merely set as much sail as would allow of my keeping the boat's-head to sea without putting her under any way, and thus we remained with our eyes fixed on the tumbling ship.

“It was now about the time of sunset. Clouds had been over us all day, but now they seemed to have all drifted together in a mass to the north-east. Suddenly from a great rift in the west, a wild glare of sunset glory burst, flashing along the uneven waters, and making over them a blood-red path to the sun. Then the whole western mountain-clouds broke asunder, showing the fire that illumined them, large and red. All the horizon was overspread with glory, and the breadth of waters from east to west was dyed with crimson. The old vessel heaved and reeled in the red sunset as if it had been on fire; we could see the cabin ports reflecting the stream of light that struck them. We were all silent, so full of speechless awe was that sight. But a still more terrible fear fell upon us, for suddenly there came sounds to us as if from the sunset, strange, faint, musical sounds, trembling out of the distance like the singing of a spirit. We listened as they floated over us. I had heard such music before—I knew the sounds that came:

“‘Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.’

It went on and on, faint, and steadfast, and beautiful, while we listened in awe. We had our eyes fixed on the old vessel; Heavens! the sound came from her cabin! Fairchild started up wildly, with his haggard face pallid. ‘She is alive yet,’ he whispered.

‘She is there! Row, men! row to her! I will give you money—hundreds, thousands! but row to her! Row or I shall leap out and swim! My love, my Louise! we shall save you!’ and he stretched his arms wildly towards the ship.

“Oars were out in a moment, and our head round: it all occupied but a short time. I had turned my eyes away for a second, but in that second a cry of awful wonder arose from every one, there was no ship to be seen! The blood-red glare of the fallen sun rolled over the broad sea, omitting nothing in its way. She had gone down for ever; but still we seemed to hear that soft, steadfast voice singing over the gurgle and the surge of the waves.

“‘Gone! is she gone?’ shouted Fairchild. ‘Then, darling, I shall follow you! I shall be with you yet!’ He had sprung from his seat, and it was only after a great struggle that we held him down in the boat.

“I steered all that evening with a single sail on, trying to follow the long boat; but she soon disappeared in the darkness, and a fresh gale blew, so that it kept us working hard to keep the water baled out. Towards midnight I believe the exhaustion of the past days brought on unconsciousness; for the next thing I remember is lying in the bottom of the boat, and instead of seeing four men with me there were only two. One was Fairchild, the other the quarter-master, an old man who had hold of the tiller-ropes. I did my best to talk hopefully to them, but neither answered a word. They did not even look at each other. I served out provisions, for we had plenty, enough to last for months. Towards evening of this day, I was startled to hear the old man exclaim something as we sat on the thwarts forward, apparently puzzled with thought. ‘How is it they’re all gone but him—him there?’ and he pointed to Fairchild. ‘God of heaven, how is it? Why were they all lost but him? I can’t make it out, darned if I can!’ And he shook his head for a long time.

“‘What is the matter, Rogers?’ I asked, ‘What are you talking about?’

“But he only shook his head, exclaiming, ‘Darned if I can make it out at all—by no manner o’ means!’

“There was hardly any wind now, and we were able to keep all the sails set, steering nor’-west, the course I had agreed with the Captain to keep, and that night I got a good sleep of three or four hours.

“At dawn I went to serve out breakfast, but I was startled to find only a single small bag of biscuit, and not more than a gallon of water in the cask. I cried out in amazement, and looked to both men for an explanation. Then I saw that Fairchild was as surprised as myself.

“‘I did it,’ said the old man quietly; ‘I threw them over last night!’

“‘You!’ I shouted. ‘Ruffian, fool! you have murdered yourself and us! What did you do it for?’

“‘I did it for justice,’ he answered. ‘Justice must be done, sir. I could not make it out yesterday how such injustice could happen; as him to be saved—him—and the others lost. But God told me last night how I could bring about His justice, and I have brought it about; I obeyed Him, and I see it all clearly now.’

“‘Madman!’ I shouted. ‘What did you mean? you were a demon impelled by the devil himself to do that.’

“Suddenly Fairchild spoke. ‘Let him alone; he was right; justice must be done on me. I brought all this destruction upon the ship and upon so many innocent lives. I should have been the first to die.’

“I stared at the men in amazement. Had both their minds gone astray? Were they both madmen? ‘What do you mean?’ I stammered.

“‘I shall tell you,’ answered Fairchild. ‘I am a murderer—it was I who threw Hammerton overboard that night. Now you know all!’

“‘And I knew it,’ said the quarter-master; ‘I saw him do it, and I took his cursed money and held my tongue. Now, didn’t I do well in throwing over the bags and the water? It would never do for me to die without seeing that justice. It was an act of God, and now I’ll die happy.’

“I buried my face in my hands in despair. ‘God forgive you both,’ I said, ‘if I cannot forgive you for my death.’

“Then this great and wonderful calm fell upon us, calm so fearful, that the recollection of it is burnt into my life, so that I can never feel the wind sink, as it has sunk with us to-day, without recalling the events which led up to this terrible calm I tell you of.

“Calm! the heavy sky leaning over all the hot slumb’rous deep. The fiery sun creeping over us, making us feel that from his fire there was no escape. Everything seemed dead around us, till the fierce sunset appeared to stir them with wild, strong life, throbbing through all the throng of waters. Calm!—bah! I cannot tell you anything about it: I might talk my life away without making you know anything of it as I feel it.

“The old quarter-master resolutely refused to eat or drink anything.

“‘No, no!’ he said, when I offered him his share; ‘I did it for justice—it would not be justice for me to eat anything; but I’ll die knowing that something was done right. It was hard for

me to know why we should all have to die, but now, bless my soul ! it's as clear as daylight. I'll die happy, thank God, Amen.'

"He did die the next night, and I was left alone with the other.

"We did not speak for all the next day. We sat there, a part of that terrible calm. And so for two more days and nights. I felt that a few more such days would bring the end of all, to me at least.

"On this evening I was startled by the sound of Fairchild's voice, speaking strangely as he stood up in the bow, staring into the broadening sunset.

" 'Are we never to meet, my darling? Must I ever see your face out there, and hear your voice in the stars at night, and yet be separated from you? I did it, I know; but, Louise, it was for you. He never loved you as I did. I would have given my soul for you. Ah! I have given it for you whom I see out there—there among the gold and the red! Oh, darling, it is blood! why is the blood about you? it is I it should be about. Yours is the golden beauty of the sunset and the stars. Come to me, Louise! You are pale, darling! but I hear your voice, sweet as an angel's, flowing to me in that rich stream of sunset glory. A path—a path—it is a golden path to you, darling! I shall walk on it to you—there is sunset peace for us yet. See, love! love, I go to you!'

"He stretched out his arms over that path of sunset on the waters—there was a splash in those still waters, and the boat swayed in the unwonted ripples That is all, I know nothing more; for when I opened my eyes I saw the face of our old doctor above me, and our old Captain beside me. They had been picked up, and had done the same kindly thing for me, otherwise you fellows wouldn't have known how to get over this calm in the absence of your claret-cup. 'Calm,' did I say? no, by Jove! steersman, helm hard over! let go the main-boom there! a breeze at last! We'll be in Cowes in an hour."

CONCLUSION.

We were in Cowes in an hour. Champagne is not dear at Cowes.

BARBARA.

BARBARA ! Barbara, strange and rare !
With thy jet-black eyes, and thy raven hair,
 And thy tongue so blithe
 And thy form so lithe—
Truly was never a maid so fair !

Barbara ! Barbara, strange and rare !
From what delicate land of pellucid air
 Camest thou forth
 To the cold grey north ?
Truly was never a maid so fair.

Barbara ! Barbara, strange and rare !
What dost thou here, and what would'st thou there ?
 Seekest thou aught,
 Or art but in sport ?
Truly was never a maid so fair.

Barbara ! Barbara, strange and rare !
I love thee more than my heart can bear,
 O shun me not,
 For my brain is hot,
And truly was never a maid so fair !

Barbara ! Barbara, strange and rare !
Wilt thou with me to the church repair,
 And at Hymen's shrine
 Wilt thou vow thee mine ;
For truly was never a maid so fair !

Barbara ! Barbara, strange and rare !
With thy jet-black eyes and thy raven hair,
 And thy tongue so blithe,
 And thy form so lithe—
Truly was never a bride so fair !

G. W. R.

THE WATER TOWER:**▲ STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.**

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE.Authoress of "*Dr. Harcourt's Assistant*," "*The Hunlock Title Deeds*," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.**JACKY HAYES IN TROUBLE.**

AT a tolerably early hour of the morning on the day following that which had witnessed the quarrel between Norris and Nevitt and their reconciliation, the former was busy in his small bedroom, arraying himself in full uniform. His countenance looked rather grave and thoughtful, as did that of a second person—standing, leaning against the half-open window, who was no other than Adjutant Reuben Okey.

No wonder that Norris and his companion looked so gloomy, for that day a court-martial was to be held upon poor Jacky Hayes, the favourite of both officers and men; though, like all favourites, great and small, he had his enemies.

While Captain Norris is finishing the, to him, rather tedious task of his toilet, we will say a few words of Jacky Hayes, the drummer, as he will appear again in the course of our narrative.

He was small of stature, but a sinewy, lithe, active little man, with merry, twinkling blue eyes, and a certain expression of mischief and humour in his sunburnt face. Though only thirty-six years of age, he was what might be called an old soldier.

When only fourteen he had enlisted in a regiment of the line as drummer, and thus in his boyhood began a life of excitement, fatigue, and hardship. He was engaged in active service for many years, when England unsheathed the sword, after that fatal tragedy in Paris, the execution of Louis XVI. Then, later on, Jacky was drafted off with many of his comrades to Spain, and here his misfortunes began. His regiment formed part of the army under Sir John Moore when that general was pursued by two strong French armies, under Soult and Ney, through the mountains of Galicia, and Jacky was only one out of many, who suffered severely from the privations and fatigues of that memorable re-

treat, made in the depth of winter, in the midst of its rains and snows. Even Jacky, light-hearted, cheerful, and unrepining as he usually was, found it hard sometimes to keep up his spirits, especially when during the horrors of a forced march, or when sorely oppressed by wasting sickness, hunger, and thirst, there seemed to rise up before him, like a picture, or the mirage in the desert, a pretty little hamlet, its green hill-sides crowned with trees, and amongst its thatched roofs, one from beneath which many a prayer went up from the lips of a tender mother for the wayward boy who had enlisted at fourteen. He almost fancied at such times that he could hear the chirp of the cricket, the fall of the wood embers from the stove, and the sound of her dear, well-remembered voice.

When they reached Corunna, and Moore accepted battle with his powerful enemy, and when the signs of coming victory were bright, poor Jacky lay bleeding and disabled on the field; and though faint and exhausted, he never entirely lost consciousness, and saw his brave commander dashed from his horse to the earth, to which his last remains were consigned at the dark hour of night. And when in the midst of the hurry and gloom of a retreat, General Hope, taking advantage of the confusion of the French and the darkness, embarked his army for England, Jacky's comrades carried him on board, and he was afterwards kept in hospital until his wounds had healed.

As his health had suffered from the severity of the campaign, and he had served more than twenty years, he obtained his discharge, along with a small pension, and he retired to Rochdale, which was near his native place, and obtained a situation from a merchant as porter. However, when a recruiting officer of the First Royal Lancashires appeared in that town, Jacky, who was a very expert drummer, felt again that call to arms which he had experienced in his early years, and he accordingly enlisted in that corps. His skill as a drummer and also a singer, his good temper, and his love of frolic, soon made friends for him in the regiment, and the officers often called upon him to exhibit before them his skill with the drumsticks, especially when strangers were dining at their mess.

We will now return to Captain Norris and Adjutant Okey, as we have said all we need say as to Jacky's antecedents. Okey was a special patron of the poor drummer, for they had both of them fought the French, and both of them believed, as an article of faith, that one Englishman could beat ten Frenchmen; and therefore it was no wonder that he looked grave and troubled at the thought that his *protégé* was about to be put on his trial for a military offence, which, if proved against him, might involve the

severe infliction of the lash, then, alas! too common, not amongst the regulars only, but also in the militia regiments. The adjutant had come forward to be ready to speak in favour of Jacky's uniform good and steady conduct.

When Norris left his room, he found Captain Thorold in the adjoining chamber, and his wife and Mrs. Okey gazing through the window with looks of the deepest commiseration at Jacky Hayes, who, however, seemed the most unconcerned of any one about him, as he was marched along between a guard of half-a-dozen men with fixed bayonets, to the orderly-room, where the court-martial was to be held. The fact was that Jacky had an inward conviction that nothing serious would come of the matter.

He looked none the worse for the two days incarceration in the guard-room, or, as the soldiers called it, "The house that Jack built," which he had gone through previous to his trial: for though his pay had been cut down to sixpence a-day—an amount which would have entailed a very sparing diet—his comrades had clubbed together to supply his wants,—a piece of good-nature which the provost-sergeant, another friend of Jacky's, winked at.

"There goes an injured man!" exclaimed Mrs. Okey, indignantly. "Accused of unsoldierlike conduct, indeed! just for letting out a bit of the truth when he had taken a drop too much!—there's no denying as he had done that, I suppose. As to what he said about a certain party, it was all gospel truth, I believe."

All this was said in a very high key by Mrs. Okey, who was in no ways awed by the presence of Captains Thorold and Norris, for she was tolerably well aware of the fact that Jacky was a great favourite with both these officers.

"Now, my dear," urged Okey, shocked at his wife's spirit of insubordination, "don't put your oar in."

"What is that you say, Mr. Okey?" asked Mrs. Okey, sharply. "'Don't put my oar in,' indeed! There's no better man breathing than my gentleman," she continued, with a slight emphasis on the last word; and turning to Mrs. Norris, "But the best man alive shan't set me down."

"Well, well," replied Okey, in a soothing tone, which, however, was ineffectual to mollify her.

"Captain Ashcroft might have found something better to do than listen to the tale-bearing of a babbling fool like that servant of his," said Mrs. Okey, wrathfully. "But there! what can you expect? you know he's only nine-tenths of a man," added the irritated dame, in a darkly mysterious, half-whispered communication to Mrs. Norris, which brought a smile to the lips of the officers as they left the hut; for they knew that Mrs. Okey was referring to the rumour that Ashcroft's grandfather had cut out vests and

nether garments, in the making of which he had been so successful, that he had been enabled to leave a large fortune to his son and heir.

When the officers arrived in the orderly-room, they found the four lieutenants already there, who were to form, with Norris, the court. Jacky was to be tried by a regimental court-martial, and Colonel Tonge had appointed Norris president, considering that, as he had studied the law, he would be a very proper person for that office.

The officers being all assembled, Thorold, who was Jacky's captain, opened the defaulter's book, in which the name of every man in the company was inscribed, with every fault that he had ever committed written down against it. Jacky, however, knew that the pages of this volume had nothing much to tell against him; there might be a red ink cross, or perhaps two, against his name, when he had made himself too fervent a disciple of John Barleycorn, but other records against him there were none.

The first thing Norris did was to read over to Jacky the names of the officers appointed to form the court, and he then asked him if he objected to being tried by any of them. Jacky gave a decided answer in the negative.

Norris then commencing with Nevitt, administered the oath to him and the other members of the court, and this done, Nevitt went through the same ceremony with regard to Norris himself; and thus each officer having sworn to administer justice without partiality, favour, or affection, according to the customs of war in like cases, they all took their seats by seniority of their commissions.

Norris then addressed the court in a style that would not have discredited the bench—in fact, Adjutant Okey, relating the scene afterwards to Mrs. Okey, remarked several times with great emphasis, “It was as good as hearing a judge.”

“Gentlemen,” began the president, “John Hayes is brought before us to be tried for unsoldierlike conduct, he being accused of having spoken disrespectfully of his superior officer in the presence of divers persons. It is, as you are doubtless aware, a general regulation for all His Majesty's army, that deliberations and discussions among any class of military men, having the object of conveying praise or censure towards their superiors, are strictly forbidden, as being subversive of discipline. Now, the prisoner has to be tried for having made use of words drawing a comparison of merit between two of his superior officers. I need scarcely say that to draw a comparison between persons would, of itself, imply praise of one of the individuals thus compared, and dispraise of the other; and our duty is carefully to consider the evidence brought before us, and give our judgment whether the prisoner is or is not guilty.

Mr. Nevitt, you are the youngest officer on this court-martial, and you will be so good as to write down the proceedings."

John Bagnall was now called, and put upon his oath.

"Well, now, John Bagnall," said Norris, "tell whose company are you in?"

"I am a private in Captain Ashcroft's company of the First Lancashire Militia," replied Bagnall.

"Did you ever hear the prisoner say anything about Captain Thorold and Captain Ashcroft?"

"Yes, your honour," answered Bagnall, who was in a profuse state of perspiration, and evidently found giving his evidence no very easy task. "On Wednesday last I went into the 'Bay Horse' public-house in Court Street, and I had some beer with James Parr and William Parker, both of our regiment. We hadn't ordered no great matter of beer, not being, what you may call drinkers any of us—leastways, I don't suppose there's been ever a red cross against the names of one on us."

"Now, come, John Bagnall, keep to the point," said Norris. "Never mind telling us about yourself; we want to know what John Hayes said."

"Well, your honour," answered Bagnall, "after a while in comes Hayes, and he begun talking, and then he didn't order any beer, but he kept supping from our pots; and so at last Parr says, 'Fair's fair,—you don't drink no more with us unless you pay your share.' Well, then, there began to be some words between the two of them, and Hayes said quite up, so as any one could hear him, 'I don't care,' says he, 'a d—n for you, nor for your master, Captain Ashcroft; why,' says he, 'he ain't no man ain't Captain Ashcroft—he's a coward, that's what he is, and he's a devil; but,' he says, 'Captain Thorold's a reet un.'"

"Have you any questions to ask of this witness?" said Norris, addressing Jacky.

The latter replied in the affirmative, and then put the following question to Bagnall.

"Will you swear, positively, that I said Captain Ashcroft was a coward?"

"Well, I certainly understood from the words you used that you meant to say as Captain Ashcroft was a coward, and, for certain sure, you said he was a devil, and no man."

"That will do," said Jacky, with a smile of satisfaction, for he had brought the witness to waver in his evidence.

The next witness sworn in was James Parr, a north countryman, who seemed less agitated at the prospect of the ordeal before him than his friend Bagnall had been.

"James Parr, whose company are you in?" began Norris.

"I am Captain Ashcroft's servant, and I am private in his company."

"Tell the court all you know about this matter," said Norris.

"I was up at th' 'Bay Horse' last Wednesday, with John Bagnall and William Parker, and I says, I'll hev a tot of ale, and Bagnall said hoo would hev the same, and so did Parker. Just when we had gotten our tots, Hayes put his yed in at th' door, and then he coomed up to th' table, and sit him down. It warn't long before he took a long pull at Bagnall's tot, and then hoo had a sup eawt o' Parker's, and whiles one eawt o' mine. Well, at last I up and says, 'Owd chap, if yo want to sup wi' us, yo maun pay your share.' 'Then,' says he, 'I wunna do nowt o' th' sort; and I tell you what, James Parr, thou art a d—d coward, and thy maister's a nowt, too, why, hoo daur no' land at Copenhagen. Bi th' mass, he's a bad un! And then he got up fro' th' table, and he struck it with his fist, and he says, 'Yo may goo drunken bowster-yeds, and ask any mon that's in th' Ninety-Fifth, if what I've said isn't true. Captain Ashcroft's th' Owd Lad, but Captain Thorold, he'd as bowd as a lion, and he's a reet un.' Well, I said then to Hayes, 'Doesto know what yo hev been sayin'? I dunnot think but what yo'll be brought to justice, and then yo'll happen taste the cat.'"

The witness having given his evidence, Jacky was allowed to ask him a few questions.

"Have you ever had any words with me, and do you not owe me a grudge?" asked Hayes.

"I've nae dispute wi' ye," answered Parr, rather doggedly.

"But did you not have a quarrel with me?" persisted Jacky Hayes.

"It war summat o' the sort," replied Parr, finding it impossible longer to evade the prisoner's question; "'twere abeawt five shillin' that I borrowed of you, but yo cannot say but what I paid it back."

"Yes, after I made you. Now, will you positively swear that I called your master a coward, or that I said he was afraid to land at Copenhagen?"

"Well," replied Parr, "I am sure that summat was said by them as were in th' room abeawt Copenhagen, and then yo said that Captain Ashcroft came to us from the Ninety-Fifth, and I'll swear yo' said Captain Thorold was a reet un, and that Captain Ashcroft was th' Owd Lad—leastways, yo said the devil; and yo called me a coward, and no man. I'se no mistaken abeawt that, and I yerd yo say summat that I thought was 'loike maister loike man,' so I concluded yo meant that Captain Ashcroft was a coward."

We don't want to know anything about what your conclusions

were," interrupted Norris. "We want to know what the prisoner actually said. Did you hear him say that Captain Ashcroft was a coward, and that he was afraid to land at Copenhagen? Tell us, as near as you can, the exact words the prisoner used."

"Well," answered Parr, "happen he didn't exactly say that Captain Ashcroft was a coward, but I'se sure summat was said abeawt the Ninety-Fifth and Copenhagen, and that hoo said Captain Ashcroft was no man, he was a devil, and that Captain Thorold was a reet un!"

"Have you any more questions to put to this witness?" asked Norris, turning to Hayes.

The latter replying in the negative, the president proceeded to address the prisoner.

"Now, John Hayes, you have heard what these two witnesses have testified against you; what have you to say in your defence?"

"I confess that what the witnesses have said about the drink is true," replied Hayes, very humbly; "but I do not know that I came out with such words against Captain Ashcroft as have been sworn against me. I believe we were talking about Captain Thorold and him, and I said that Captain Thorold was a reet un; but your honour knows he is my own captain, and I might perhaps have said that Captain Ashcroft was a devil; but, if I did, I am sure I said nothing worse. Will you allow me to call for my captain, and for Adjutant Okey, for a character?"

The request being granted, Thorold came forward and stated that he looked upon the prisoner as one of the steadiest soldiers in the regiment, and that he had nothing of any great consequence written against his name in the defaulter's book. Okey also testified to his being a steady, good soldier.

The president and the other officers then consulted together upon the evidence, and finally, Norris asked each officer his opinion, beginning with Nevitt as the youngest.

They all agreed that it had been proved that the prisoner had used the expression, "Captain Thorold is a reet un, but as for Captain Ashcroft he is a devil," or words to that effect, but that the other charges against him were not proved; and they further said that they wished the prisoner to be asked to explain what he meant by the expression which they found him guilty of having uttered.

"Please, sir," said Hayes, addressing the president, "I only meant that Captain Thorold was a good officer."

"Then what did you mean by saying that 'as for Captain Ashcroft, he is a devil?'" inquired Norris.

"Why, please sir," said Jacky, with a cunning look, "I only meant to say that he was a good officer too."

The officers looked at each other with a half-smile, for they

could hardly hide their amusement ; and they came to the conclusion that the evidence had failed in giving positive proof that the prisoner had spoken disrespectfully of his superior officer. The president dismissed Jacky with a caution to be careful of his tongue in future, and then turning to the other officers said, with a smile, " We now see that the devil can be a good officer."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RECONCILIATION.

It was the winter of 1813, more than two years since Piers Thorold had quitted his mother's roof in such bitter resentment and anger. The first days of the new year had been hitherto bright, clear, and frosty, and on the afternoon of such a day, Mrs. Thorold sat alone in her drawing-room—the same room in which she sat when her son parted from her.

She had aged much during these two years. Her bright blue eyes had grown dim, and were rather sunken ; her face was pale, and bore upon it lines of care, which had not been there in happier days ; and her fair hair was striped with silver. During this lapse of time true and loving friends had tried hard to put an end to this sad difference between a mother and her son.

Teresa had striven quietly, patiently, but zealously, to soothe the bitterness of the mother's outraged feelings, and to plead in favour of this man who had forsaken her, but whom she yet loved so well and truly. She was ever watchful for the opportunity of saying some good word in his behalf, and she knew well that Mrs. Thorold, in the depths of her heart, rejoiced at every good deed which could be related of him. The mother could not reconcile herself to taking the first step, but yet she was prepared to open her yearning heart and her longing arms to her son upon the slightest advance that he should make.

On the other hand, Robert Norris, a friend whom Piers really loved and esteemed, had not been idle all this time ; he was too good a son himself not to condemn heartily the way in which Piers had acted towards a very fond and tender mother ; but he knew the fiery and obstinate spirit with whom he had to deal, and so he was cautious and wary in all he said. He was aware that his words had an effect upon Thorold, and each day the prospect appeared brighter of a reconciliation. At first there had been so much bitterness and rancour on either side, that the quarrel seemed likely to be of long duration ; but time had softened these two proud hearts, and in her dreams Teresa would anticipate a blissful return to happiness, which seemed possible even in her waking moments.

Piers also, it appeared from the reports of Norris, was esteemed a noble, upright man by all who knew him; whatever the follies or even crimes of his youth had been, he had now cast them off, and Monica Thorold, like the Monica of old, rejoiced in the conversion of her son.

A red beam of winter sunlight, streaming in through one of the windows, just fell upon Mrs. Thorold, where she sat, leaning back in her large arm-chair, its dark velvet cushions, and the dusky oak pannelling behind her, forming a background out of which her pale, still beautiful face seemed to stand forth clearly and distinctly prominent, like the faces in the paintings of some of the old masters.

A shadow had fallen on the red beam of sunlight, but when Mrs. Thorold looked up, she saw nothing but the bare branches of the trees without, and the grass and fern in the park, whitened with the frost. She still continues to gaze into the solitude without, and she is unconscious that she is no longer alone; the door has opened so gently that she has failed to hear it; but soft and almost noiseless though the tread be of the man who breaks in upon her loneliness, it causes her to start, and to catch her breath shortly and quickly, while a flush of colour comes into her cheek. All the sorrow and anguish and desolation of the past dies out in the bliss of this moment of supreme happiness. The joy of those years long gone by, when her heart had bounded at hearing the toddling step and baby prattle of the innocent little child—too guileless to have ever caused her heart one single pang of pain—the pleasure of feeling his tiny arms around her, and of hearing his loving tones of childish endearment, had never carried with them one tithe of the exquisite bliss of that moment, when the arms of the strong man encircled her, and she heard the deep tones of his loved voice, exclaiming:

“Mother! my poor mother! can you forgive the past, and restore me your affection again?”

“My darling boy! my Piers!” murmurs the fond mother, in broken accents, “you have never lost it. The pang at being parted from you was the greater, because of the very strength of my motherly love; but now you have come back, let us forget the past, and think only of the present.”

It was some little time before Mrs. Thorold resumed any of her usual calmness, in this sudden revulsion of feeling from intense sorrow to great joy, and her son almost feared that his hasty resolve to visit his mother, without any previous announcement of his coming, had been ill-advised. However, her agitation and excitement gradually subsided, and they had a little quiet, happy conversation together, till Mrs. Thorold, seeming to be struck by some

sudden thought, laid her hand on the arm of her son and said, half-timidly and half-hopefully—

“You would like to see Teresa?”

“Mother, after yourself, I came to seek her. I have never forgotten Teresa during these two long years; and if she will only be as forgiving as you have been, I have nothing to fear.”

“I cannot hide anything from you, Piers, to-day,” exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, with a fond smile; “so, even at the risk of making you proud, I will tell you that you have her entire heart. It is another joy to me,” she added, “to find you still love her. She will not bring you jewels or gold, Piers, but she will bring you, what is of far greater worth, a noble, unselfish heart; a temper which is proof against every trial, and a pure and tender love which death only will end. In her character there is no dross; it is all pure, sterling gold, tried in the furnace.”

Mrs. Thorold then ordered the carriage to be sent for Teresa, who was still living at her little cottage on the Walls. And then the mother and son began to talk upon more indifferent topics than those agitating and tender ones which had occupied them during the first hour of their meeting.

“My love, is your regiment likely to remain in Edinburgh long?” asked Mrs. Thorold. “I should like to have you near to me; for I am growing old, now, and I suppose, you will not delay long giving me a daughter in dear Teresa, and then you will leave the Militia.”

“My dear mother, you have anticipated my plans,” replied Piers; “provided Teresa does not object, all this shall come to pass before next summer. Our regiment will stay a good while in Edinburgh, I expect, for we only came there from Haddington in November.”

“I suppose Mrs. Robert likes very much being in her own country,” said Mrs. Thorold; “is she any stronger? I fear, from what I hear, that Robert will be left a young widower.”

“The laird of Glenalmond has a house in Princes Street,” replied Piers, “and Mrs. Robert stays there, which is very comfortable for her, as she often has her mother with her. Of course, you heard of the girl. She is a pretty little lassie, just five months old. As for Mrs. Robert’s health, perhaps a man is not the best judge, but to me she seems to be wasting away; she looks weaker and more delicate every time I see her. I quite agree with you, my dear mother, as to the sad probability of Robert being left early a widower; but, trust me, he will not long remain one. I believe he loves his wife very dearly; but Bob will take unto him another spouse, that I would stake my life on.”

“I cannot understand second marriages,” exclaimed Mrs.

Thorold, vehemently. "If you have once loved, how can you ever forget that love? Mine lasted beyond the grave," she added, proudly, "and it cheers my lonely moments with hopes of a joyous union in a better world."

"You see," replied Thorold, in a slightly satirical tone, "the survivor has sometimes enjoyed so much felicity in the married state, that he or she feels impelled to seek a renewal of that felicity by a second marriage."

Mrs. Thorold shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"Well," she went on, "and is Robert still as full of crotchets as ever? It is positively horrible, the accounts he sends home of the way in which he is bringing up that unfortunate boy of his—bare-footed and bareheaded, and clad in a cotton blouse! Why, good heavens! the child must look like a little pauper."

"Bob's ideas have become modified," replied Piers, laughing; "the little girl will not have such a rigorous training. Guess, my dear mother, what new branch of study our friend has turned his attention to."

Mrs. Thorold looked up in wonderment at her son.

"Why," she exclaimed, "Robert has surely not changed his mind again; he cannot be going to leave the army? why, there will soon be no profession that he has not tried. I hope," she added, in some alarm, he has not joined the Presbyterian Church, and become ambitious of being a minister."

"Oh, no," answered Thorold, "he is not going to cure souls; it is the cure of bodies he is thinking of. Anatomical lectures, and the study of dry bones, and of equally dry medical books are the order of the day now. He cannot even find time to poke over old Porta, and compare the heads, noses, and eyes of his children. If you go to breakfast with Bob, ten to one but you'll find part of a man's thigh-bone beside your plate, or the joint of a finger in your saucer. He will sign himself M.D. by-and-bye, and then he'll give it up. I put him in a great passion, the other day, by saying I hoped he wouldn't poison anybody first."

"But what on earth made him think of being a doctor?" asked Mrs. Thorold.

"Chiefly, I believe," answered her son, "his great intimacy with the surgeon of our regiment. They are closeted together morning, noon, and night. They attend the classes at the University together. As General Durham is in Edinburgh, Bob durst not risk being seen in plain clothes, and I have often laughed at the figure they must cut in their undress uniforms, sitting alongside staid-looking students on the benches of the lecture-rooms. At home or abroad it is always the same story with Robert now. If you chance to find him within doors, he will tell you he is just

going to hear Dr. Munro on Morbid Anatomy ; and if you meet him in the street, ten to one but he is on the way to the University, where Dr. Hope is lecturing on Chemistry, or Dr. Gregory on the Practice of Medicine. Bob is pursuing experiments in chemistry, too, like he used to do at Watergate Street, in that foul garret, which came to be so renowned for bad odours and explosions, that none of the servants would go near it."

"But, surely," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, "the Glenalmonds don't allow him to make chemical experiments in their house. I am very fond of Robert, but I would not suffer him to spoil my furniture, and poison me with bad smells."

"Oh, no," replied Piers, "the study of chemistry is carried on in the surgeon's rooms at the Castle, where our regiment is in garrison."

"My dear Piers, there is one question I want to ask you before Teresa comes," said Mrs. Thorold, speaking in a tone of slight hesitation ; "what did you do about that bad man, Vaucour ? If you are still in his debt I will settle it, no matter what the amount."

"My dearest mother, I have done with him," exclaimed Piers, speaking in a tone of great bitterness ; "he was always my enemy, even when he seemed my friend. The months that I spent with him in Paris will be a reproach to me as long as I live ; but if there is one thing for which I now detest the man more than another, it is for these two past years of misery, which began when his shadow first darkened your doors. I think he imagined that I should be ready to follow my old course of life, and to make him again my bosom friend and inseparable companion. I believe that it was under the influence of that conviction that he came to Brewood. However, I speedily undeceived him, within a very short time, indeed, after my last interview with you. I am not an extravagant man, now, my dear mother ; and I have paid off all debts with the surplus remaining over from the very large allowance you have made me the last two years. Here we will let this matter rest, and Vaucour's name shall never be mentioned between us."

Mrs. Thorold bowed her head in willing acquiescence, and she and her son sat talking on happier themes, till the light of the short winter day was drawing to a close.

When Teresa entered the room it was partly in obscurity, only now and then a tongue of flame leaping up from the red logs, flickered brightly on the dark casements and the oak panelling, or brought out in bold relief the faces in those old oil paintings, mute relics of the Thorolds of bygone days. The room was so dark and shadowy, that Teresa could scarcely distinguish objects, but she saw that her loved old friend, Mrs. Thorold, was not alone ; and in a moment a sudden rush of joy filled her heart, as she

recognised in the tall, noble figure of the man approaching her with eager step and outstretched hands, the form and features of Piers Thorold.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

ABOUT a month had elapsed since the return of Piers Thorold to Brewood—a month of calm, unchequered happiness to Teresa. She had been very happy before that sad estrangement, but it had not been a happiness such as she now felt. Then, painful presentiments had shadowed forth the sorrow that was to fall upon her, but now, there was not a single cloud, not a speck upon the horizon. Like the beauty and stillness of an Indian summer, her life flowed now in a channel of calm, unbounded happiness.

Not a day passed that she did not meet Piers, generally at Brewood—where she spent the greater part of her time; and, sometimes, at her little cottage. Their favourite haunt, the Water Tower, was often the scene of their meetings, for the weather had been for some time past, bright, clear, and frosty, and a smart walk round the old walls, and a view of the beautiful country beyond, lit up with the red beams of the wintry sun, offered manifold attractions to such lovers of the picturesque as Piers and his affianced bride.

On one of these same bright frosty mornings, Teresa started from her little cottage, accompanied by Walter, now a boy of ten or eleven years old. She had promised to meet Piers at the Water Tower, and they were to take a walk, and then go to Brewood to dine.

These were the arrangements, and Teresa set off with a step so light and elastic, that she almost distanced the boy by her side. However, when she reached the Water Tower, Thorold was not there; her happy eagerness having anticipated the hour of meeting. For a little while she rambled on the Walls with Walter, and then stood for a few moments gazing intently at the meadows and open country beneath her, where hedge-rows, pasture land, the broad waters of the Dee, and the distant hills, lay all so still and quiet on that calm winter morning—scarcely a sound breaking the repose of the scene.

Something she appeared to gaze at intently in the distance, where a thick growth of underwood, and the giant trunks and weird-looking naked branches of a large clump of trees broke the uniformity of the meadow land. At the same time, a look of troubled surprise, mingled with something like fear, seemed to pass

over her face and changed its joyous expression into something akin to that careworn, harassed look, which had so often, during her troubled life, clouded her sweet features. Walter, standing by her side, vainly wondered what his sister was looking at ; he saw nothing in that wintry landscape but the river glittering in the sunlight, and the high road winding away to Parkgate.

At length Teresa turned aside, as though weary of gazing at the broad river and its wooded banks, and descending to the Water Tower she said—

“Walter, I am going to look at the Camera till Mr. Thorold comes ; will you take a run along the Walls, and you will meet him ?”

“Oh, yes ; I don’t like going into that dark room,” replied the boy.

And so Teresa went into the Tower alone, and, ascending the narrow stone stair, entered the little chamber, leaving behind her the bright sunlight, and the splendour with which it clothed every tree and shrub, and hill-side.

The man who showed the Camera knew Teresa too well, from her frequent visits, to annoy her with the dull jargon with which he entertained his other visitors. She knew full well, and better than he, every building, every church spire, and every point in the distant landscape, which the camera unfolded to the view. This morning, however, she seemed a trifle less animated than usual—she gazed intently at the little table beneath her eyes, where, on the white surface, she could see boats on the canal, vehicles and pedestrians in the streets of the old city, the waters of the Dee, and then the green fields and trees, still and solitary, except when a passing gust of wind stirred the smaller branches of the trees, and caused a fluctuating, tremulous movement to be visible amongst those branches, shadowed out so distinctly on that small white space in the darkened chamber.

Very long did Teresa bend over that little table, so long, that the man had gone the round of Chester and its environs, again and again, without her bidding him pause, or go on ; and, at length, he was startled by a sound like a moan of suppressed and intense pain, which seemed to proceed from the lips of the lady. Then he approached her in haste, fearing that she was ill. In the darkened chamber he could not see her face, but he noticed that though she did not accept his proffered arm, she staggered as she approached the top of the narrow staircase. At the bottom Walter was standing, waiting for his sister. When he first saw her, a cry of surprise and fear burst from the boy’s lips ? Was it indeed Teresa ? was it the same cheerful, radiant-looking girl, who had gone up those steps less than half-an-hour before ? Some sudden shock had made

so great a change in her face, that another seemed to have grown out of it, old, and grey, and haggard, with an expression of dull, hopeless misery in the large dark grey eyes, that seem to have become, on a sudden, dim and sunken.

"Oh, Teresa, are you ill?" exclaimed the boy, as he clung to her in terrified wonderment.

She made no answer, and disregarding equally the anxious inquiries of the custodian of the camera, she passed out of the Tower, holding the little boy's hand clasped in hers, with a clasp that had in it the rigidity and coldness of death. On she went along the walls, never pausing, never turning aside, though her usually firm step was weak and uncertain, and she appeared like one walking in a dream or some stupor, while in her eyes, there was a dull, fixed look, as though she were gazing intently at some object which oppressed and distressed her. Arrived home, she passed straight into her little sitting-room, unheeding the exclamations of alarm of Mrs. Martin, the old lady who boarded with her, or those of Margaret, her own servant.

Seated at her writing-table, she looked like a statue—still and almost motionless, while her stiffened fingers seemed scarcely able to guide the pen, as she wrote a few lines—scarcely legible, so straggling and disjointed were the letters. Then she spoke the first words that had passed her lips since she left the Water Tower, but so low and faint were the tones of her voice, that Walter could only understand with difficulty, that the letter was to be sent to Brewood, to Mrs. Thorold.

All in vain were the solicitations and entreaties of old Mrs. Martin for Teresa to disclose what had caused this sudden startling and alarming change, when, but a few hours since, she had been so well and happy. The power of speech seemed to have passed from her, and she abruptly quitted Mrs. Martin, and shut herself up in her own bedroom, where, throughout the afternoon, they heard her pacing incessantly up and down the little chamber. At length the restless, hurried step suddenly ceased, and then the old lady, hovering near the door in friendly concern—heard a sound like that of one in mortal anguish—the sound of sighs and sobs, wrung from the heart in bitter agony, and half-smothered exclamations, cries for help to Heaven, from the stricken soul of one who was bowed down almost to death by the sufferings of those last few hours.

When the shadows were falling, and the short winter day was closing in, Teresa came out from her room, white and haggard and grief-stricken, but still something more like her former self. She tried to speak to Mrs. Martin, and to return Walter's affectionate caresses. She spoke, in faint and tremulous tones, of a sudden ill-

ness that had fallen upon her—of a faintness that had seized her, whilst at the Water Tower.

Mrs. Martin was still hovering about, with kind intentions, but a total want of thought,—for evidently Teresa stood in need of repose and quiet now, more than anything—when the servant, who had been sent out on some trifling errand, came hastily into the room, eager and breathless.

“Laws, ma’am!” she exclaimed, “such a dreadful thing I’ve heard just now! There’s been a man found murdered in the Dee. They have taken his body to the ‘Unicorn,’ and to-morrow there’ll be an inquest—to think, now—”

Here Margaret was interrupted by an exclamation of alarm from Mrs. Martin, as she hastened towards Teresa.

“My dear Miss Ayleworth, do you feel faint?” asked the old lady, as she gazed anxiously at Teresa’s pallid face and white lips.

“It is like the faintness of death,” murmured the latter.

A LETTER.

THIS hand of mine, that is so fain to heal
 Thy brow’s sad weariness, and linger blest
 In the sweet power of gifting thee with rest,
 Till thou could’st hear no jar of Fortune’s wheel,
 Must chain in patience all its tender zeal,
 And calmly turn to work at life’s behest.
 The world can see no sorrows unexpressed
 By wailing voice, or garb of gloom’s appeal.
 Its homage passes many heroes by,
 But none so great as Thou, whom God hath made
 A Spartan Martyr—Flower of Chivalry;
 Ay, none so nobly true erst Faith obeyed—
 Nay, thou wilt smile to read and call me “child,”
 And I shall say, heart-lightened—He hath smiled.

ELLYS ERLE.

A MAY GREETING.

THOU'RT welcome back, this gladsome time of Spring !
Thy presence makes more radiant joyful hours ;
Twice welcome now, since Nature deigns to bring
Her richest treasures to thy feet ! Sweet flow'rs
Of varied hue and every choice perfume
Adorn thy path : so with sweet revelry,
Do Flora's children dissipate the gloom
Of former months, to welcome Spring and thee.

March sighed, and April wept at thy delay,
The sister months were mute with stagnant grief ;
Thy absence seem'd to change all life to clay,
Nor e'en could Hope then give a faint relief.
April has dried her tears, and sweet May seems
With brighter face to smile upon thy way ;
All Nature in the genial sunshine gleams,
So take my greeting with the flow'rs of May.

M. A. BAINES.

THE COLONY AT THE FIJI ISLANDS.

THE days are happily gone by—at all events, for the present—when the interests of our Colonies were either neglected or disregarded. It will not, probably, be for a long time that a foreigner can indite such scathing words as appeared when our last battalion was withdrawn from Quebec: “Here, then, we have the prophecy of Montcalm accomplished. His death is avenged, and England withdraws its soldiers from Canada in the present day, merely that they may not be driven out by the Yankees in a few years hence!” Many now in office were active members of the Colonial Institute, and it is not likely that, under such auspices, the interests of our Colonies and foreign possessions will be overlooked. An Imperial policy succeeds to a Parochial one, and one of the first acts of a Government of enlarged, enlightened, and patriotic aspirations, will be to assume the protectorate of the Fiji Islands, long sought for by the king and people, for the sake of humanity outraged in the social condition of the natives, for the sake of the poor kidnapped labourers, and for the sake of the importance of the Islands to our colonies in Australia and New Zealand, and the development of intercommunication in the Pacific.

Those Islands are some two hundred in number, but only two are of any real importance, Vuna Levu, and Viti Levu. The first is of irregular shape, being deeply cut up with gulfs and inlets, whilst the second constitutes a more or less regular circle. The Islands of Ovalau and Levuka lie between the two, and without, are a host of islands and islets, almost all surrounded by coral reefs and banks of madrepores, which render navigation to a certain extent perillous. Viti Levu is level and woody; its marshy soil adapts it mainly for the growth of rice. Vuna Levu is, on the contrary, diversified by mountains which attain an altitude from 3000 to 5000 feet.

Levuka, the colonial city of Fiji, is upon the island of Ovalau, which itself is eight miles long by seven in breadth. Europeans were first attracted to the spot by the amicable disposition of the local chief. Its central position in the midst of the small group of islands, a harbour of great safety and security, and facilities for shipping, led to its development, notwithstanding the aridity of the soil, until it has now become the place of residence of the consuls, and the point to which the ships of war of all nations resort. There are, further, two streams in the island, the shady banks of which are much appreciated in a tropical climate. The town at present

consists of two rows of houses, forming a somewhat irregular street, upon a narrow strip of land. The little space left, indeed, between the sea and the foot of a mountain which rises behind, presents a great obstacle to the future development of the town, which contains about 200 fixed inhabitants, and a floating population of about 300 persons. Commerce is represented by four or five mercantile houses, and a dozen or so of retail dealers. Some buildings, more especially the hotels, combine the European style of construction with the comforts of civilisation. Among the public buildings, the Wesleyan church, and the Roman Catholic church (for the Fiji Islands have long been a little centre of active missionary propaganda, as is well known by the writings of Lawry, Young, Williams, and others), and the British and American Consulates, are the most imposing. The so-called Literary Institute is perched upon the summit of the mountain, and literature itself is represented by the *Fiji Times*, a paper of some considerable local interest.

The harbour, protected by a coral reef, presents a good anchorage, and is well sheltered. It can be entered by two different channels, and three jetties facilitate the loading and unloading of vessels, which are often at least twenty in number within the port. There is no regular police at Levuka, every one looks after his own security and interests, yet disorders are said to be rare. Transactions are mainly effected through the means of bills upon Australian banks, although business is still carried on with the natives by means of exchanges. The current coins of Europe and America are also accepted at their intrinsic value.

The first whites who are said to have established themselves in the Fiji Islands, were runaway convicts. They arrived there, twenty-seven in number, in 1804, and entered the service of the native chiefs, who were perpetually at war with one another, and all perished by sickness, or met with a violent death. In 1861, the British Government, seeing that the supply of cotton was failing, owing to the civil war in America, sent out a commission to examine into the capabilities of the islands for the growth of the precious plant. A company was formed at Melbourne in consequence of favourable reports, and the first crops were reared upon the banks of the Rewa-Rewa at Viti-Levu. The company is said to have occupied whole islands simply by becoming security for a debt incurred by Kakabo, king of the Archipelago, to the government of the United States, as an indemnity to an American, "the pretended victim," says a well-known French writer, Monsieur Jules Girard, "of a fire occasioned by the natives."

After a year or two's experience, it was found that the Fiji cotton quite equalled the best "sea-island" of Georgia and Carolina, and that grown upon Wakaya island obtained the same

price in the markets as the New Orleans cotton. Planters arrived in consequence from all parts of the world, but especially from Australia, and the natives themselves abandoned their own employments to cultivate the new produce. The most numerous plantations were established along the banks of the Rewa-Rewa, a river having four outlets, and navigable for a distance of fifteen miles from the sea to a point where it receives the Wai-Manu. From sixty to seventy colonists superintended in this district about thirty-five plantations; but although favourable by its humidity to the growth of the plant, the very activity of vegetation caused it to lose some of its best qualities, and sugar-cane and yams succeeding better, their cultivation is gradually superseding that of cotton.

There are no less than eight or ten plantations upon Handi Island, superintended by some fifteen or twenty colonists, amongst which is the most extensive in the whole Archipelago, belonging to MM. Irvine and Campbell. This plantation embraces 200 acres of cotton shrubs in full bearing, and 240 more have been cleared for the same purposes. The island of Raki-Raki, sheltered from the prevailing winds, became the property of three Americans. The plantation of Mr. David Whipping, one of the oldest colonists in the archipelago, is on the island of the Viti-Levu, the interior of which has not yet been fully explored, access being opposed by almost impenetrable thickets. There are nearly a hundred plantations at Tavuini, the soil being very fertile, although covered with stones and scoria. MM. Moore and Logan planted 155 acres in twenty-three months at Vuna Point. About a hundred natives of the Fiji and Sandwich Islands, as also others from Tana, are employed upon these plantations, which are carried on upon a large scale, and with all the modern accessories essential to a successful cultivation of cotton. Vuna Point has a jetty accessible to shipping.

Wakaya Island is almost entirely absorbed by the plantations of Dr. Brower. The culture on this charming island comprises citron-trees, bread-fruit trees, cocoa-nuts, and other plants of inter-tropical countries; cattle, which are raised in large numbers, are allowed to rove in a half-wild state for several months in the year, until driven in by the necessities for sale. The pasturages of this picturesque island are so buried in forests that the soil is never dried up by the rays of the sun. The landscape presented from the culminating point, is that of a magnificent panorama; in the first line, groves of bread-fruit trees, the kings of tropical forests, with their many-coloured leaves then a line of cocoa-nut trees, succeeded by the large-leaved bananas; and upon the horizon, the innumerable islets of the archipelago, like black spots on the blue ocean.

Cotton plantations kept increasing in number, until the Ameri-

cans began to recover from the evil effects of civil war, when they became no longer so profitable. The cultivation of the land commenced for this staple did not, however, cease, but cotton has been gradually succeeded by the cultivation of coffee and sugar-cane, which have become the basis of more permanent profits. The rearing of cattle, and even of sheep (which some deemed to be incompatible with the growth of the sugar-cane) has also, from the fertility of the soil, and the abundance of waters, been carried out with great success. Add to this, the local productions are of no small commercial value. Cocoa-nuts, yams, sweet potatoes, and sweet yams, arrowroot, bananas, plantains, paper-mulberry, and tortoise-shell, pay better in the hands of the colonists than in those of the natives.

Before the arrival of the former, the Fijians attached no importance to the tenure of land. Wherever the native planted cocoa-nuts, bananas, and tobacco, he considered the soil as his own, so long as it produced a regular crop, and when that ceased he abandoned it for another locality. They fancied that the colonists entertained similar ideas with respect to territorial property, and that when they had reaped their harvest, they would cease to hold possession. Great, therefore, was their surprise, to find that the Anglo-Australians persisted in their tenure of the soil, and in rearing crop after crop, in the same place, or succeeding one crop by another of a different character, and that they rested their claims to act in this manner upon certain forms of custom and legality, which threaten the future absorption of the whole of the archipelago.

The most striking, and almost marvellous aspects of an exuberant and picturesque vegetation, are met with in some of the islands. The island of Karo, for example, presents a primeval appearance, which might almost be termed antediluvian, so bare is it of any traces of man. The coasts are clad with secular forests, through which even the natives can with difficulty make their way. Similar impenetrable forests exist at Bavini, an island twenty-four miles long, by nine in width and where the absence of inhabitants, frequent rains, and climacteric heat, have given birth to a vegetation which has justly entitled it to the designation which it enjoys, as "the garden of Fiji."

Although the climate is tropical, it is not unhealthy, the heat being tempered by sea-breezes from the north-east and south-east. During the dry season, the temperature is agreeable, and even favourable, to the health of Europeans. The most formidable local disease, called *thoke*, has all the character of small-pox, to which are superadded persistent sores, with rheumatic pains. The natives also suffer from elephantiasis.

The Fijians present a mixture of the physical character of the Malays and the Papous, without the regularity of forms of the Maoris of New Zealand, or of the Tahitans, or inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. Berthold Seeman describes them as tall, active, and vigorous; the upper part of the face wide, the nose large and flattened, the mouth large, the eyes fierce, and surmounted by great eyebrows, the lips thick, the teeth white, hair abundant and crisp, and the skin of a yellowish black, like smoke, quite different from the copper colour of the Polynesians. Such is the general type; but there are among them Polynesian half-castes, differing in colour, in appearance, and in the elegance of their forms. The wind blowing during ten months of the year from east to west, causes the natives to follow the same course in their migrations.

The Fijians are still nothing less than savages, the more so as they live in the interior of islands not yet reached by Europeans. On the coasts they are in a less degraded state. Civilisation has been introduced in some places by the missionaries, more especially at Lakemba and Lomo-Lomo, where anthropophagy, or cannibalism, has been entirely done away with, and commerce, by increasing communication, has also contributed to the amelioration of the people. But, taken at its best, the leading characteristic of the native is an admixture of ferocity and cowardice; his cannibal instincts still predominate, but he hides himself to indulge in repulsive habits, which have no longer any excuse, for food of all description is upon the increase.

No satisfactory information exists as to the extent of the population, but it is roughly estimated as from 150,000 to 200,000. The number of whites is daily on the increase; Julius Brenchley estimated it at 350 in 1865, at 1200 in 1869, and it had attained 2000 at the time when the question of the annexation of the islands was first brought under notice of Parliament.

Notwithstanding this advent of a white population, the natives are very slow in adopting their customs, or in following the counsels of the missionaries. It would be imprudent to venture into the interior of many of the islands without being armed, and in some numbers. Hence every one provides for self-defence as he best can, and the colonists, united in a common cause, are organised for action, if the necessity for such should at any time arise. On their side, the natives, having every interest in keeping upon good terms with the whites, they seldom make attempts upon their lives, but limit their vengeance generally to burning down the houses of the planters.

Nevertheless, ameliorations are progressing at many points, and the horrible practice of cannibalism is gradually disappearing. The drum which served but a few years ago to stifle the cries of human

victims, has been replaced by the tinkle of bells, summoning the Christians to Divine worship. The mission house at Mbau is actually upon ground once devoted to the hideous rites of the natives. Since 1854, many woods where human beings were immolated, have been cut down, and the temples of their idols overthrown.

The question which, at the present moment, most occupies the colonists, is that of labour, for the future success of the colony depends upon its solution. The natives will not work in their own land, whilst, curiously enough, when taken away from it, they have the reputation of being excellent workmen. The planters in Tavini, and the adjacent islands, engage the natives of Viti-Levu, and of Vuna-Levu, by the year, for a musket, and some forty or fifty shillings, tribute being at the same time paid to King Kakobo, to ensure the validity of the engagement. But in the case of ship captains, they simply treat with the petty chiefs, and pay them with arms and tools for any number of men agreed upon. A barter of this description has been fatal to the peace of the islands, for not only do they render the wars of tribe against tribe more frequent, but the muskets, of which the natives can make excellent use, are as often turned against Europeans. The islands most frequented in search of native labour, are the New Hebrides, the Sandwich Islands, Kingsmill, and other groups. The terms are for three, four, or five years, at a price which is constantly rising. This, in 1868, was about two pounds per annum, and it is now from twelve to fourteen pounds. It is this augmentation in the value of labour, and the difficulty of obtaining it, which has given rise to that system of kidnapping which has recently attracted so much attention, from the acts of violence and brutality with which such a system is naturally attended. At times, the natives have been cajoled on board ship, and then cast down into the hold, pell-mell, one upon the other, and closed up as prisoners until the end of the voyage. At others, whole islands have been beat up as if for game, and the inhabitants seized upon like wild beasts, and hurried off on board ship; those who jumped overboard being shot without pity. Such a system, which has wrought infinite disgrace upon all who have been engaged in it, demands the most energetic action on the part of any Government having the slightest claims to be called that of a humane, a civilised, and, more especially, a Christian community. The assassination of Bishop Patterson, which resulted from these outrages, provoked an inquiry, and a commission was appointed, and the colonists of Queensland, who found employment for the greater number of these kidnapped labourers, were bound to provide for them, according to what was called the "Polynesian Labourers' Act;" but whilst the occurrence of outrages was not denied, the use of force, upon occasions, was palliated; the natives themselves

were declared to be happy and contented, desirous, even, of returning to their work when the term of their engagement had expired ; and, above all, the paramount importance of labour—the cultivation of cotton and sugar-cane being impossible without the help of natives was admitted, and allowed to weigh in the scale. If the Fiji Islands were placed under British protection, and a more active police enforced upon the high seas, the interests of each party—that of the colonists on the one side, and of the natives on the other—could be perfectly well secured. Steps have also been taken to obtain labour from China, and as one coolie is worth two or three Polynesians in agricultural work, it is to be hoped that the experiment will succeed, as it has done in California, and in other parts of America, notoriously in South America.

There are other grievances which demand the interference of a legislature. The native labourers exported to Fiji used to be accompanied by their wives. This privilege has latterly been denied to them. The natives, again, have been often duped by the colonists, having been sent home at the expiration of their term with barrels full of earth instead of merchandise, in payment of their salaries. This has led to reprisals, and it is said that fifty or sixty colonists have paid by their lives within the last seven years for their bad faith with the aborigines. Again, it is in the interest of the planter to treat his labourers well, but he cannot always superintend his own overlookers. Cases are on record of excessive punishment with leathern straps and sticks, and of labourers being bound down to the ground, and deprived of food. Taking it all in all, it is, however, admitted, that the general treatment of native labourers is all that can be desired, and, after a few months, they for the most part become resigned to their situation. Some are even said to have treated kidnapping as a kind of practical joke, and to have denied having been taken away against their wills when questioned upon the subject. There can be no doubt that, so long as the native is properly paid and fairly treated, his position as a salaried and well-fed labourer is a vast improvement upon his condition as a barbarian.

The inquiries instituted when the “Polynesian Labourers’ Act” was passed, led to the establishment of the authority of Kakobo, as King of Fiji. There existed previously two superior chiefs, Kakobo and Maafu ; and two of inferior rank, Tui-Thakan, and Tui-Mbua. Kakobo, born in 1817, although a cannibal, succeeded in establishing his claims to the throne of his father, which had been left vacant for five years. The same day that his claims were admitted, Mr. Owen, an Adelaide merchant, buried eighteen human victims, who had been sacrificed to furnish a royal banquet.

Kakobo acted as an intermediary between the natives and the colonists, and as early as 1859, Mr. Consul Pritchard repre-

sented him at the Foreign Office as King of Fiji. He lives at Mbau, a little island scarcely a mile in width, in a large building encumbered with dilapidated furniture, and surrounded by huts which occupy almost all the available land on the island. Williams described in his time, (1858), Mbau as the centre of political power in Fiji, its supremacy being acknowledged in all parts of the archipelago, mainly from certain absurd superstitions attached to the island, but of such potent spell, that people of Somosomo, and from other places, had, when visiting the island, to scull in a sitting posture, for to stand might cost them their lives.

Up to the year 1865, the principal states of Fiji were still united in a kind of confederacy, which held an annual assembly, and appointed a president, who was obliged to govern according to a code, which was adopted over the whole of the archipelago. Kakobo was at first elected president of this national assembly for two successive years. Taking advantage of the support given to him by emigrants from Australia, New Zealand, and America, he transformed his executive power into a dictatorship. In 1867, he had a constitution framed after that of the Sandwich Islands draughted for Fiji; which done, he established a commission of sixty Europeans, in order to found a code, and promulgate the new laws. The constitution was adopted, and on the 2nd of May, 1867, he had himself crowned with grotesque ceremony, but which was not the less significative of his taking possession of power over the whole archipelago. In order to strengthen his position, and to enforce law and order over all the islands, which he personally found that he was utterly incapable of doing, King Kakobo has ever expressed his wish to cede the whole of the archipelago to Great Britain, and *H. M. S. Herald*, went through the form of taking possession a few years ago; but the action did not meet with the sanction of a Government fearful of involving itself in unforeseen troubles, and rather anxious to curtail the extent of our possessions than to augment them, although Great Britain is indebted for what she is to the colonising spirit and enterprise of her people. M. Jules Girard says it is impossible not to foresee that "the archipelago will be definitely absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon race to the *detriment* of the natives." But how can that be said of a race who barely recognise their king, and do not obey the constitutional laws—of a people steeped in the grossest superstition, and who still sacrifice human victims to their idols, and practice cannibalism in the recesses of their forests?—of a people, too, whose very ignorance and brutal habits are practised upon by a reciprocity on the part of some in deceit and treachery, leading to criminality of the worst dye? It cannot be to the *detriment* of the natives that they should be taught to obey the law, at the same time that they were saved from the sacrifice of human life—from internecine and tribal slaughter—from

being sold to strangers by their own chiefs—or themselves kidnapped by the whites—and that they should gradually be brought within the pale of civilisation. Is barbarism, with all its horrid practices, as still upheld in Fiji, so very desirable a state of things, that any man of feeling and judgment can for a moment assert that the introduction of law and order, and the protection of personal freedom, of labour rights, of property and of life, can be *detrimental* to the people?

Commercial prosperity increases as the land is brought under cultivation. This is attested by the shipping. For 4300 tons imported to Levuka, in 1866, 8000 were imported in 1869, and 16,000 tons in 1870. This remarkable progressive increase was fully maintained in 1871, and in 1872. The importation for the year 1867, was valued at 312,000 pounds. Almost every comfort of life that can be obtained at Melbourne is now to be procured at the capital of Fiji.

Until the period of the introduction of cotton culture, the exportation of cocoa-nut oil constituted the chief item of commerce in Polynesia. Fiji alone contributed 150 to 200 tons yearly. The produce was seriously affected by a hurricane in 1867, which overthrew most of the cocoa-nut trees. The exportation of trepan (*holothuria edulis*), a species of shell-fish, which is dried and smoked, and of which the Chinese make a delicious soup, and of which 600 tons were annually exported, has likewise diminished. The so-called "mutton fish," which is exported at a much lower price from California, has almost entirely superseded it. The exportation of tortoiseshell has also undergone a rapid diminution.

The raising of cattle can never be carried to a very great extent, as in Australia, but it will always suffice for local wants. Sugar, coffee, rice, indigo, vanilla, and tobacco, may be cultivated to a very large extent. A new source of prosperity has been recently introduced by drying cocoa-nuts (coperah) in the sun, and exporting them to England, where the oil is extracted, and the pulp is used for fattening cattle. *Tamie*, a kind of China-grass, is also cultivated, and can be reaped three times in the year. The cultivation of this grass is said to be more profitable even than cotton. It is exported to China. The bread-fruit and kava (*Piper methisticum*), are the other chief growths.

The greatest evils that affect the islands are hurricanes or cyclones. Their violence is such that they leave traces of their devastating effects for long afterwards. In exceptional cases, they overthrow the huts of the natives and cocoa-nut trees, and destroy the plantations of a whole island. Luckily such visitations are few and far between. Navigation presents no dangers from April to December, but in the rainy season fearful tempests break upon the

coast. The regularity of the monsoons also constitutes an impediment to free communication. The heat is also excessive from October to April, although the sun's rays are less powerful than in North Australia. Persons recently settled suffer more from the hot moisture than from the direct heat of the sun. So depressing and deleterious are the effects of the former, that the colonist cannot himself carry out agricultural labours without danger.

The march of colonisation has here, as elsewhere, followed the law of the ascendancy of the whites over the coloured races. The first colonists lived like savages, upon cocoa-nuts, bananas, and yams; they acquired property on some islands simply by settling there, or squatting; on others, by exchanging a few articles of little value for land. But the days of the early pioneers of colonisation are gone by; the natives have learnt the value of land, and plots which used to fetch five shillings an acre, now sell for over a pound. This applies to lands that have been cleared, but it is dangerous to purchase such lands from an old colonist, for the natives often bring in old-standing claims, founded upon an originally bad bargain, or upon the pretence of having parted with the soil under compulsion. One of the first, and most important labours of a settled government, will be to appoint a commission to draw up a map of the territorial properties in the whole archipelago, carefully distinguishing those which belong to the colonists, and those which remain according to native tradition, the appanage of the reigning families.

These islands would ever constitute one of the most precious possessions of Great Britain in the Pacific Ocean, on account of their numerous harbours. They are destined, by their position on the highway from Panama to Australia, to constitute one of the chief coaling stations so indispensable to modern navigation. The Anglo-Australians will, whatever may be the action of the Imperial Government, be compelled to act here as the United States have acted with respect to Navigators' Islands, where they have taken possession of Titiula, in order to establish there a depôt for coal. The British navy would find in the Fiji Islands an advanced post in the Pacific, and a centre for the victualling and watering of the fleet. The natural harbours, and the natural fortifications, presented by the geological constitution of the islands, would supersede almost every expense attached to their conversion into artificial strongholds. They would, by their position, not only establish a kind of guard-house to New Zealand and the eastern coast of Australia, but they would also give to their possessor maritime influence over the whole of the Pacific Ocean.

SHAKESPEARE HEROINES:

CORDELIA.

Lear.—So young, and so untender ?

Cordelia.—So young, my lord, and true.

How seldom finds there favour in our eyes
That one essential character of youth,
The plain, unvarnished and outspoken truth !
We rather seek ourselves to aggrandise :
Obedience more than nature oft we prize ;
Then, when they writhe beneath our mandates hard,
Exile the best belov'd from our regard,
• And offer premium on fraud and lies.
True, God's own Golden Book this sentence hath,—
“ Children obey your parents.” Truth sublime,
And consecrate in all advancing time
With blessings on the pious children's path !
But would ye reap the blessed aftermath
Of filial feelings lingering in mid age ;
Parents obey that same inspired page,
And ne'er “ provoke your children unto wrath !”

MAURICE DAVIES.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SQUIRE HARRINGTON'S SECRET.

CHAPTER VI.

MIKE WITHERS.

I HAD scarcely passed through the lodge gates, and was still in a state of bewilderment as to what it was precisely that Mr. Harrington wished me to say; and was wondering whether I should get home by schooltime, and whether I had, meanwhile, been missed, when I fancied I heard rapid footsteps in the lane behind me.

On turning to ascertain if this were correct, what was my surprise to discover that Mr. Harrington was following me! He beckoned me, and I turned back to meet him accordingly.

"Let me see—your name is Oliver, is it not, my boy?" said he, patting me on the cheek, and smiling benevolently.

Then having taken his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his brow, he produced the piece of paper I had given him.

"By-the-bye, Oliver, I was going to ask you where you got this piece of paper? Come, tell me all about it, there's a good lad!"

Acquainting him with all the facts which have been detailed to the reader, I endeavoured, by the expression of his countenance, to ascertain whether he was pleased or angry. I could glean nothing by the scrutiny. His face remained impenetrable, except for an instant, when I remarked that same sarcastic bend of the mouth and gleam of the eye, which I had before observed when I first presented him with the paper.

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing wrong," I added, as I finished the recital.

"Wrong! Of course not, my lad. You have not said anything about this affair to anybody, I suppose?"

"Not a word, sir."

"Not even to Mr. Dalton?"

"I promised I would not say a word to any one, sir, but you."

"Good boy, to keep his promise!" returned Mr. Harrington, with a grim smile. "Always do that, Oliver, and some day you will be a good man. Here is another shilling, and as you have said nothing, you need say nothing."

"Not even that message you sent to Mr. Dalton, sir, I suppose?"

"Hum! no; you need not deliver it, my lad," the Squire returned. And patting me again on the cheek he told me that some day I should come to the manor to play with Reginald.

"Reginald is a nice boy—isn't he, Oliver? A fine brave, little fellow, and so handsome! Everybody who knows him likes Reginald; and you shall come and play with him. Good-bye, Oliver! Remember what I have said my lad—good-bye!"

Waving his hand, the Squire retraced his way to the park, and I returned towards the school-house, where, fortunately for me, I arrived, just as the bell was ringing for lessons.

How I struggled through the school-work that day is to me a mystery: my mind was much more occupied by the recollection of my adventures than with my tasks. Bill Brooks, the greatest dunce in the school, took me down in English history. I was in terror lest I should be questioned, and might reveal something which might implicate Mr. Biffle—and if I offended him, what might not happen to me then!

Nothing, however, transpired to confirm my fears; and Mr. Dalton appeared not to notice anything in my conduct, except my inattention to lessons, which he rebuked kindly, and at which he seemed surprised.

There was one thing, nevertheless, which caused me some uneasiness. It was lest old Mike, the gardener, whom I had seen in the morning at work in his garden, might chance to mention to Mr. Dalton or my aunt the fact of my early pergrination towards the park. I was, therefore, anxious to see the old gentleman, and to let him know that I desired my ramble that morning to be a secret.

I had some difficulty in obtaining leave to quit the house. My Aunt Rachael reminded me two or three times during the day of my misdeeds, and when I requested, after tea, that I and Brooks, who was a boarder, might go for a little evening walk, I met with a flat refusal, followed, however, almost immediately by a tacit permission to go, which was the usual mode in which Mrs. Stukely granted her favours.

"Go out, sir!" she exclaimed in an angry voice. "Go out,

sir! *No!* I wonder you dare ask such a thing after your conduct yesterday."

At this, Master Brooks, who was staring over my shoulder with his goggle-eyes, that looked like gooseberries, uttered an audible but stifled laugh, which had the effect of making my aunt very red in the face and snappish. My aunt, having, however, presently discovered the snake-looking paper of black thread, for which she had been searching in the piano workbox, relented towards me, and granted permission for us to go a little way down the London Road, Bill Brooks promising faithfully not to leave my side.

My friend Brooks was perfectly agreeable to making our evening ramble bring us to the cottage of the old gardener; for Mike Withers had two or three fine fruit-trees in his little garden, with the produce of which he was well-known to be generous enough to little boys. And Master Brooks, though by no means liking such calculations as "if nine apple-trees in an orchard produced so many bushels," &c., was remarkably fond of apples.

We found Mike sitting in his cottage porch, smoking his evening pipe, after the labours of the day, and placidly watching the swarms of gnats that gambolled in the soft air, or listening to the cawing of rooks, or the humming of an occasional bee, as nature itself seemed to bid good-night to the golden sun.

We lifted, without ceremony, the latch of the wooden gate, which kept Mike's comfortable little home apart from the high road; for though Mike Withers lived there alone, without wife or child, kith or kin—having been all his life a cynical bachelor—we knew we could do pretty well what we liked with him. He was ever kind to little children; ready for a chat with them, and with comfort for them in all their troubles: giving them a welcome when they came to see him—which, be it said, they often did—and, in short, making himself one of them. And I was a favourite with him, as I well knew.

"Good evening, Mike!" said I, giving the old gentleman a patronising nod as we trudged up the gravelled pathway, which was marked off from the garden by a row of pink and green-looking shells.

"Good evening, young gentlemen!" returned Mike, removing his pipe from his lips, and shaking hands with us. "Have you come to take a peep at the strawberries we were looking at the other day? Well; we'll go and look if we can find some. The last three days' sun has brought things on wonderful.

"Oh, Mike, we haven't come for that," I cried. "We were coming for a walk, so we thought we'd just look in to see you."

"We don't mind having a few of them strawberries, though,

Mike, if you like to give us 'em," added Brooks, hastily ; a statement which was truth itself, at all events.

Mike got up good-humouredly from his stool, and having halted to relight his pipe, which had gone out, conducted us to the bed of strawberries, which, I may briefly say, we found in excellent condition and ripeness. Nor did our grey-haired friend stint us in the enjoyment of the entertainment he had provided, but suffered us to eat our fill, or, at least, until we had partaken of as much as was good for us, and a little over.

Then our host led us about his garden, pointing out the various beauties and triumphs of floriculture ; sometimes stopping to hold up to our admiration a favourite rose or fuschia, which he would tenderly take between his fore and third finger, and gaze at admiringly.

" Perhaps, young gentlemen," said Mike, presently, and again casting his eye on the strawberry-bed—" perhaps you'd like to take a few of them berries home along with yer? There's none better raised in all the country, though I say it myself. Here ; take this basket, my lad, and fill it."

" Thank you, Mike !" I answered. " I should like to take a few home for my aunt. She likes your fruit, Mike, I know."

" Does she, though," said Mike, evidently pleased, though modestly not desiring to seem *too* pleased, he tried to hide his smile of satisfaction in the blue cotton handkerchief, studded with white diamonds, with which he wiped the perspiration from his honest old brow.

" Your fruit is stunning, Mike ! and that I *must* say," added Brooks.

" It's good enough, I believe, young gentleman," responded Mike. " And if," he added, turning to me, " your aunt likes it, I'm sure she's very welcome. She's a good sort of a woman—though she's rather a rum 'un in her ways. I'm not much of a ladies' man ; and never thought so much of 'em as some folks do. So I never grafted myself on to any of 'em, but remained single all my life. But *she*," continued Mike, with emphasis, meaning my aunt—" *she* is not a bad one of her stock, and makes herself out much worse than she really is. *Her* good actions, young sir, are like a potato—they sprout out best in the dark."

With which remark he replaced the pipe between his lips, and appeared lost in silent reflection upon the parallel presented between woman and horticulture. The result seemed scarcely satisfactory ; for presently he shook his head, and looking at me, said—

" Young sir, woman is a strange plant ! There is no telling in what soil they thrive best, nor what blossom they'll bear when you've reared 'em. I've know'd some as have spent a deal of

money on 'em as have made little out of 'em at market. Women," he added, sententiously, "is no doubt very well—under a frame—so to speak ; but, for *my* part, give me cabbages."

All this seemed very profound and sage on the part of my aged bachelor friend, and inspired me, I hope, with a sufficient contempt for that useless weed in a garden—Woman. But I was anxious to broach other matters to my friend, of more vital interest to me personally just then, than generalisations upon the respective merits of the sexes. Accordingly I led up to the subject of my early ramble that morning, and requested Mike not to mention to Mr. Dalton the fact of my having gone to the park at such an early hour. Mike seemed rather surprised at my request, as well he might, but promised to perform it, and not to allude to it upon any account in the presence of the schoolmaster.

I should have liked to have taken the friendly gardener into my confidence, and to inform him of my encounter with the mysterious Mr. Biffle in the wood. But this was impossible without breaking my pledged word, so I did not entertain the thought a moment. And as I was therefore unable to give him a good reason for desiring my visit not to be spoken about, I changed the subject as quickly as possible.

It was now growing dusk, and Master Brooks, having eaten as many strawberries as he had room for, came to us at this juncture, and proposed that he and I should return homewards. This, however, Mike would not allow, until we had entered his little cottage and quaffed a parting glass of cider ; to which proposition we agreed readily.

CHAPTER VII.

D A R K H I N T S.

"PLEASE Mike," said I, while we were convivially enjoying the beverage with which the old gentleman had provided us, "what is the Demon's Mouth?"

"The Demon's Mouth?" repeated Mike, drawing his hand across his mouth.

"Why, *you* know where it is well enough, Dalton, don't you?" interposed Brooks, who liked Mike's cider very well. "It is that jolly high hill——"

"Oh, yes," I interrupted, hastily ; "I know *where* it is ; but I want to know *why* it was called the Demon's Mouth."

"Because it is always ready to catch anybody who is so unlucky as to fall into it," answered Mike, with a smile.

"But I say, Mike," I added, seriously; "if it wasn't true, what did it matter what they thought, or what they said?"

Mike started at this very reasonable question; stared at me a moment, and then regained his usual composure.

"Aye, aye, young master!" said he. "I was an old fool to get prating and tattling like a woman. I might get myself into a fine mess. It was all gossip, my lads, and the jury cleared it up in their verdict; but if you'll excuse me, young gentlemen, it is nigh upon eight o'clock, and won't they be looking for you at home?"

"Walker!" ejaculated Brooks, getting ready to be off in a great hurry. "So they will; and shan't I catch it? Come along, Dalton—if you say it's my fault, I'll smash you—because it isn't my fault, now, is it? Good-night, Mike; I'll come and see you again, soon; and mind you save me a few of them strawberries."

With which hurried series of exclamations, threats, and entreaties Brooks hastened me away from the cottage, fearful lest we should be scolded for having abused Mrs. Stukely's permission to take a ramble, by extending our absence to so late an hour in the evening. Fortunately, however, for us, that lady was satisfied with our safe return, and despatched us to our suppers without reproof.

"I wonder who it was that Mike meant?" I whispered to Brooks next morning after school-hours, when we were in the grounds at play.

Brooks seemed to have forgotten all about it.

"Mean!" said he, what about?"

"Why, you know, well enough!"

"No, I don't," said Brooks. And I really believe that Brooks had such a bullet-head, that he did not know what I referred to.

"Well, then," said I; "who did he mean was ever suspected of—of—any foul play with poor Mr. Arthur Harrington at the Demon's Mouth?"

Brooks literally gasped in my face with wonder.

"How on earth should I know?" cried he. "What a queer chap you are, Dalton! Upon my soul, I never did see such a chap!"

With which apostrophe he scampered away to a little shop close by the schoolhouse, kept by an old lady who sold candles, grocery, tarts, apples, and sweets, with whom Brooks and other young gentlemen of Mr. Dalton's school—including, perhaps, the present writer—had a weekly account.

I tried Brooks once or twice in the same way upon subsequent occasions, but could never get any satisfactory opinion from him. Either he was incapable of forming one, or too lazy to attempt it. Failing discussion with him, I continually revolved the question

silently in my own mind, and resolved I would take an early opportunity of again broaching the subject to Mike.

A day or two afterwards I called upon that old gentleman accordingly. But, despite all my ingenuity in the delicate circumlocution with which I tried to get Mike to speak out, it was all of no avail. He seemed to be stricken with a fit of prudence, and *would* not speak.

"Bah! child!" said he, "it is only silly prattle. When you get as old as me, you will not need it. I was a fool to talk such stuff."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONTRAST, DOUBT, AND DISBELIEF.

WITH children, events which appear of the greatest importance one moment, are easily forgotten the next. The incidents which have been briefly recounted in the last two or three chapters caused me, at the time of their occurrence, the greatest perturbation and anxiety; but though I do not at all wish to imply that they faded from my memory, or, indeed, that they left only a faint impression thereon, yet it happened that, with the usual versatility of childhood, they quickly lost much of their consequence in my sight; and in the course of a week or two I had almost come to look upon them as matters that did not affect me much, after all.

I cannot speak with certainty as to time, at this period of my life, but I think it must have been about a fortnight after the visit of Brooks and myself to old Mike's cottage, that a little incident occurred, which is chiefly deserving of recapitulation in this place because it serves to elucidate and to contrast the characters of two, if not three persons, who are intimately associated with, as they also materially influenced my life.

It was one Wednesday afternoon, I believe, and the school had been dismissed for the day. The few boarders (including Brooks) whom Mr. Dalton had in his little school, were gone scampering over the country nutting, or, in fact, doing pretty well what they pleased; for I fear Mr. Dalton was too easy and good-natured in his rule for a schoolmaster, and let the boys have a great deal too much of their own way—the consequence of which, by the way, and of the reputation he had of being somewhat of an eccentric, was that the number of his scholars was always rather small. Yet was no man in the village more beloved and respected by all who knew him, than he.

Upon this occasion, however, I was not with my companions, but had preferred to stay at home to keep my kind pastor com-

pany—to *play* with him, I might almost have said, for, in some things, Mr. Dalton was almost a child himself.

I think I can see him, now, in my fancy, sitting in the shady part of the garden that hot summer's afternoon with a book in his hand, that he seemed almost to caress; and another pile of volumes—old, quaint, and rusty-looking tomes—upon the ground by his side, even as I saw him then. His sombre coat of brown, studded with more and larger buttons than any coat could want; his stiff starched collar and his lofty stock—his trouser-straps, even, are still as fresh to my recollection, as is his sad—nay, melancholy-looking face and noble brow. So also is the kind and gentle smile that would often, when something quaint was said, drive that melancholy shade away, like a ray of hopeful sunshine bursting out upon an April morning.

It seems to me, as I attempt to recall that scene, I can almost imagine myself still a child, sitting at his feet, trying to amuse myself with a book of pictures, or gazing lazily at mountains of clouds floating over the sky. I can, at this moment, imagine the little garden with its summer-house, and the pear-tree under which, I remember, a favourite cat was buried; and I can almost hear the humming of the bees and the chirping of the birds, and smell the perfume of the jasmine which clambered over the doorway, and of the thousand fragrant flowers which grew in the garden.

While I was bending over the horrible, though, to me, delightful engravings in an old Foxe's Book of Martyrs, I was conscious of a shadow passing over me. At the same instant I heard a light footstep, and, looking up, I perceived Mr. Harrington.

"Give you good morning, gentle students!" he cried with a laugh that seemed free from the sarcasm that was usual to him.

Mr. Dalton, who had not perceived the approach of the stranger, glanced up in startled surprise. Then with a kindly smile, he rose, and shaking hands with his guest, bade him welcome, and invited him to take a seat beside us.

"Thanks!" returned Mr. Harrington, seating himself, and taking up two or three of the volumes, he glanced at their titles carelessly. "What have we here? The Fairie Queene—Ben Jonson—O Rare Ben Jonson! Shakspeare, of course! Massinger—Beaumont. Humph! a goodly company, in truth!"

"And all my friends," said Mr. Dalton, smiling.

"Excellent friends, too: for they give much and ask for nothing in return. I envy you your pleasures."

"Why not enjoy them?"

Mr. Harrington laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh.

"I read a good deal till I was twenty. At that time of life our reading days, I think, with most of us, are over. Pope says the proper study for mankind is man—I have slightly altered it by devoting myself to the study of *woman*. I abandoned my books, sir, for beauty; for what does your friend William Spencer say :—

‘Nought unto heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man and all mind possess,
As beauty’s lovely baite.’

Runs it not so?"

Mr. Dalton smiled, but remained silent.

"But *you*, my friend," Mr. Harrington continued, "seem to love your books as much at—shall we say fifty-seven?—as I suspect you did at seventeen?"

The schoolmaster laughed; yet the laugh was sad and melancholy.

"Yes," he answered, with a suppressed sigh. "You say well. I have passed so much of my life with my folios that I have come almost to look upon myself as a book. Let us see! I will call myself a quaint old quarto—partly because I am not much to look at," he added, glancing good-humouredly at his own sombre and rusty suit of clothes; "and partly, because I fear I am not a particularly amusing companion. However, such as I am, I try to make friends with all the world; and to say no ill of anybody—wherefore, I opine, I must be considered as neither a theological nor political volume. I have two or three readers who love me very well—amongst them my little Oliver yonder. You like me, dost not so, little maniken? By-and-bye, the time will come, I suppose, when I shall have got out of date; when I shall be rebound in oak or lead, and put away on some shelf where no one will seek me; and being worm eaten in time, shall become, like other books.—forgotten."

"Let us hope you may go into a new edition—in heaven," returned the other, with a sneering, bitter laugh.

"True. We may hope; anon, we shall find out for ourselves," answered Mr. Dalton, gravely and distantly. He did not like the turn the talk had taken.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Squire, laughing derisively. "Verily, I believe, my friend, you are a bit of a sceptic; and do not believe so much as you would have us think."

"We must all believe what we *can* believe," answered Mr. Dalton, coldly. "We know little and can know little. Let us trust in God. I take it, sir, that if we do our duty *here*, we may leave the rest to Him. If life ends with death, I say, sir, it is a melancholy end. I wait and hope. I look at death not with fear,

but awe and reverence. I have thought deeply of these mysteries, and I cannot solve them, Call me sceptic if you will."

"Well, my good sir," answered Mr. Harrington, with bitter sarcasm; "for my part, I do not pretend to reverence the prattle of superstitious priests. Pleasure is my religion, and when it ends—soh! For death, truly, I like it not; but when it comes, it must. I will not meet the ugly wretch, nor think of it, more than I can help. I agree with La Rochefoucauld, that *le soleil ne la mort ne se peuvent regarder fixement.*"

Mr. Dalton was silent for a moment; then starting up from his seat, he took two or three paces in front of the spot where we were sitting, seeming to be much agitated by his thoughts. Then turning to Mr. Harrington he said, in a low, earnest voice—

"*Est profecto Deus, qui quæ nos gerimus auditque et videt.* We are in His hands, my friend, and He must do with us what He will. We are helpless creatures; and he who knows most of these matters, knows little. But even if we do not *expect*: we can still *hope.*"

This conversation, which was utterly unintelligible to me, was at this juncture interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Stukely—or, as I *must* call her from familiar custom—my Aunt Rachael, who, hearing a strange voice, had come into the garden to see whom Mr. Dalton was talking with.

That worthy lady curtsied grimly when she perceived Mr. Harrington, who, although he bowed to her, and then advanced with outstretched hand to greet her with the most respectful familiarity, I could easily perceive was no favourite with her. In corroboration of which opinion I may here state that I do not recollect her ever speaking very ill of him—my aunt only disparaged those she liked.

"My dear madam," said he, affably; "having a spare hour to-day to devote to pleasure, I availed myself of it to come and have a chat with my good friend, here, about books, politics, morals, and so forth, and to crave a glass of that famous gooseberry wine of yours, for which, by-the-bye, Mrs. Harrington has been pestering me for the last six months to borrow the receipt."

And here I may remark that my Aunt Rachael's gooseberry-wine, was, indeed, almost as well-known in her village as was that of Mrs. Primrose in hers. The flattering compliment told wonderfully in the favour of her polite guest. And with a smile of gratified pride, which she strove to hide by looking at, and smoothing down her dress—

"Sir," said she, "you are very welcome to the wine, and Mrs. Harrington to the receipt; but if it is no better than my brother's

talk when you get him on to his *books*, I am afraid it is but poor stuff."

Mr. Harrington laughed, and the schoolmaster smiled.

"Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself," said the latter, good-humouredly. "The wine is not so bad, though, I confess, it *has* given me the stomach-ache——"

"And your arguing *has* given me the head-ache, Matthew."

"Rachael does not overrate me, sir, as you perceive," laughed Mr. Dalton. "But no man, I suppose, is thought a prophet in his own country."

"Generally, because he is known there to be a humbug," answered Mr. Harrington. "But, in this case, my dear Mrs. Stukely, I think you scarcely do justice to my friend——"

"Oh, he's all very well in his way, sir; I dare say he *might* be worse," interrupted the lady, slightly relenting.

"Thanks, gentle sister, for so much!"

"As for the poor books," interrupted Mr. Harrington, "I really think, my dear madam, you are scarcely fair with them. You have been a student yourself."

My aunt held up her hands in indignation.

"Mercy upon us, sir! What I?"

Mr. Harrington bowed and laughed.

"The cookery-book, Mrs. Stukely, everybody admits you have at your finger's end."

The lady was mollified at once. I really believe Mr. Harrington had contrived to flatter her on the only point upon which she was vain.

"Well, sir," she replied; "maybe I *have* some knowledge of that."

Whereupon she returned to the house, from which she again emerged presently, with a waiter, upon which were a couple of glasses of the gooseberry-wine, a plate of cake, and other delicacies, which she offered modestly to Mr. Harrington and her brother.

"Madam," said Mr. Harrington, as he drained the glass—not without making a wry face; "this is really the finest home-made wine I ever tasted in my life."

"Sir," returned my aunt, curtseying formally; "you are very kind."

"It is equal to champagne."

"If you drink much of it, good sir; I vastly fear you will find it equal to *real* pain," replied Mr. Dalton, laughing: at which his sister waxed wrath.

"Matthew," said she, angrily, "you find fault with every] thing I do!"

"Nay, my dear ; my censure, like yours, is the greatest praise. I vow the wine is worth the nectar of the gods. See ; I drink it down with rapture, and defy the cholera ! Per Baccho ! 'tis delightful beverage ! *In vino veritas* ; and if, my dear, I lie to please you, the exception proves the rule."

My poor aunt seemed utterly bewildered by this lengthy peroration on the part of her kindhearted brother, and this only made the latter more merry, and the other gentleman to smile in spite of himself.

Mr. Harrington having partaken frugally of my aunt's cake, and respectfully, but firmly declined another glass of the gooseberry-wine, wished us all good afternoon, and was about to go away ; having first, however, slipped a shilling into my hand, and called me his little friend.

"By-the-bye, my dear Mrs. Stukely," said he, carelessly, turning back ; "you must let this youngster come round to the manor one afternoon to have a romp with Reginald. That young gentleman is a regular milksop, playing with his sister, and tied to his mamma's apron-strings. Confess, Mr. Dalton, that you find the boy a fool, a dunce, and a lying young coward."

The schoolmaster gave a grave smile.

"He is very young, sir, to form so ill an opinion of," said he.

"No matter. The older he gets the worse he'll get. I wouldn't mind him turning out a scamp—but a blockhead to be my step-son is past endurance."

"Come, come, Mr. Harrington, the lad has his faults ; but he can't be so very bad as that," interposed my Aunt Rachael, apologetically.

But I knew at once that *her* opinion of my friend Reginald was not very high, or she would not have attempted to speak well of him.

Mr. Harrington looked equally sarcastic as he spoke of his wife's child.

"'Tis no use, my dear lady. There's no disguising the lad is a milksop. When he gets a little older I shall send him to a public school, and there he'll perhaps learn to be a rogue. Any change will be for the better, I believe, upon my faith ! I doubt he'll never learn anything, even if it is what he *shouldn't*." Then turning to me, he added, in a slightly altered tone—"How say you, my man ; will you come and play with your charming friend, or is Mrs. Stukely afraid my precious step-son should corrupt your morals."

"Not so much afraid of the *step-son*," returned my Aunt Rachael, drily, and placing a significant emphasis on the latter word.

"As of the *father*, I suppose? Ah! well, my dear madam, I take that for a compliment. Pray, don't be shocked! Mrs. Harrington is, at all events, perfection, and she'll see that I don't instil vicious doctrines into his young mind. Soh! May the child come?"

My aunt looked inquiringly at Mr. Dalton, but could make out nothing from the expression of his face; so she shook her head doubtfully at first, and said she didn't know, she was sure, and she was afraid, and so forth. From which reluctance I at once inferred that permission would be given at last; so I put in an entreaty to let me go, which Mr. Harrington seconded warmly; and so, in short, I accordingly went.

CHAPTER IX.

I VISIT THE MANOR HOUSE.

It was an event in my life, when, by invitation of Mr. Harrington and Reginald's 'mamma, I paid my long-expected visit to the Manor. One half-holiday, Reginald and his mamma came to fetch me.

I can recollect how shy I felt walking by the side of that stylishly-dressed lady; and with what feelings of mingled vanity and discomfort I regarded my own best clothes—in which I was dressed for the occasion—vanity at being so unusually arrayed, and discomfort lest I should do something improper to shock the fine lady who escorted me, and lest I should make my attire dirty, or in disorder; in either of which contingencies my aunt had threatened me with the severest retribution when I returned home.

I wondered whether Reginald, who was capering about on his thin, unwieldy legs, on either side of us, pulling me here and there, and otherwise endeavouring to destroy my sedateness and composure—I wondered, I say, whether he was afraid of tearing his handsome velvet tunic, and whether his mamma would scold him if he split his fine linen drawers.

But I walked as quietly as I could, holding Mrs. Harrington's well-gloved hand, and frightened almost to say anything, or to answer in a voice above a whisper any question she asked. Not that Mrs. Harrington did anything to warrant my trepidation. On the contrary, she acted in every way—chatted to me pleasantly, and smiled affably—to make me feel quite at my ease. Indeed, I believe it was in no small measure my excessive admiration of her beauty and charms which rendered me so shy and diffident. To speak truly and moderately, I regarded her scarcely as a being of this world, but rather as an angel or a fairy. Certainly, she was a

very beautiful woman, and still young. Having once seen it, difficult would it be ever to forget that soft and beaming face ; the gentle smile that played ever about her lips ; the kindly and musical voice, and the tender light that danced in her bright blue eyes.

“ Have you ever seen my little girl, my dear ? ” she said.

“ I—I think so, ma’am,” I replied, blushing. Hypocrite ! as though I didn’t know.

“ Indeed ! when was that ? ”

Blushing and stammering, I reminded her that Miss Walters was in the park that morning when I brought a message for Mr. Harrington.

“ To be sure ! A message from Mr. Dalton, wasn’t it, my dear ? ”

I made no answer ; but I felt my face grow scarlet. Had Mr. Harrington deceived her as to the origin of that message ? So, indeed, it seemed.

We were now arrived at the steps of a terrace in front of the Manor-House. The appearance of the interior, the statuettes in the hall, and especially, the wonderful furniture of the drawing-room—the door of which stood open, as we passed it on entering, filled me with awe and admiration. With what reverence, too, did I contemplate the polite, yet dignified footman, who let us in ! Was his hair naturally white ? Was he some noble guest of the Squire’s who had condescended to pay him a visit ? Was he, poor gentleman, afflicted with a stiff neck that he held his head so upright ? What could he possibly want with such fat legs ?—these were the speculations which disturbed my youthful mind.

All other sentiments were, however, superseded by extreme bashfulness, when a little girl came bounding forward with delight to meet us, until perceiving me, she instantly became as bashful as myself, and, looking at me shyly, half hid her face in her mother’s dress.

“ My darling ! ” cried the lady, fondly stroking little Edith’s sunny hair. “ See, I have got you a little playfellow. You and Reginald must take him into the garden and show him the flowers——”

“ And Nero ! ” interrupted Reginald, who assumed very grand and patronising airs, now that we were in his own domains.

“ You must be very careful, then, my dear,” said Mrs. Harrington.

“ I’ll be careful,” Reginald returned. “ You’re not frightened of dogs, are you, Dalton ? My eye, Nero is a fine fellow, I can tell you.”

“ There, run along, children,” exclaimed his mamma, smiling.

“Mind you behave very kindly to your little friend, and if you can find any very ripe fruit, you may gather some.”

At which permission Reginald was anxious we should be off to the garden at once; suggesting that we could look at Nero and other objects of *vertu* as we came back; nor did this proposal strike Edith or myself as objectionable.

As for the fruit, I may briefly say it was luscious; that we found plenty that was ripe; and that if it wasn't ripe the fact presented no obstacle to us—the unripe fruit finding its way to much the same place as the ripest did. As for the flowers, doubtless they were equal in merit to the fruit, though, I fear, I scarcely appreciated them as much. Edith, however, gathered a lovely nose-gay for me to carry home to Aunt Rachael when I returned there.

Reginald was now very anxious to pay a visit to Nero; probably because he was no stranger to that sagacious quadruped, while I was.

“I say, Dalton! we'll come and look at Nero, now. “You needn't be afraid; I won't let him hurt you,” he said, patronisingly.

“You must not go near him, though, for he is very fierce,” added little Edith, holding up her tiny finger in serious warning.

“Pooh! Don't mind her, Dalton. She is only a girl!” retorted Reginald.

I, however, hastily replied that, girl or not, I wouldn't go near him. And I fully meant what I said.

There could be no doubt about Nero being a very noble Newfoundland dog, and I frankly admitted the fact. Reginald went up to the animal, who permitted himself to be stroked, and, on the whole, looked so good-tempered and friendly, that notwithstanding what I had been told of his ferocity, I felt that I should rather like to stroke him myself. I ventured therefore, with some hesitation, however, rather nearer to the limits of his chain than prudence would, perhaps, have warranted; and was calling him “Nero, old boy!” “Fine fellow, then!” and so forth, when that canine hero at the moment opening his mouth very widely to gape, and showing his immense teeth and wagging tongue, caused me to retreat with much precipitation.

“Oh, don't go near him, pray!” cried little Edith, clasping her hands in terror at the sight.

“He could kill a man, *he could!*” cried Reginald, admiringly.

I readily admitted my belief of the fact, and drew a little further back as I did so; feeling persuaded he would make short work of a little boy, if he only had the chance, which I was resolved he should *not* have if I could help it.

“Don't he look savage?” added Reginald, perceiving our dismay with delight.

“Don't tease him, Reginald!” said Edith.”

“I'm not teasing him,” returned Master Walters. “You come and pat his head, Dalton; do!”

I respectfully, but firmly, begged to be excused. Whereupon Reginald caught hold of my arm, and endeavoured to draw me nearer in. On the other hand, Edith crying out “Adone, sir!” and “Oh, Reginald, you naughty boy!” and endeavoured with all her might to pull me the other way. And I must admit I did my best to pull that way also. Then Edith cried out that she would “tell mamma,” and Reginald retaliated by giving his sister a most unfraternal push with the hand that was disengaged. Edith responded by giving her brother a very wholesome slap on the face; and the two thereupon fell to fighting each other lustily—I between both—and filled with the greatest apprehension lest Nero should break his chain, and join incontinently in the fray.

Fortunately for us Nero was, on the whole, a good-natured fellow, and though, doubtless, fierce enough upon occasion, was with children as docile as a child. Anyhow, he made no attempt to injure us, but thinking, probably, we were having a bit of fun amongst ourselves, seemed desirous of participating in our merriment, and to consider himself illused at being excluded from the sport. However, this may have been, at the very moment when Reginald and Edith—and though unintentionally, myself—were in the midst of the struggle, Nero gave a very friendly, though loud and startling bark; which, coming unexpectedly, so alarmed the whole lot of us, that we tumbled together pell-mell in a heap; scrambled to our feet as quickly as possible; and Reginald, I must say, looking at least as alarmed as any of us.

When I had recovered from my own fright, the terror which Reginald had himself too evidently suffered afforded me some consolation. I was gallantly incensed at his barbarous onslaught upon the charming Edith, though not sufficiently chivalrous to venture to attack him in retaliation personally. However, this little incident served well to inflame the mutual passion for each other, which the young lady and myself had already found kindled in our breasts. In short, in the space of an hour we were both become devoted lovers; we reciprocally declared our detestation of the ways of “that Reginald”—who forthwith teased us incessantly by walking about the garden behind us; calling us names, and throwing bits of crumbling mould and small stones at us—and took each other into confidence, upon most of such little secrets as we possessed.

Presently, we returned indoors, Reginald still keeping closely behind us.

"There are some *such* pretty picture books in the library! I'll ask mamma if we may go and look at them," said Edith, tripping along to seek her mother for that purpose.

Reginald had overheard some portion of the remark.

"Heigh! Edith;" he cried. "You musn't go into the library."

"Why not, sir?" returned my little sweetheart, defiantly.

"Because 'pa is in there reading, miss; and you mustn't interrupt him, or you'll catch it, I can tell you."

The threat had evidently some weight, as though the girl stood in fear of her step-father. Hesitating a moment, she quickly answered—

"But we can go into the portrait gallery, sir, and that will be as well as the picture-books. Come along, Oliver!"

So away we went to seek the curiosities of the portrait gallery.

My pretty little conductress led me through a series of what were to me magnificent halls, rooms, and passages—some of them furnished with all the luxurious and elegant upholstery of modern times; some still containing only the quaint, old-fashioned furniture and decorations of other days. These latter seemed best to accord with the style and architecture of the Manor House itself, which was a queer, old red brick building, designed by the famous Vanburgh—celebrated alike for his houses and his plays.

We came soon to a large and elaborately pannelled door, which was surmounted by the antlers of a stag, and by a dark-looking painting, the subject of which I could not distinguish. This door was partly standing open, and in we went.

"This is the portrait gallery," said the little girl. "These paintings you see around are the family portraits of the Harringtons. Some of them are so *very* old."

The sight that met my eyes was, to my unsophisticated mind, so grand and imposing as quite to bewilder me.

It was a lofty square room, with a richly-carved ceiling and pannelled wainscoating of oak. It was lit by four tall windows opposite to the door by which we had entered. The afternoon sun was streaming in across the floor, and received a deep crimson tinge from the rich damask curtains with which the windows were draped.

The portraits of the family were arranged around the room, supported and surrounded by plaster of Paris casts of old armour, helmets, lances, battle-axes, and so forth. Here and there was a marble bust or head of some great man—Shakspeare, Milton, Locke, Voltaire, Newton, Hume, and Bacon: as well as a quaint old sampler or two, and a piece of tapestry.

The furniture of the room was on a par with its ornamentation.

An old Brussels carpet, that had become almost colourless with time; a large rosewood table in the centre, with four carved legs and lion's claws, and quaint old chairs with grotesquely-twisted backs standing grimly in the windows, and round about.

The pictures did not interest me so much as the general appearance of the place, and the imitation black armour and weapons, which I thought real. I took little interest in the dark and leering faces of the earlier Harringtons. I thought the Justice Harrington, who, as Reginald informed me, was contemporary with Jeffreys, and followed that foul misdirector of the law into the western counties after Monmouth's insurrection, was but an ugly, squint-eyed fellow, and that he would have been better looking without his wig. As for his daughter, who married a baronet, and the lieutenant of the county of Suffolk—if anything—I thought her rather uglier than her papa. I was rather amused with the full-length portrait of a gentleman in aldermanic gown—who was a merchant in London in the first George's time. Also with a lady who wore a tall head dress like an egg, and whom, I have since learned, was considered a great beauty in the time of the Maccaronis.

There was, however, *one* portrait which, somehow, did attract my attention, and excite my curiosity and admiration. This was a tall, military-looking gentleman, with a roll of paper in his hand, and a costume of much more modern date. There was an expression about the sharp, piercing eye—sharp and piercing even in the painting—of this man, which at the first moment seemed not unfamiliar to me. When I had looked at the face a few moments, striving to recall how and when, and in what manner this might have been, the first fleeting impression, in a great measure, faded away.

“Who is this gentleman?” I asked of the little girl by my side, not, however, having taken my eyes from the portrait which had so fascinated me.

“That, my little friend, is the portrait of Mr. Arthur Harrington—my unfortunate brother,” replied a soft, musical voice at my elbow, and, starting in surprise, I perceived that Mr. Harrington had come into the room, and joined us unperceived.

“Oh, papa, how you frightened me!” cried little Edith, laughing.

“Frightened you, you silly child!” returned Mr. Harrington, stroking the child's golden hair. “Look at your brother Reginald; *he* isn't frightened. Look, how brave *he* looks!”

Mr. Harrington spoke with the greatest gravity, but yet I couldn't help laughing outright, for I really thought Reginald looked anything but brave; on the contrary, he appeared to me to

be very pale in the face, and to tremble violently. At this little Edith laughed, too, and Reginald looked very sulky.

"Is that the poor gentleman that was killed at the Demon's Mouth, sir?" I asked, with increased curiosity and interest.

Mr. Harrington started, and looked at me with a curious expression.

"How did *you* know that my brother met with an accident at the Demon's Mouth?" he asked, carelessly.

I stammered and blushed to the roots of my hair, as I replied—

"Mike, told me, sir.

"Mike? Who is Mike, my little friend?"

"Mike Withers, sir, the gardener."

Mr. Harrington shrugged his shoulders, and laughed playfully.

"Mike Withers, eh?" said he. "I know him—he is sexton, is he not?"

"Yes, sir," I rejoined, feeling, somehow, afraid I had said something I ought not.

"'Tis strange! 'tis passing strange!" Mr. Harrington returned in the same careless tone as before. "Sextons seem to have a natural disposition to talk about other people's affairs. 'Twas so even in Hamlet's time. I suppose they think it a part of their office to recapitulate the lives of those they bury, like the newspaper editors do of the old year when a new one comes." Saying which, he gave a short mocking laugh, and strode away.

"Did this house and park belong to this poor gentleman, once?" I ventured to ask little Edith, presently; for I was thinking that they most likely did so, since the portraits of the former owners of the property were also hanging on the walls. I was also thinking that if this were so, what a sad thing it was that poor Mr. Arthur Harrington should have been cut off by an accident in the prime of his life, and in the enjoyment of wealth and personal beauty.

So impressed was I with this latter idea, that I expressed it aloud to Reginald, and his pretty little sister.

"He wasn't half so rich as *my* papa was," Reginald said, scornfully, having, however, with Edith, admitted the truth of my remark. "My *own* papa, I mean," he added. "I have heard that Mr. Harrington, my *new* papa (here he indicated with his finger the gentleman who had just left us), was once very poor indeed; but when he married my mamma, *she* brought him lots of money."

"And when this poor gentleman died, Mr. Harrington came into the property, then? So he had this as well as your mamma's?"

"Of course," answered Reginald, nodding his head patronisingly.

“Wasn't this Mr. Harrington married, then?” I asked.

“Married? No! If he'd been married and had a son, my 'pa would never have come into the property, would he? What a stupid you are, Dalton!”

I felt rather mortified at this; so assuming a knowing air, as though I understood such matters perfectly, I returned—

“If he had been married, and had a son—*of course* not.”

CHAPTER X.

APPROACHING SHADOWS.

THE incidents I have recorded made a deep impression on my mind, which the wear and tear of ensuing years have not effaced. Other matters, which, in my childish thoughts, no doubt appeared to be of equal importance, have long since passed from my recollection.

After that first introduction to the Manor House, my visits there were not unfrequent; but I do not recollect much about them, except that sometimes I used to see Mr. Harrington upon these occasions, and sometimes he would be out, or —what amounted to about the same thing—secluded in the privacy of his study; for, whatever he may have said to the contrary, he was a considerable reader—particularly in English literature. Sometimes he would treat me kindly enough, though his playful affability would often be curiously tinged with sarcasm; at other times he would be bitter in his speech, or silently morose. At such times I would remark that even Mrs. Harrington would experience some effects of his strange ill-humour, and would quail affrighted before the angry flash of his eye, his bitter taunt, or satirical sneer. But this one circumstance was invariable—whatever may have been the changeful and varying temper of Mr. Harrington, his wife always treated him with meek humility and love. To me, also, she always showed the utmost kindness—kindness which I believe grew into affection as she knew me better. And this, I think, is to give high praise—in speaking of her friends (of enemies she had none) I never heard her to say an evil word.

Little Edith and I were excellent friends; and I am sure that the sentiment of enthusiastic affection I bore towards her was the purest and noblest I have ever possessed.

Reginald in course of time left our school to go to Harrow; so I did not see so much of him then as formerly.

At home my dear foster parents treated me with as much kindness and affection as ever. Mr. Dalton took great pains in instilling into me such education as I was capable, on account of

my years, of receiving. For this kindness and attention I shall regard my benefactor with the greatest gratitude to my dying day.

I was about nine years old when the event—all important to boys—of putting me into trousers, for the first time, occurred.

This grand ceremony, to which I had long been looking forward, had been frequently talked about before it was carried into effect.

My Aunt Rachael had frequently proposed it, and when her brother had agreed to it, had characteristically raised difficulties against her own proposal.

“Pish!” cried she, indignantly. “Put that child into trousers! Why, he’s a perfect baby!”

Nevertheless, she took me that evening to Mr. Snapes, the village tailor, to be measured for a handsome pair of blue trousers and tunic to match.

It was a May evening; I can remember it too well. How fresh and calm the garden looked in the twilight on our return from this important expedition! The perfume of the early summer flowers seems still to pervade my nostrils.

We found Mr. Dalton that evening sitting at the open window of his little back parlour, with his chin resting on his hand, and looking wearily and sadly at the pale moon rising.

He smiled when we entered the room, and held out his hand to me.

“Well, little Oliver,” said he, half-laughing, but seeming very languid, “hast thou had the girth and length of thy mighty limbs taken, eh, little man? When art thou to have thy armour, may I ask, sir knight?”

I gave him all this information, my heart swelling with importance at its aspiration.

“Arn’t you well to-night, sir?” I asked, suddenly, for I noticed how pale his face was.

Before he could reply, my aunt turned upon him sharply, and, stamping her foot, said—

“Matthew, you *are* ill! I’ve told you so till I’m sick of hearing my own tongue say the words. Why, on earth, don’t you see into it?”

“Well, well, my dear,” returned Mr. Dalton, soothingly, “I’ll go and see Mr. Sullivan, if you like.”

“Mr. Sullivan’s a fool!” returned the lady, somewhat mollified, however; “but he’s not such a fool as *you’ll* be if you don’t go and see *some* one.”

“I am sure Mr. Sullivan would feel complimented my dear, if he heard you,” returned Mr. Dalton, smiling. “For he knows you well enough to understand that you do make your best praise

as sweet as sugar plums. In your heart, you know you think him nearly the rival of your favourite old Dr. Buchan."

My aunt said "Oh, brother!" rather pettishly, but extorted a promise from her brother that he would go and see Mr. Sullivan next day.

I do not distinctly recollect the result of that interview, though I remember coming suddenly into the room where Mr. Dalton had found my aunt after his return, and noticing that both looked grave, and talked in whispers. I heard something about his going up to London with Mr. Sullivan to see a physician there.

He went up to London the very day that my new trousers came home; and my aunt accorded me permission to put them on in order that I might give him a reception in them upon his return.

With what eager anxiety did I watch for the time to arrive when the London train was due, and calculate how long it would take afterwards to walk from the station home!

At last I saw his well-known figure slowly approaching his house. I ran out into the garden to meet him.

"Ah!" said he, holding out his hand to me with his own peculiar grave smile. "Have the trousers come home at last?"

"Look at the pockets!" I cried, joyously displaying them to view.

Mr. Dalton hesitated a moment, and then taking a shilling from his purse, gave it to me.

"Is this for me, sir?" I exclaimed, in ecstasy.

"Put it in your pocket, my child," he said. Then speaking in a low, tremulous voice, he added, "My poor boy, I shall not be with you long. We'll be good friends, and love each other much while we are together, won't we? Poor little Oliver—God help you, my dear!" and he bent down and kissed my forehead. I saw that his eyes were full of tears; but before I could recover from wonder sufficiently to speak, he had patted my head and strode away.

Filled with a strange, indefinable dread, I followed him into the house. He went into the parlour where my aunt was at work, and threw himself silently into a chair.

I saw all this, for the door was standing open, and I stood on the mat.

"Well, Matthew, what does he say?" asked my aunt, glancing up anxiously.

"It will soon be all over, my dear."

"Good heavens, Matthew! what do you mean?" cried my aunt, turning ashy pale, and suffering her knitting to lie idle in her lap.

Mr. Dalton said something in a low voice which I could not catch.

“But what did he *say*, Matthew?” repeated my aunt.

“He did not say much, dear: but I read in his looks more than he said. Besides, he said enough. Well, Rachael, it must all come to us some day. God knows, my dear, how little I should care; but my heart is wrung to think what will become of the poor child, and you, my dear.”

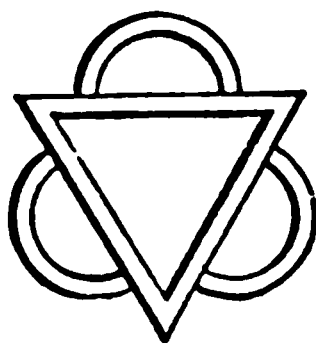
“Oh, Matthew—my brother—my dear! If you talk like this it will drive me, mad!” And my aunt threw her stiff form upon her brother’s shoulder, and sobbed aloud; while he in silence wiped away a tear.

I stole into the room, and though I knew not the cause of this sorrow, cried in sympathy; and Mr. Dalton placed one hand upon my head, and stroked my hair fondly.

“Poor little Oliver!” said he. “Poor little Oliver! What will become of thee, my child, when I am gone?”

This made me cry more lustily than ever. When he said he was going away, I thought he was perhaps about to take a long journey.

He was. But it was that long journey through the Valley of the Shadow which all human pilgrims take once—never to return.



JOHNNY.

THERE was a lass as fair as ony—
Fair as ony, fair as ony,
There was a lad they ca'ed him Johnny,
Johnny, Johnny!
Johnny lo'ed the lassie fair,
Johnny's heart was stricken sair—
Poor Johnny, Johnny!

Johnny was na' ane and twenty—
Ane and twenty, ane and twenty!
Johnny said of time there's plenty,
Plenty, plenty!
Noo I have na' but and ben,
I'll hae gowd and siller then—
Aye, plenty, plenty!

There came a lad as braw as ony—
Braw as ony, braw as ony!
He woo'd the lass, she jilted Johnny—
Johnny, Johnny!
Johnny lost the lassie fair,
Noo his heart is stricken sair—
Poor Johnny, Johnny!

GORDON CAM

AN INDIAN PICNIC;
OR A DAY AT THE SEVEN PAGODAS.
IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE season of 187— was at its height, and balls and dinner parties, morning calls and croquets, were following one another with endless and monotonous succession; and it was with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure at the idea of a *novelty* in the way of amusement, that, on returning from the band one evening, I saw upon my table a dainty missive, decorated with a monogram of wondrous and inscrutable device, containing an invitation to a picnic about to be given by Mrs. Glyde—one of the most delightful of hostesses—to the “Seven Pagodas,” a celebrated place, about thirty miles distant from Madras.

By its side lay a similar invitation for my friend and chum, Charlie Haversham, like myself, a lieutenant in the —th regiment, then stationed in Madras, and also, like myself, hopelessly and desperately in love. The objects of our adoration were the two Miss Bryanstones, daughters of a “tremendous swell,” who would no more think of allowing a daughter of his to marry a poor “sub” in a marching regiment, than of—voluntarily foregoing his dinner—to put the case strongly.

We had heard of this projected picnic—and were aware that Violet and Laura (not that we had any right to call them so) were going, and without their mamma (that most ubiquitous and objectionable of mammas); for ever, when roaming through the moon-lit flower-perfumed verandahs, or moving to the enchanting strains of Strauss or Godfrey, lynx-eyed “mamma” would suddenly appear with “Violet, dear, I am afraid you are in a draught: come in and sit down—” or, “Laura, darling, I fear you are fatiguing yourself with over-dancing—you had better come and rest a little,” more than once at a moment when all seemed propitious, and I was about to bring my desperate resolution to the point, and know my fate for once and all, had my intentions been thus frustrated.

I must confess, however, I was in debt pretty deeply, and Mrs. Bryanstone, unfortunately, was aware of it, which was, I believe, the reason of my being treated as such an especially “black sheep.” Laura, however, was quite uninfluenced by any such consideration. Once when Sir Joshua Reynolds was instructing

his pupils in the art of painting a delicate complexion, he advised them to "think of a pearl and a peach." When I try to describe Laura Bryanstone, the same idea comes irresistibly before me. A pearl and a peach—two bits of the blue summer sky on a very clear day, and massive coils of golden ropes—and yet people say that "chignons" are ungrateful! In my eyes they are the most becoming adornment a pretty woman can put on to make herself utterly irresistible.

Beauty unadorned and simplicity are all very well, only in that case let us be consistent, and go back to the costume of the days when the three fair goddesses competed for the golden apple on Mount Ida! Then, indeed, the palm of greatest loveliness was awarded to Venus, in consequence, it was whispered, of her superior simplicity of attire; but, now-a-days—" *Nous avons changé tout cela.*" A lady in Court dress and jewels is a fairer sight than the same lady in a cotton gown. Enid in her faded robes in which Prince Geraint first saw and loved her was all very well, but Enid attired for her bridal was "like the sun."

The auspicious day at length arrived, and our whole party, consisting of about twenty people, met one bright January afternoon at the appointed place of *rendezvous*, from which we were all to proceed together to the canal or backwater, beyond the Adyar river. First on the ground was Mrs. Glyde, with Major Glyde, who, on such occasions, was well-pleased to leave all trouble, in the way of arrangement, to his energetic little wife, the life and soul of every party she graced. Under her wing came Violet and Laura, daintily attired in some airy fabric, indescribable by a masculine pen.

The next arrival was Captain Heavitree, who was something of an antiquarian, and had come armed with a note-book containing copious extracts bearing on the subject of the Seven Pagodas, together with a volume of Southey's "Curse of Kehama;" for though it may not be generally known under the name of Mahabalipur (a corruption of Mavilipuram), a large portion of that most interesting legend is there declared to have taken place. Three or four other ladies with their husbands, and the usual complement of bachelors, without whom no picnic is complete, made up the party; and having all met at the "trysting-place" at the appointed time, we started for the boats, a distance of about two miles.

After passing the Adyar river, the road branches off into a less-frequented path, terribly trying to the springs of carriages; where bright-eyed squirrels scamper over the pathway, and green and scarlet parroquets flutter among the branches, undisturbed by passer-by. However, the deep ruts and groves were at length

passed without accident, and we arrived at the place of embarkation, from which Mavilipuram is about thirty miles distant, being just one night's journey by boat.

Here our canal boats (which are about twenty feet long, with a little cabin in the centre) were drawn up side by side on the bank. On first starting we all got into the largest, distributing ourselves between the lower deck and the "poop," as we called the roof of the cabin—those of us who were lucky enough to secure a seat aloft having the best of it, as we enjoyed a fresher air and better view of the surrounding country, and as the pleasant breeze filled our little sail, and wafted us swiftly onwards, the sweet sounds of music on the water soon arose, and the "Canadian Boat Song," that pretty sparkling air, "The Danube river," and other appropriate melodies, floated over the water on the calm evening air.

The scenery at first was flat and uninteresting, the banks on either side being only occasionally dotted with a solitary Palmyra or Casuarina tree, though covered with luxuriant clusters of the lovely white and purple convolvulus, so common in all the hedge-rows and jungles of India; but as the twilight deepened into night, and the moon rose, shedding her softening light over the surrounding scenery, the whole aspect of the place changed. The stream widened, and as we left Madras behind, the trees, which before had been so few in number, now lined the banks, dipping their branches into the shadowy water, and assuming strange fantastic forms in the bright moonlight.

The most perfect silence reigned around, the only sound to be heard being the occasional dip of the sail into the water, or, as the breeze died away, and the boatmen betook themselves to their oars, the plash of the oar, or the dragging of the guiding rope through the water, was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. Sometimes through the deep silence the clear thrilling note of the peewee, or buzz of the cicada was heard on the sandy shore, or a solitary jackal lurking amongst the thick underwood or jungle, startled the echoes of the lonely shore with his melancholy cry.

The scene—the times are favourable to romance and sentiment, and Charlie, "making hay while the sun shines," has seized the moment to murmur into Violet Bryanstone's not unwilling ear, scraps of his favourite Byron, which reach us sitting silent, and sound not inappropriately:—

"And drawing near there breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Falls the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more."

"He is an evening reveller who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill.

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Bursts into voice a moment, then is still
 There seems a floating whisper o'er the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instill,
 Weeping themselves away till they infuse
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues."

The quiet stillness of the scene lulled us all into a pleasant languor, and a silence fell upon the party, which was agreeably broken after a time by the "pop" of a champagne cork in a distant part of the boat, where Major Glyde was busily engaged concocting champagne cup, after a particularly fine receipt of his own; and presently the attendant Ramaswamys (who were in great delight at the prospect of seeing these famed Pagodas—in their eyes almost as sacred as the shrine of Mecca to a Mahomedan) appeared, bearing plump turkeys and Yorkshire hams, and all the necessary accompaniments of a cold dinner, which we accordingly discussed by the bright light of the moon, with the pleasant accompaniment of rippling water and rippling laughter as the boat would give a sudden jerk, and transfer the contents of our plate to our own or our neighbour's laps. People get more intimate in one night in such circumstances as these than in a whole year of occasional meetings in drawing-rooms and croquet lawns, and, seated by Laura's side, I did not omit to take advantage of my opportunities; while Violet and Charlie flirted in such an outrageous manner, that jokes at their expense flew thick and fast; one gentleman declaring he "smelt orange-blossom," and another inquiring tenderly as to Violet's predilection for wedding-cake.

Dinner being over a round game was proposed, and after a good deal of discussion as to the respective merits of "Proverbs," "Russian Scandal," and other similar games, Mrs. Glyde declared she was going to give us the names of two cities of educational celebrity, which we should find "buried" in the following sentence:—

"Put my traps and railway rug by my side—
 Ah, thank you, that's all right!
 And hurrah! for the holidays—for we're going
 Home to-night!"

"Rugby," said Captain Heavitree, "is one, and the other is evidently some place ending with *ton*."—Eton! that's the word, and a very good one, too."

The next was given by Charlie—it ran thus:—

"By the shores of the mighty Atlantic—Anna,
 No rest for her feet—
 Wandered lonely and sad through the
 Blinding rain and sleet."

Several ineffectual guesses were made, and Charlie was at length obliged to tell us that the word was "Cannanore." One of the gentlemen present, who had lately visited the Western coast, now gave us the following :—

"She floated tranquil on the river's bank,
She floated calmly till the sweet face sank
Among the water-rushes dark and rank."

"Quilon," said Mrs. Glyde, with a smile, "but really Captain Adamson, you must not give us such long ones, your word was in the first line. Here is a much simpler one—

"Which is the loveliest? Mary or Kate,
Or Isabel with the queenly gait?"

"York," said Laura, then she added, "my 'Buried City' is not original, but is taken from the words of an old song—

"In a grassy grave beneath the willows—
Long time ago ;
Slept that maid beloved and cherished—
Long time ago."

"Agra" was soon hit upon, and somebody gave the following :—

"In the days of good Queen Mary, after a long palaver,
Amnesty was proclaimed, and the French took possession of Havre."

"Palaveram," said the writer, sadly, his perceptions having been quickened by the fact of an order that day from headquarters, for a detachment of the regiment, of which he formed one, to proceed shortly to, and be, indeed, buried in that dismal spot, far from the delights and gaieties of Madras.

"It's all over with me
For I'm going far from thee,"

I whispered to Laura. "Can you find a buried sentiment, there?"

"Love," murmured Laura, as the white lids drooped over the blue eyes, and I heard a quick-drawn sigh beside me (so few women can sigh effectively).

Those fleeting hours passed all too quickly for some among that little party, speeding along with remorseless strides. An adjournment was proposed, and we all dispersed to our respective boats, but sleep in such a case was not to be thought of, not, at least, by those of us who were dreaming those golden dreams of youth, and hope and love, which makes this world, for the time being, a terrestrial paradise.

CHAPTER II.

THE first gleams of dawn were crimsoning the sky as our boats arrived at the landing-place, from which the City of Temples is only a few hundred yards' distant across the sandy plain. Here we landed, and some of the gentlemen having come provided with guns and dogs, started off in search of game, which abounds in the neighbourhood; and when we returned home laden with snipe and plover, and literally as hungry as hunters, we found the ladies in the prettiest and freshest of morning toilettes, superintending the boiling of a kettle—gipsy fashion—on the banks, for *Chota Nazree*, to which we did full justice before starting for the tents, which were pitched in the immediate neighbourhood of the Seven Pagodas.

A few minutes' walk over the sandy, arid ground, already beginning to feel unpleasantly hot to the feet, soon brought us to the first pagoda, a magnificent temple, hewn out of the solid granite, covered with carvings and well-executed bas-reliefs, representing various mythological personages and animals, elephants and lions; evidently very ancient and of unknown date. The place seemed entirely deserted. No living thing, besides ourselves, was to be seen, excepting a brilliantly-coloured jay, perched on the top of a palmyra tree overlooking the temple, who surveyed us with much apparent astonishment. Its bright blue feathers looked so tempting in the sun then, that Mrs. Glyde at once exclaimed that she must have it for her hat, upon which one of the attendant bachelors levelled his fowling-piece with unerring aim, and as the report of the gun startled the sleeping echoes of the place, and the bird fell to the ground, a cloud of bats and owls flew out of the dark recesses and gloomy depths of the temple in the most unexpected and startling manner.

Pretty shrieks and cries of alarm and distress resounded on every side, and it was some time before equanimity was restored, and we were able to go on with our investigations. Captain Heavitree, who was now in his glory, and constituted, by common consent, the *cicerone* of the party, now opened one of his books, and directed our attention to a large rocky hill that lay between us and the sea, of which we could catch occasional glimpses between the temples and the rocks. We accordingly approached, and found that what had appeared to us to be a mere natural hill was a wonderful work of art. Huge blocks of granite, beautifully carved, being piled one above another to an immense height. The ascent to the top of the hill is gradual at first, and as you ascend higher is supplemented by steps cut in the rocks. Here the wild

myrtle, purple convolvus, and many Indian wild flowers flourished unrestrained wherever they could find a resting-place in the fissures among the stones. I plucked a sprig of wild myrtle and handed it to Laura, by whose side I was walking, with a look, which, I flatter myself, spoke volumes.

Oh! blissful moment! She presses it idly and half-unconsciously to her lips! then wakening to consciousness, blushes divinely, and fastens it to her breast.

Still clambering upwards we presently arrive at a group of figures in bas-relief, representing, as Captain Heavitree informs us, the most remarkable personages in the *Māhabārit*, with their weapons and other insignia of their characters and exploits.

A little winding stair leads us to another temple containing elephants larger than life, remarkably well executed, and in perfect preservation; and as we go further—excelsior still our motto—we arrive at more temples and pagodas, in endless continuity—a granite slab, with a lion at the head for pillow, the bed of Dhar-maragal, a personage of great fame. The figures, however, appeared to have no connection with Balg, whose city this is supposed to be—with the exception of one carving representing him seated on his throne at the moment when Vishnū (who had come to him in the disguise of a Brahmin dwarf, asking for three paces of his kingdom to build a hut) assumes his real and celestial character, and appears to claim his promised possession, measuring the earth with one, and the heavens with another stride, and summoning Balg, to give his bond for Padalon (the lower regions) for the third. The scene around us as we stood on the summit was exceedingly pretty, though desolate-looking on one side—the winding silver line of the canal, with its background of purple hills, stretched far as the eye could reach; on the other lay the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal dashing on the golden sands, where the sea-birds were skimming and fluttering, their dazzling white plumage rivalling the foam flecks of the surf as it broke on the rocky shore—rocky here, where the ruins of ancient fanes and temples were strewn around.

Below us majestic boulders of rock rose on every side, interspersed with the noble old temples, once resonant with the song and the dance, now silent and deserted—the only sound to be heard the sighing of the wind among the lonely pillars and porticos, with that melancholy moan peculiar to deserted places.

Major Glyde, who being stout and plethoric, had looked upon all this scrambling and climbing with extreme disfavour, and for the last ten minutes had been seated on a pinnacle of rock, mopping his face with a handkerchief, and uttering unparliamentary language regarding some person unknown, who had forgotten to

provide him with his brandy flask ; not forgetting, however, meanwhile to keep an eye upon the movements of the servants in the distance, now took out his watch and informed us it was ten o'clock, and breakfast was ready down below.

We accordingly made the best of our way down, and having all agreed that it would be much better fun to breakfast in the shade of the rocks than to adjourn at once to the tents, we seated ourselves beneath the shadow of some enormous boulders—which formed a perfect natural temple, with pillar, roof, and portico—our carpet a wilderness of wild flowers and little jungle weeds ; our seats, detached masses of the fretted rock overhead, which had fallen in the lapse of ages.

“ Is there any lady missing ? ” asked Major Glyde, who seemed inseparable from the soda-water bottles, as we took our seats.

“ Why ? ” asked Mrs. Glyde.

“ Because Haversham's not to be found—oh ! here he is ! ” as the guilty pair emerged from the shadow of a pyramid of granite, Charlie looking triumphant, with Violet, blushing like a rose on his arm. Oh ! if ambitious Mrs. Bryanstone had but seen them then ! and yet it is a natural ambition for a mother to wish to secure the best things this world can afford for the daughter she loves. The question is, are worldly advantages sufficient to outweigh the uprooting of a true affection in a girl's heart ?—but if the old story of the magic looking-glass were true, how many aching hearts would there not be in this world !

“ Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

We remained in the shade of the rocks for some little time, lulled by the monotonous hum of the wild bees as they flitted from flower to flower—lingering longest on the sweet-scented wild jasmine—occasionally startled by the rapid glancing of a lizard across the rocks. Some of the ladies made pretty sketches of the surrounding scenery ; truth compels me to say Laura's was not the best ; but when it was completed I immediately transferred it to my pocket-book, where it still lies, one of my most treasured possessions.

The day passed pleasantly with the aid of bezique, whist, and other games ; and as the shadows began to lengthen, we again started on our explorations, for the most interesting part of the expedition was yet to come ; the Buried City lay before us, deep under the blue sea, towards which we now turned our steps.

Our way led through the *modern* town, looking tawdry with its red and yellow stripes, after the chaste and simple beauty of the ancient temples, though some of the former approached more nearly to the Gothic style of architecture than any we had before seen.

We at length arrived at the beech, where one solitary old temple stands—a wave-washed ruin—round and about are strewn the *débris* of other temples that have fallen victims to the encroaching waves ; and far out to sea a broken pillar, standing among the white billows, together with a few broken remains of less pretentious architecture, shows plainly where the buried city once has stood.

“ Ah ! there,” cried Captain Heavitree, in ecstasy, “ is the very spot to which Southey refers, when Kailyal and Ladurlad, after their long and weary journey, arrive at the sea shore, where ‘ the ancient towers at length appeared in sight,’ and seating himself on one of the rocks—of which we all followed his example—he read the following extracts :—

“ Their golden summits in the noonday light,
Shone o’er the dark green deep that rolled between ;
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen
Peering above the sea—a mournful sight !
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bare record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore beside the verge
Of ocean, here and there a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surge and surf,
That on its strong foundations broke in vain.
In solitude the ancient temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude ;
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores :
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds that moan around,
Accordant to the melancholy waves.”

“ Most beautiful and appropriate !” said Mrs. Glyde ; “ for my part, I think Southey is far too much overlooked—there is much in his poetry that is very beautiful, though it is not the fashion of the day to admire it.”

“ I quite think with you,” said Captain Heavitree. “ Some of his descriptions of the buried city, through which Ladurlad roams, armed by the might of Kehama’s fearful curse which ‘ charms his life from fire and flood,’ are very fine.”

We lingered as long as daylight lasted, unwilling to leave the ruined shrines and faded glories of that city of the past ; but as the moon rose, with a brilliance unknown in western climes, we again took our places in the boats for our homeward journey. As we glided swiftly down the moonlit stream ; now bright as day, now

darkened by the flickering shadow of the banyan or *camarina* trees that lined its banks, I put the momentous question, that was to decide my fate for life, to Laura, and "received her promise true," and for a time I put aside all troublesome questions of the future, and gave myself up to the happiness of the moment. But on my way to my quarters, next morning, the question arose in all its appalling force—what answer would Mr. and Mrs. Bryanstone give to my request? Could I hope it would be in the affirmative? I feared it was scarcely likely.

As I entered my room my eye fell upon a heap of letters lying upon the table. Duns—duns! how well I knew their contents without opening them! but among them lay an English letter, in a strange hand. I opened it languidly, but as my eye caught the first few words my heart almost ceased to beat. It was—yes, it was—a lawyer's letter, informing me that a distant relation, from whom I had never had the slightest expectations, and whom I had never even seen, had died leaving me sole heir to a fine estate in the north of England, and a property of twenty thousand a-year.

Armed with this letter I went at once to Mrs. Bryanstone, fearless of repulse, and received from her hands a willing gift,—Laura, who had loved and accepted me when I was a poor lieutenant, without hopes of fortune.

Charlie Haversham and Violet had also come to an understanding, and the following day, he, too, repaired to Nungumbaukum to make a similar application; but poor Charlie, having no lawyer's letter to back him, was politely informed that Mrs. Bryanstone regretted she had made other arrangements for the disposal of her daughter's hand—and so she had—and Violet was too accustomed to yield to her mother's imperious sway to hold to her promise in spite of opposition.

Laura and Violet were married on the same day. A confused vision of orange-blossoms, wedding-favours, silks and satins, smiles and tears, rises before me; and two lovely brides kneel side by side at the altar of a certain church in Madras, surrounded by glittering uniforms and dazzling toilettes.

Violet is married to a man whom she can respect and love, and who can give her a splendid establishment, but the poetry of her life is vanished, the sweet, illusive dream is over; and Mrs. Bryanstone believes that she has acted for the best, and takes Violet's apathetic submission or calm acquiescence for happiness, and perhaps in the end she may be right.

Charlie is not present.

"Don't ask me, old fellow!" he said to me bitterly, on my wedding morning. "I wish you every happiness; but I can't look

on "at the sacrifice on the altar of Moloch." For him there are no wedding chimes, no happy time in store—but let us hope that the wound may not be very deep-seated, and that in time he may learn to forget—at any rate, if the words of the poet are true,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'

NIKE APTEROS.

PÆAN! the victory's won!
I have struggled to light of day,
I have gained the peace which none
Can give or take away.
At last the glorious sun
Streams down upon my way!

In the calm of my lonely room,
In the solemn hours of night,
I have fought my way from gloom,
As all truthseekers fight—
Fought against primal doom
With the sword of Truth and Right!

And now I bask in Peace
Which I know shall live for me
When all life's pleasures cease
In "sad satiety:"
And only increase and increase
Throughout Eternity!

MAURICE DAVIES.

HER GRACIOUS EYES.

“ Pourquoi tourney-vous vos yeux Gracieux,” etc.—Ronsard.

WHY turn, sweetheart, thy gracious eyes from me
So constantly,
And all the while art steadfast set to wound?
For well thou knowest but one quick-darted glance
Would like a lance
Transfix and hurl me hopeless to the ground.

Ah, cruel ! 'tis that I may lingering die
In misery—
That no sweet memory of their blessed light,
Not one remembrance of those longed-for eyes,
Mingling with mine,
Might soothe my brain and charm my fading sight.

Yet thou art wrong : for 'tis no night-born death
Which woos my breath—
A blissful life 'tis rather that I buy :
For to have seen thee, love, is life for aye
And endless day,
And to have loved thee, immortality !

FRANCIS GLEDSTANES WAUGH.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER I.

BRICKS AND MORTAR.

TWENTY years ago there was no duller spot in London than Queen Square, Bloomsbury. It was so intensely respectable, and respectability in bricks and mortar is unbearable. It is better now; the old dull dwelling-houses have burst from their bondage and assumed a jovial demeanour, comparatively, which, however, unsuited to their age and style, is yet a pleasant change after the long restraint of the dull old past. Houses are like human beings, and a time comes when the most respectable of human beings must relax: old age creeps on, and by degrees slight innovations are made on the proprieties of life. The old General puts his slippers on in the evening, the Bishop undoes the lowest buttons of his waistcoat after dinner, and the lady of fashion, or of many fashions, takes off several large portions of her personal charms when she is alone in the solitude of her own apartments; but they are all still eminently respectable, although not quite what they were. The General puts on his boots the moment he thinks any one is coming, the Bishop attends to his buttons, and the fashionable lady of a certain age resumes the charms which she had temporarily dispensed with, almost before the maid knocks at the door to announce a visitor. And so did the houses in Queen Square conduct themselves twenty years ago—they were in *dishabille*, but still respectable; no carriages rolled incessantly through the square to deposit fashionable visitors at the doors, but the inhabitants were at least genteel enough to hire a fly upon occasions of state, and did not degrade themselves by paying state visits in hackney-coaches. No pampered menials lounged at the hall-doors, but a page in buttons was no rarity, and no one thought of giving a dinner party without securing the services of the respectable elderly man, who found his own Berlin gloves and looked every inch a butler. Children walked in the little square, attended by servant maids, indeed, instead of governesses; but the rude butcher boys and bakers respected the decencies of life, and it was not etiquette for Polly or Susan to exchange remarks with their admirers through the iron railings while on duty with the little charges. It is different now. Bricks and mortar have gone the way of all flesh when oppressed by too great a sense of sham. The reader may have ob-

served some respectable old gentleman, at last unexpectedly released from his life's partner, break out in the most outrageous fashion. Tobacco and spirituous liquors are consumed with avidity, as though to make up for the enforced abstinence of past years, and "Really, master does go on so!" that the old housemaid refuses to stop any longer. The chastest matrons who for fifty years have treated any connubial familiarity with a sour frown, break out in widow's caps at last into extraordinary flirtations, and end probably by marrying a second time some youth of obliging disposition, who does not like to contradict "missus" when she proposes to him. Luckily, for the credit of human nature, these things are rare and far between, but in bricks and mortar the fall is inevitable; the time comes when the brass plate announces the teacher of languages, soon to be followed by the modest card of lodgings to let; and once the square has consented to ignore its own respectability, all reserve from outsiders ceases; pewter pots are hung upon railings, iron bars are wrenched out of the sacred inclosure of the square, little ragged ruffians squeeze through and insult the children of respectability, who walk there no more. Hop-skotch is played upon the pavement, battledore and shuttlecock in the roadway; organ-men are always grinding their wretched variations on the Old Hundreth set to an opera pace; and the lower creation finding out these things, assemble by millions on the house-tops, in the shape of tom-cats, and make night hideous with their cries, until the very heavens weep blacks, for sorrow over the fall of the once respected square. At No. 12, while the locality was still most respectable, resided Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, as, indeed, they had done for thirty years. The square suited them, and their characters, naturally incomplete when as a young couple they had commenced life, had been moulded and formed to a certain extent by the nature of their residence. People are beginning to recognise how very much we are the creatures and slaves of our surroundings, Of course, the fact that "fine feathers make fine birds," was well known from the ancient times; but the far more important fact, that our dwelling-houses exercise a most enormous influence over our bodies and souls, has only lately broken in upon our consciousness; and yet it must be evident to any one who studies the subject, that in every shape and in every direction, bricks and mortar regulate human destiny, much more than human skill regulates the destiny of bricks and mortar. Low ceilings crush our highest thoughts, thick walls repress our best sympathies, and the dungeon-like gloom of our domestic castles freezes our social instincts, and forces into tenfold concentration our natural selfishness. What makes every Londoner rush away from his home in autumn to the sea-side or to the Continent? Talk about drains, indeed—London is better drained than

half the sea-side villages, which are not drained at all, and as for foreign cities, why, the less said about draining the better. No ; he runs away from his own respectable house, because he cannot bear to sustain the character which he knows that his own bricks and mortar require him to perform in their presence—he rushes to temporary lodgings, where there is no more order and no more restraint ; and freed from the demon of London domestic architecture, he takes his revenge on the weak side of his own nature, and outrages, wilfully, his sense of the proprieties of life. Why do respectable elderly London men crawl along the beach or over the sands in yellow slippers, which would condemn them to a lunatic asylum if worn on a London pavement ? Why do they wear no gloves ? Why do they crown their heads with straw hats surrounded by blue ribbons ? Why do they dine with the windows open ? Why do they wink at young girls ? Why do they smoke cigars in the morning ? Why will they enter a billiard-room in the broad daylight ? Or take the case of their wives ? Why will they expose their charms to the eyes of the roving libertine, as they plump up and down in waves reaching to their knees, while a scanty dress reveals the beauties which they usually conceal ? Why do they become careless—nay, reckless—of the unnatural wasting of the joint between the last day's dinner and the next ? Why will they ride on donkeys ? Why will they stop away from church, even ?—except that they are taking a wild, but natural revenge, on the cramped monotony of English life, and, above all, on the oppressive tyranny of London bricks and mortar.

CHAPTER II.

CURTAIN CONFIDENCES.

MR. AND MRS. STEPHENS were an exceptional couple ; they were superior to the evil influences of their domestic style of architecture. The monotony of life never told upon them, and they were quite indifferent to change of air. Mr. Stephens was a solicitor, with chambers in Gray's Inn ; and it is possible, that Queen Square, Bloomsbury was to him a fairy-land when compared with the gloomy dungeon in which he transacted his business and spread his legal spider's web. He was fat, weighing somewhere about fourteen stone, and rather short, with a jovial, good-tempered face, and as pleasant and open a manner as is compatible with a profession which starts from the basis that every man is to be considered a rogue until he has been tried by a jury and found not guilty. His pleasures were entirely domestic, and the only out door sport in which he took pleasure was a day's fishing. Probably, lawyers and clergymen are pre-eminently fond of that lively amusement. Fish

represent to them the two classes of humanity by which both professions live. A fish unexpectedly hooked is to the one a sinner suddenly convinced of sin, and to the other an unfortunate witness suddenly convicted of perjury. It is said that detective officers of the police can alone compete with lawyers in keenness after piscatory pursuits. Medical men care little about them. It is rumoured that Sir Henry Holland was once detected in a drawing-room, holding in his hands a bowl of gold and silver fish, and exclaiming in an under-tone, as the fish followed each other round the bowl, a guinea and a shilling! a guinea and a shilling! But in the streams and ponds, the fish are not usually gold and silver, and medical men, as a rule, care nothing for angling. Mrs. Stephens was even more impervious to the evils of her home than her husband. She was blessed with an easy mind and a most excellent digestion. The temptations of the world were of no power to do her harm. They existed, of course, but only in butcher's shops, or in the fishmongers or fruiterers. They were such temptations as she was able to overcome. Her housekeeping money was sufficient to enable her to gratify most of her tastes, and she had no occasion to sin in order to gratify her fleshly appetites; so she was a very good woman, one who did not sin and yet could sympathise with sinners—that is to say, with unfortunate people who were overcome by temptation and stole eatables. She wept tears over one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, but only once, and over only one little incident—it was the touching story in the “Bride of Lammermoor,” where Caleb Balderstone runs off with the dinner preparing for a christening party, while the cook's back was turned. Mrs. Stephens had her anxieties and her daily trials, but they served rather to occupy her time than to oppress her mind. Her whole day was passed in wondering whether the cook would send up the dinner all right, and her evenings were happy because the cook invariably did her duty. Of flirtation, illegal love-making, or the infidelity of a thought towards her husband, Mrs. Stephens was utterly and entirely guiltless; she had been so even when a young girl newly married, and the young Frenchman who lived for a short time at No. 13, many years before, who deplored while he yet attempted to provoke the unlawful love which he thought he saw beaming in the eyes of the fair young English wife of his neighbour, little knew that the concentrated look with which Mrs. Stephens favoured him on many occasions was due only to an inward doubt as to whether she might possibly take the liberty of asking him if he could give her a good receipt for an omelette, or a *sauce piquante*. Mrs. Stephens had really and truly but one grief—one that is very common to her sex, resulting from intense curiosity, destined, apparently, never to be gratified. Even in her curiosity Mrs.

Stephens was a model woman ; she wanted information on a subject which really did concern her to a certain extent, whereas female curiosity generally busies itself in matters of no concern whatever to the amateur detective. What Mrs. Stephens wanted to know was, who was Henry Travers ? Two or three years after she had married Mr. Stephens, little Henry Travers had appeared upon the scene, and had become a child of the house, and, as it happened, the only child that ever enlivened No. 12, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. All that Mr. Stephens would tell about the business was, that he was very well paid for the care and maintenance of the child. It was a lasting puzzle and a mystery to Mrs. Stephens, and when she was not thinking about the day's dinner, she was thinking of young Henry Travers. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Mrs. Stephens suspected her husband very grievously at times of a nearer relationship than that of guardian to the child. Many a curious glance was thrown away upon Mr. Stephens taking his after dinner nap, as Mrs. Stephens, gazing now at the child and now at her husband, tried to trace some resemblance in hair, or eye, or figure. Little did Mr. Stephens know, that the reason why the dinner was not so good as usual was that his wife had convinced herself that there was a likeness ; and as little did he suspect that a little dish of game, on some other day, was the result of a train of thought terminating in a conviction that Mr. Stephens and Henry Travers were no relation at all. Once, indeed, she had tried a desperate experiment. Mr. Stephens had one fault as a lawyer,—he talked in his sleep, particularly after mince-pies at a late supper, and Mrs. Stephens knew it. It was during one of the seasons of doubt and half despair, that Mr. Stephens was treated, on coming home from the theatre, to a nice little supper of pork-chops, followed by mince-pies. That night, curiously enough, he would not talk ; his traitorous wife had overdone the dose, and he only snored. It would have been rare sport for a detective to have watched Mrs. Stephens sitting up in bed, listening eagerly for a sound from the voice of her partner—alas ! all the voice was from his nasal organ ; at last she extracted from the pillow a small white feather, and bending over Mr. Stephens, slightly tickled the resounding nose—the music instantly ceased, and Mr. Stephens began to mutter in his talk. Leaning over her husband, she whispered in his ear who was Harry's Papa ? No wonder she sunk back, startled out of her wits by the mumbled reply of her husband :—Only four of us, the General and I, the Captain of the ship, and the nurse girl !

CHAPTER III.

F O R B I D D E N F R U I T.

"My dear," said Mr. Stephens to his wife, as they sat over the breakfast-table on a fine sultry August morning, "you had better get something nice for dinner to-day, as Harry Travers is coming up from Cambridge."

"You need not put me in mind of that," replied the good lady; "it's been a weight on me for the last two days. I was dreaming of roast chickens all last night, and I actually caught myself praying for daily-bread sauce this morning. But the worst of it is, Mr. S., that a good dinner is just thrown away upon Harry. It's all the same to him—he hardly knows beef from mutton. I cannot think where he got it from. I wonder whether he takes after his father or mother?"

"Never you mind!" said Mr. Stephens; "it won't do, my love! The pump is out in the back yard: put it down to his great grandmother."

The sarcasm of Mr. Stephens was so terrible that his wife said no more, and they quitted the breakfast-table to attend to their daily avocations without another word.

Mr. Stephens chuckled to himself as he shut the hall door, and held a conversation with his own inmost soul as he walked down the street. "Funny, the old woman trying to pump me! and the best of the joke is that I could not tell her anything about Harry's father if I wanted to! It's rather queer, I must say, having a big lad about my house without a father. I wish I was his father, I know that; for he is a fine strapping fellow, and just the sort of manly chap that my son ought to be. Still, of course, the thing is impossible now, and it would not be fair towards Mrs. Stephens, as she never had any children. Well, let us see; next month the remittances come home from the General, and I should not wonder if I got some instructions as to what is to be done with the boy. He has been long enough at Cambridge, unless he is going to be a parson. Bless my soul!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he came into violent collision with a tall individual as he turned a corner; "can't you look where you are going, sir?"

The other injured individual was about to retort; but as their looks met, the angry scowls passed away into smiles, and the antagonists shook hands together heartily.

"How are you, 'uncle?" said the younger one. "Hope I didn't hurt you—how savage you did look, to be sure! What a

thing it is to have a good temper! Now, I felt quiet cool and comfortable."

"Yes, Harry," said Mr. Stephens; "but then, you see, it was my corns that got trodden on."

"I will walk with you," said Harry, "and act as your guardian angel to make up. By-the-bye, uncle," he continued, "it's very strange that because we knew each other, we should smile, and put our corns metaphorically in our pockets. There's an old Frenchman says, 'If we all knew each other, we should all love each other;' I think there is something in that."

"We needn't like their boots, I should say," replied Mr. Stephens, as they entered the quiet chambers in Gray's Inn.

They were familiar enough to young Travers, but they seemed more dark and dreary than he had ever before thought them. Shelves, never dusted, lined the walls, loaded with fat old parchment-bound law-books, which looked as though they had not been read for fifty years. A faded old Brussels carpet half-concealed the dirty floor, and a large leather-covered table blocked up the room—papers and inkstands littered its surface, and a strange light, supplied by the mud-stained windows, and from a fire in the grate—in spite of the heat of the weather—threw a weird kind of illumination over the whole chamber. It transformed all things, and, particularly, Mr. Stephens. All the jovial expression departed from his countenance as he divested himself of his walking-dress, and put on an office coat—old and dusty enough to match with the general features of his temporary home. His very voice altered as he seated himself in his legal arm-chair, and resumed his conversation with Henry Travers.

"So, young gentleman, if I understand you correctly, you propose to take a walking tour all alone through the South of England."

"Well, Mr. Stephens, I am twenty years of age; and I began to walk—so aunty says—when I was a year old, and, consequently, have had nearly twenty years' experience," replied Harry.

"You are still a child legally, you know," said Mr. Stephens.

"Oh, nonsense, uncle!" the young man answered; "out with it at once. I suppose there is some other cursed restriction. I beg your pardon, but I can't help swearing about it."

"Well, then, Harry, as you insist upon hearing it, I must say there is a restriction. Your guardian has expressly desired that you should not be allowed to visit the south of England, or, as he more particularly says, the coasts of Sussex, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. By-the-bye, he never said a word about Kent—that's queer, too! You might go to Ramsgate, I should say, Henry," mused Mr. Stephens.

"Ramsgate be d—d! sir," replied Henry.

“With all my heart,” answered the legal gentleman; “but that’s not respectful, Harry.”

“Well, uncle, I am sorry I spoke so to you—you and aunty have been kind to me, and I am not ungrateful; but I hate all this mystery. Where there is concealment there is a lie hidden somewhere, and I hate it. You will tell me nothing—not even whether I have a father or mother, or whether either is dead or living. I have lived without their love long enough—I didn’t know that I should care to have it now; but I want to know. I want the truth, and then I think—good or evil as the news might be—I could face it.”

“Henry Travers,” said Mr. Stephens, “you are to be told on your twenty-first birthday, and you must wait until that time comes.”

Harry shrugged his shoulders, and turned the conversation. All trace of excitement passed away from his countenance, as he asked, with a smile, “Can I go abroad?”

“Well,” said Mr. Stephens, “there is nothing about that. I should say you might.”

“Then, sir, I will go to France, and sit on the shore, and look at the south-coast of England, out of sheer obstinacy.”

“There’s nothing to eat in France,” said Mr. Stephens, doubtfully.

“I’ll take to drink, sir,” said Harry, cheerfully.

Mr. Stephens glared for a moment in a state of legal exasperation at the intractable youth. But Henry Travers looked so handsome, with his black curly hair and dark eyes, a smile lighting up his finely-chiselled features, and so gallant and so reckless, as his long, but well-shaped form lounged against the wall, that Mr. Stephens relaxed almost into a smile, and said—

“Go away, Harry, now, like a good boy, now! and if you will go to France, to France you shall go.”

CHAPTER IV.

BONG JOUR, MOUNSEER. "

THE number of passengers on board the “Columbia,” a steamer on her return trip from London to Havre, was not great, and Harry Travers set them down as a seedy lot long before they had dropped down the river as far as Greenwich. As a rule, perhaps, all landmen and women deteriorate when they go aboard ship—the subtle influence of the ‘genius loci’ subdues the neophytes; the floating home has much in common with the land residences they have quitted, and yet there is a wonderful difference. The saloon of the steamer is as gorgeous as the drawing-room of domestic life, but

there is a damp moisture along the painted sides of the one, which is not likely to be found in the other; the furniture is splendid, but somehow the sofa of the saloon, though fair to view, has a plushy stuffy surface, which has as irritating effect as a pitch-plaster if you attempt to recline on it; there are chairs but they have no backs, and no stabilities; they fold up suddenly, and nip your fingers when you move them from one part of the saloon to another, and they bulge under your weight when you sit down, as though you were about to repose upon the cabin floor; the dining-tables are like those in our dining-rooms, and yet, how unlike—they are so disagreeably narrow, you could stab your opposite neighbour as he puts his knife into his mouth, which he is sure to do, as if for the very purpose of tempting you to commit the deadly sin, and the benches which represent the dining-room chairs, irritate you to a terrible extent; you can't get to your place or leave your place, without climbing over the back of your seat, unless all the rest of the company slide out, and make room for you to pass, and where is the man who, when suddenly taken ill at a domestic dinner party, would like to be expected to vault over the back of his chair, preparatory to sending for the doctor? Nor are the smells aboard totally dissimilar to those that prevail in the town-house; that smell of boiled mutton, or of cabbage, or turnips, for instance, might assail you on shore about the dinner hour, but afloat the odour is more potent and worse to bear. It strikes you that the cook must always be boiling legs of mutton and turnips, and upsetting an oil lamp into the gravy every time he attempts to dish the dinner. The bedrooms too—the sleeping cabins are all very well—the sheets are clean and the pillow-cases snowy white, but they are sticky, like dried seaweed, and although not damp just yet, you know before you are an hour at sea they will feel all afloat again. Perhaps, of all things hard to put up with, the bed-chamber at sea is the worst on a short voyage. People won't undress—men and women are both of one mind on that point. A lady may unhook her dress and take off the back of her head, but that is about the greatest concession ever made; and a gentleman may take off his boots and undo his necktie if he be a man of refined disposition;—and they are right, for sleep is a mockery for the multitude. The seven young children in the ladies' cabin, when they have finished the buns and sugar-plums given them to keep them quiet, will murder sleep, and the wretched grown-up females will sit up in bed all night, each with a shawl round her shoulders, too ill to resent the intermittent visits of the steward, who pokes his nose into the cabin with no more idea of respecting their feelings than if they were so many lunatics. Now and then, perhaps, an elderly female on a top berth will sleep through it all with

a heavenly smile on her pale face. You may observe her with pity, when she climbs up to her perch,—she looks so delicate and her poor lips are so thin ; you shudder as she sips three or four times from a black bottle, with a gigantic label, “two table-spoonfuls to be taken every two hours.” But, somehow or other, she falls into a gentle sleep after a few doses, and her medicine which, by-the-bye, smells of juniper, evidently does her good. Our very dresses become torments to us as soon as we step aboard. Five minutes ago a chimney-pot hat was all-right, and now, by merely walking across a plank, it has become transformed into a monstrosity. You smash it as you walk down the cabin stairs, and five minutes on the river blows all the nap the wrong way ; then, again, your umbrella—what are you to do with it—the spokes keep poking all the sailors, and porters, and passengers, in the eyes if you keep it up, and where are you to put it if you let it down ? You can’t take it to bed with you, for it is dripping wet, and there is not an umbrella-stand on board. It is the same with every article of your attire, whether you be male or female, and you bow down and humble yourselves to the steward or stewardess, as the case may be, who, only half nautical, though they be, mentally reject your claim to be considered a brother or a sister. But after all, if our dresses get transformed on board ship, what is it to the moral transformation which takes place in ourselves ? Why do we despise each other because each considers his neighbour a land-lubber ? ignoring the fact that the despised one is no more land-lubberly than the scorner. Why does each attempt to fraternise with the captain or mate ? Why do we try and recall to our minds all we have read in nautical novels about topsails and jib-booms ? Why do we lower ourselves to seek companionship with a dirty individual loafing about the decks, colling up ropes, and hauling in fenders ? We should have turned up our noses at the man in Ratcliffe Highway yesterday, and we should have threatened to call for the police if he had addressed us. Why do we change our tactics, now ? because we are the very creatures of our surroundings, and never superior to them—cocks of our dung-hills, indeed ; but if once by mistake, perched upon our neighbours, changed into the most abject of pullets. Some people try to hide their discomfiture under a bold exterior.

“This is fine, sir !” said a stout gentleman with a damaged hat and a pair of kid gloves, already stained in three or four places with tar, addressing Harry, who was staring, in a disconsolate kind of way, at Tilbury Fort.

He was an affable old gentleman, with a portly figure and a weather-beaten face beaming with good-humour. He held a small child by each hand, and a third hung on to his coat-tails.

“Going over to France, is it to see the natives ? so am I. Not

that I care about the mounseers and their frogs ; but my good lady would go, and now she's sea-sick already. Give me old England.—That's Tilbury Fort, my dears," he continued, addressing his young family, " where Queen Bess ate a goose when she defeated the Spanish Armada !"

" Was that why she was called the Virgin Queen, 'pa ?" asked the little creature, hanging on to his coat-tails.

" Yes, I should not wonder," replied the old gentleman.—" Curious things, children, sir ! ain't they ?" he went on, addressing Harry. " Do you speak French, sir ? I got a book that is just the thing. It gives you all the conversation, just as they talk abroad. There's a French gentleman aboard, now, and if I get a chance I will try my hand on him for practice like. Here he comes, by Jingo !"

Harry turned to look at the French gentleman. He was a tall man, about his own height, powerfully built, and, although past fifty, with no signs of old age or decrepitude about him, excepting that he was evidently short-sighted, as he wore spectacles, and afraid of the air on the river, as the lower part of his face was muffled up in a large comforter. But there was no mistaking his nationality. No English tailor ever made those trousers—no London tradesman ever invented the frogs and trimming on that coat. He spoke a little English, for he said, " Pardon me, sare !" as he passed between Harry and his loquacious friend, and seated himself near, but with his back turned towards them.

" I think I will try it," said the worthy representative of John Bullism. "*Bong jour, Mounseer !*"

The Frenchman turned on being addressed. He was apparently about to reply, when a curious change came over his features. He sprung to his feet, and thrust his hand rapidly inside the breast-pocket of his great coat. His fixed look relaxed in a minute, however, as he noticed the bewildered state of his new acquaintance. Raising his hat politely, he muttered something about "*Mal de mer,*" and hurried down the cabin stairs.

" Hallo," said the stout gentleman to Harry—" that's all wrong ! Look here," he continued, opening his book. " I ought to say '*Bon jour, Monsieur ;*' and then he ought to say, '*Il fait très chaud aujourd'hui, monsieur ;*' and, instead of that, he says something about 'Maldimere.' Something wrong somewhere !"

" That is just what struck me," said Harry.

CHAPTER V.

OVER A GLASS OF GROG.

It was not until nine at night that Henry Travers got into further conversation with his new friend, whose name he had ascertained was "Withers." The weather had changed as the sun went down, and the wind began to blow hard from the east. Showers of rain became frequent, and then the dull sky put on a gloomy, sulky look, and it began to drizzle in a hopeless sort of fashion. The sailors tramped about the splashy decks in tarpauling coats, and the look-out man kept everybody in a perpetual worry by shouting out, light on the port bow ! light on the starboard bow ! light right ahead ! two lights on the beam, and a green light astern ! until the captain got quite hoarse with the constant repetitions of port ! hard a port ! starboard ! hard a starboard ! steady !! and the few passengers on deck shivered in their shoes as they glanced at the phantom things that emerged suddenly from the darkness, and rushed, with an awfully solemn, but rapid pace, past the steamer, now on this side, and now on that, bent apparently on her destruction, and just missing their deadly aim by a few yards.

Henry Travers sought the cabin as a refuge, and tried to console himself with a glass of brandy-and-water, and while thus employed was not sorry to see Mr. Withers enter the saloon—that gentleman, too, was evidently well inclined for friendly intercourse.

"My good lady," he said, as he sat down opposite Harry, and ordered a glass of brandy—"she has got it awfully bad ; but she is nothing to the old one in the next berth to her. Why, that old lady has had, since we passed the Nore light, five glasses of brandy-and-water, three bottles of stout, two lemonades and whisky, and a rummer of gin-and-water, and nothing will stay on her stomach ! What is it, now, stewardess ?" he cried, as he saw that lady emerge from the sleeping-cabin, and enter into a whispered conversation with the steward.

"It's your good lady, sir !" replied the official. "She is very bad, surely ; and she wants to try some lemonade !"

"Do you think that a good thing, steward ?" said Mr. Withers, anxiously.

"I have knowed it do good, sir," said the conscientious steward, who objected, on principle, to teetotal drinks.

"She is more quiet-like than she was," said the stewardess, ten minutes afterwards. "Poor lamb ! she is a nice, patient lady ! only she won't take anythink strong enough to do her real good."

Mr. Withers left his seat, and peeped cautiously into the ladies

saloon. He returned with a cheerful countenance, and whispered across the table—

“She’s asleep, sir! I am glad we met aboard, here, sir!” he continued. “Excuse me, but I’ve taken a fancy to you. You put me in mind of somebody I knew once, but, for the life of me, I can’t recollect whom. Were you ever in India, sir?”

“Never,” returned Harry.

“That’s the place, though, where I saw the party you put me in mind of,” said Mr. Withers. “I’m in business, now—hard goods, you know, and that sort of thing; but I served His Majesty, for years before Queen Victoria came to the throne; and many years was a quartermaster of a regiment in the East Indies. Sure, you were not brought up in foreign parts, sir?”

“Well, tolerably certain,” said Harry, laughing. “I don’t recollect much about anything before I was three or four years old; but ever since then I have lived in London, in Queen Square.”

“Have you, indeed, sir!” said Mr. Withers. “Then perhaps you have heard of a party—not that I knew him—but Sarah Gale that was, and Mrs. Withers as is, knows a Mr. Stephens who lives somewhere about there.”

“Oh, yes!” said Harry. “I know him, intimately.”

“How is the baby, sir?” continued Mr. Withers.

“Why, there isn’t a baby,” replied Harry.

“Bless me, sir!” exclaimed Mr. Withers; “you don’t mean to tell me the baby is dead?”

“My dear sir,” said Harry, “you are under some curious mistake. I have known Mr. and Mrs. Stephens for seventeen years at least, and there has been no baby during that time.”

“Most extraordinary!” said Mr. Withers. “They will have to account for it, somehow, you know.”

“Well, I don’t know,” said Harry; “it’s not unusual.”

“Not unusual to murder a baby? Why, bless me, young man!” exclaimed Mr. Withers, “that’s a curious idea!”

“But there never was a baby to murder, I tell you,” repeated Harry.

“Oh, don’t tell me!” said Mr. Withers. “Mary Gale that was, had the baby first, I grant; but then Mrs. Stephens had it, and she is responsible for it, of course. Why that lawyer wrote only last year, to say it was a fine lad, and going to Cambridge!”

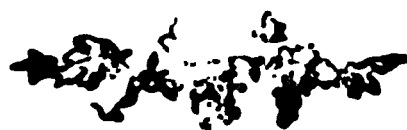
“Why, that is me!” said Harry; “I went to Cambridge last year—but you said a baby!”

“Lor’, bless me!” said Mr. Withers; “I forgot how time does fly.”

“But, Mr. Withers,” said Harry, “what do you know about me? Who are my real parents, and why have I never been

allowed to see them. Was I brought from India, and why? You see, all this mystery is very unpleasant to me. I suppose there are lots of fellows who know nothing about their parents; but that isn't it. What I can't bear is that other people should know, and I should not. Excuse me but you're no more right to keep my father's name from me than you have to keep my purse or my portmanteau—it belongs to me, and not to you. Surely you can tell me—I can keep a secret as well as you, if there must be a secret; but do tell me like an honest man, and you will not find me ungrateful."

"O Lord!" said Mr. Withers; "here's a pretty kettle of fish! You see, young gentleman, it's my wife's business—not mine; and I've nothing to do, of course, with the baby—she brought it home—at least, Mary Gale did. Now, I will tell you what it is. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Withers, and I don't see why we should not all get pretty good friends at Havre. If you want to know anything you stick to her, and, mind you, she might let something out; but, young gentleman, never you let on that I ever mentioned a word about that blessed baby."



CRABRONES NE IRRITA.

“CRABRONES NE IRRITA,”—that is the only bit of Latin that I remember, the only one that I ever distinctly understood. Ah! what a splendid bit it is! what an epitome of wisdom and sound philosophy! *Crabrones ne irrita!* Yes, that is my solitary, morsel of classical lore, and I am not ashamed to own it. I am a woman, you know, and women are not supposed to be scholars. There is no earthly occasion for it. Not that I agree with that ridiculous fellow who talked about small beer and fools; but there are a great many things in the world besides small beer and classics; and when my father took me on his knee, thirty years ago, and told me that girls had no business with Latin, he never said a word about the chronicling of beer, or the suckling of fools either.

I have never had anything to do with small beer—Tom likes strong ale; and, for my part, I never touch the horrid stuff; and, as for suckling fools, I only wish, sometimes, that my children were a little more foolish than they are—they wouldn't get over me so; but, however, that's neither here nor there. I only mentioned it to show that because I don't know Latin and Greek, it does not at all follow that I should have devoted my life to small liquor and simpletons.

I own, frankly, that I never knew more than one Latin sentence by heart, and learned that by accident. I remember the day well. I was a little thing in short petticoats and pinafore and my cousin Jack——But I won't bother you with all that; it is such a bore to listen to reminiscences of one's childhood! The short of it is that, when I was a small creature in pinafores, I got a peep at a certain Latin grammar, and saw written there, in good big letters, “Do not irritate hornets,” and just above it, or just beneath it, I really forget which, was put the Latin translation, *Crabrones ne irrita*. From that time classics and hornets became inextricably entangled in my mind. I never saw a hornet without thinking of Latin; and, of course, you know, when I thought of Latin I thought of Greek too—a woman naturally does—and I never saw a Livy, or a Zenophon, or any of the rest of them, without thinking of a hornet. Nevertheless, the sound, practical wisdom of that short injunction did not strike me as strongly as it ought to have done, till I came to Webbington St. Olave. I thought it sensible—I thought it equitable and just; there was no reason, that I could see, why hornets *should* be irritated; and if a benevolent grammarian, in the interests of the dumb creation, chose to impress that fact upon the

rising generation of scholars, why, well and good, I had nothing to say against it. Ah! but there are far more cogent reasons than feelings of humanity can occasion for refraining carefully from irritating hornets; and, if there exist any individuals who are infatuated enough to doubt it, let them come to Webbington St. Olave, and irritate Mrs. Fanshaw. If ever there was a human hornet, a hornet in human flesh and blood, she is one. It was all very well for Hamlet to rail at that much-enduring Ophelia, for nicknaming God's creatures; but Hamlet, as everyone knows, was considerably more than half-crazy, and I am morally positive—I say, morally positive, because I have always understood that that is a proper form of emphatic asseveration, though what sort of thing immoral positiveness would be is more than I can imagine—however, I will leave that to the scholars,—I am morally positive, then, that no sane man or woman would find fault with me for calling Mrs. Fanshaw a hornet. She is just like one. Yes, she is the image of one, I declare! She is vicious; she is spiteful; she is black and yellow—at least, her dress is, which is the same thing; she never moves without making a buzzing noise (for she is one of those disagreeable people who boast of never wearing anything but silk), and as for her waist! I am sure, to see the way that woman pinches and screws herself to nothing is enough to make one eschew stays for the rest of one's natural life. She is a little thing. She would make an out-sized insect, I must confess; but no matter, her littleness brings her all the nearer to a hornet; and, I assure you that, more than once, when she has come chattering and buzzing round me—I am at least half a foot taller than she is—and has held out her skinny hand for me to shake, I have felt a regular fright and tremor, as though I were about to receive the sting of a venomous insect. And I offended that woman! I irritated that hornet!

My husband (Tom, I always call him,—the Reverend Thomas Fetherfeld is his formal appellation) was presented two years ago to the living of Webbington St. Olave; and a very good thing I thought it. To be sure, it was only worth two hundred a-year, and not quite that; but we had been accustomed to worse things, and if it hadn't been for this hornet in petticoats, could have made ourselves very comfortable indeed. But she spoilt it all. Have you ever heard of a conventicle? Have you ever heard of those abominable, canting, Scripture-murdering wretches that Claverhouse used to hunt? I wish I had lived in those days! I would have helped him with all my might and main. There is nothing in this world I detest more than cant, unless it is a nasal intonation. When I say a nasal intonation, I mean a voice that comes through the nose. I should have used that expression in the first

place if I had been left to my own sweet will, for I am a lover of plain-speaking ; but Tom, who looked over my shoulder just as I had got so far, told me that nasal intonation was the correct term ; and upon such matters as that I never venture to dispute with him. There are plenty of others upon which I do, and then I generally get the best of it. Well, the two things that I detest most heartily are a nasal intonation and cant. The Covenanters had them both ; so has Mrs. Fanshaw. If that woman had been a real, genuine, conventicle incarnate, she could not have whined and chanted more hideously, she could not have talked a greater heap of hypocrisy more uniformly through her nose than she habitually does. I mistrusted her from the first moment I saw her ; I felt a presentiment of evil the instant I caught sight of that pinched-up face, and those evil little eyes. It was at a practising—the first practising that I attended at Webbington ;—I was going to say that I presided at it, but that would have been a mistake. I ought to have presided at it, but I didn't. I gave my opinion. I might just as well have given my vote at the last general election. I said the singing was too slow ; and I firmly believe that the organist agreed with me. But the organist was of the meek and dowdy order, was music-mistress to Mrs. Fanshaw's three children, and was accustomed to play as she was bid. The girls were neutral, looking amused at the prospect of a quarrel, and evidently not caring a rap whether they sung slow or fast. Mrs. Fanshaw led the first, and not a jot faster would she go. She was very polite ; oh ! the politeness of that creature was something excruciating ! but she put on a sanctimonious air, and talked about marring the beauty of the tune, and injuring the sweet solemnity of the words. As though I, the clergyman's wife, did not know as much about such matters as she ! Well, I said very little then ; I thought it best not. It was the first time, you see, and one doesn't like to begin by quarrelling. But my voice is as good as Mrs. Fanshaw's, and before many weeks were over I let her see pretty plainly that if she wouldn't lead off at a quicker rate, I would. So what must my lady do but get up an agitation for a master. Our choir is voluntary, and entirely composed of young ladies ; and Mrs. Fanshaw put into the girls' heads that if they had a professional singer to teach them, and a male voice to assist them in church, the singing would go a deal better ;—"sound" a deal better, I should have said, but "go" is the word in vogue at Webbington.

Well, the new proposal took all the young heads by storm. "Anything for variety" seemed to be their motto ; and I had no doubt in my own mind when I saw and heard how eagerly all the tongues began to wag, and how one after another declared that a

master was just what they wanted to put new spirit into the thing, that had Mrs. Fanshaw suggested an occasional besprinkling with incense by way of an agreeable revivication, the girls would, one and all, have grinned assent, and hailed it as a capital spree. "A capital spree!" indeed, was the very term that one of them used with reference to the proposed lessons; and as for the "awfully jollies!" they were quite innumerable. Now, they did not want that master. They no more wanted a master than they wanted incense. I am a good singer myself, and had I not been hampered by that hornet, could very soon have got them out of their Methodistical drawls and prolonged twiddles, and have made things straight and satisfactory. But then, unfortunately, I was not a man, and a lesson from me would neither have been "jolly," nor a "spree;" besides, there was that argument concerning a bass voice, which had too much show of sense in it to be shoved aside lightly. After all, if they wished for a master, I had no objection to their having one—only, I mistrusted Mrs. Fanshaw. I knew that the plausible proposal was only a means to an end; and I knew that that end was to thwart me. "No matter," thought I, to myself; "take heart of grace, Madge Fetherfeld, and fight the battle bravely."

Mentally vowing that I would strain every nerve to win my point, and, if possible, to force her from the choir, I told Mrs. Fanshaw that the idea to which she had just given words had occurred to me likewise, and that I congratulated myself upon having so able a coadjutor. She smiled, or rather she distorted her features into what was intended for a smile, and mentioned the master she had in view. "Mr. Gibson," she said, "was a truly enlightened man, and one who would teach the spirit as well as the voice." Now, I was a stranger in the neighbourhood, and had never heard of this enlightened gentleman before. I knew, of course, that he must be a Methodist, or nearly one, for otherwise she would not have proposed him, and I could almost have sworn that he sung through his nose; but, you see, I couldn't decently stand up in the church and tell her that; so I temporised. I said the choice of a master was a subject for serious consideration, and that I would speak to the Vicar concerning it. I put in Tom's name for a support to myself. I knew very well that I should get no support from him in any other manner, for he understands nothing at all of music, and never will interfere with what he chooses to call "bickerings." "I leave it all to you, my dear," has ever been his invariable reply when I have striven to interest him in choir matters; and when other people attempt it, he does but slightly vary the response, and say, "I leave it all to Mrs. Fetherfeld." The good folks of Webbington St. Olave had not been long in discovering this fact. I saw Mrs. Fanshaw's look

when I mentioned my husband's name, and knew that she knew how it was. Well, it was an understood thing that the young ladies' parents were to pay the master's charge, so of course they would expect to have a voice in the matter. Mrs. Fanshaw said that she would speak to them, and I said the same. The practising was over. We shook hands with ineffable amicability, and the tug of battle began.

I made inquiries concerning Mr. Gibson, and found, somewhat I must own to my disappointment, that he did not sing through his nose, but that, on the contrary, he possessed a decidedly good voice, unmarred by nasal intonation. However, he was certainly of Methodistical extraction, for his father had been the minister at the Dissenting chapel; and moreover, he had taught a village choir, not far from Webbington, to chant very much after the manner of the Covenanters. Therefore, I determined, that were his voice as melodious as David's harp, he should never—never, at least, as long as I remained in the town—have anything to do with our choir. But how was I to prevent it? and if he didn't teach the choir, who should? There was but one other singing-master in the place, and he played the organ at Webbington St. Michael.

Webbington St. Michael is a much larger church than ours, and the clergyman there intones. I have often wished from the bottom of my heart, that Tom could be persuaded to intone; but he assures me that were he to attempt it, he should drive his auditors from the church in shoals; and when I consider what a discordant noise he would certainly make, I must acknowledge that his observation is a correct one. Now, it was part of the agreement made between me, Mrs. Fanshaw, the girls, and the organist (if, indeed, the organist—poor meek and mild body!—could be counted anyone), that the professor, engaged to teach at the practisings should likewise be engaged to sing at the services; and seeing that Mr. Yorke was engaged every Sunday at St. Michael's, it was an obvious impossibility to secure his services at the times contemplated. I felt caught in a trap, literally entangled in my adversary's meshes.

"I wish," I exclaimed one day, in the bitterness of my heart; "I wish the earth would open, and swallow Mrs. Fanshaw!"

"My dear," rejoined my husband, who was arranging his whiskers before the looking-glass, "that is a most useless wish."

"If we never wished any but useful wishes," I replied, very snappishly, "there'd be many fewer wished than there are." And Tom was discreetly silent.

I was putting on my bonnet to call on Mrs. Marchmont, who was the mother of two of the best singers in the choir. Her husband was an influential man in the town; and what little I had

seen of her I liked much. So off I trotted, with the full determination of telling her as much of my troubles as I should find expedient, and winning her over to my side, if possible. I rang the bell, and Hetta Marchmont, the youngest of the singers, came to the door herself. She was a short, plump, rosy little thing, with pretty features, framed in a moon-shaped face, and a rich powerful voice—really wonderful for a girl so young. Her hair was done up into a tremendous bunch behind, and stuck up two or three inches above the top of her head. “It gives her more height,” her mother had said to me upon the first day of our acquaintance, “which is just what Hetta wants.” I scarcely liked to disagree openly, but if I had had the management of that child, the luxuriant tresses that Nature gave her should have hung as Nature meant them, at least till she was a little older. Girls of fifteen are too young to begin to be hideous. She looked pleased and excited, and before I could give utterance to the beginning of a word, had got halfway through her opening speech. Being impromptu and free from the trammels of conventionality, it contained no inquiry concerning how I did.

“Oh, Mrs. Fetherfeld, I am so glad you have come! I spied you from the drawing-room window. Mrs. Fanshaw is there, and mamma and Mrs. Williams, and we are settling about the singing-master.”

Here was a pretty reception! Here was a pretty picture to present to my distracted imagination! I had come intending to win over Mrs. Marchmont to my side, to seek from her advice and assistance; and lo! the enemy was there before me, and had brought an ally with her. At least I concluded that Mrs. Williams was an ally, and though I found out afterwards that she had dropped in by chance, that did not make matters a bit better. I followed Hetta up the stairs, telling her in an idiotic sort of way, how fine the weather was, and how I had gone for a walk upon the previous evening, and had enjoyed it. I certainly did not enjoy my walk up that staircase.

The three ladies rose to receive me when I entered, and each put out a hand. I took Mrs. Marchmont's first; it was plump and warm, and squeezed mine with somewhat unnecessary warmth. Then I took Mrs. Williams's, or rather I tried to take it; but she wouldn't let me have it—not that she meant to show coolness, but that is her way. She just let the tips of her fingers touch mine, and shaped her wide mouth into a smile, which exhibited in bold relief her upper row of teeth—they were a good, presentable set of teeth I must say, which, I suppose, was why she did it. Mrs. Fanshaw came next; and oh! the leer that woman gave as she pawed me with her skinny digits! She pawed first, and then she

pinched ; and the ceremony took just twice as long as a morning-call hand-shaking should.

“ Welcome, welcome, dear Mrs. Fetherfeld ! you could not have arrived at a better moment. Your name had just been mentioned in this little party of friends, and your presence earnestly wished for when Hetta apprised us of your approach.”

And then she added some Scripture quotation about our feet being guided through the world. The dragging in of such a quotation at such a time was, in my opinion, rank blasphemy ; moreover, it occurred to me that there was a well-known popular saying which would have suited the occasion every bit as well. However, I kept that idea to myself ; and having said something which meant less than nothing, shook myself free from her odious grasp, and took the chair that Hetta offered me.

I found that everything was as good as settled. Mr. Gibson, it appeared, had already taught the Marchmont girls, and had given complete satisfaction ; so Mrs. Marchmont, though she confessed that she understood no more of church music than an ourang-outang, spoke up for him with a will.

“ If he is as good at sacred singing as at secular,” said she, “ and I see no reason why he shouldn’t be, he is very little short of perfection ; and, besides, his terms are moderate.”

Then Mrs. Fanshaw proceeded to relate how the fathers and mothers of the choir had each and all approved of the master she had proposed. Only fancy what a hurry she must have been in to get the first word with them ! The last practising had been on Tuesday, and this was Thursday, and upon Wednesday it had rained from early in the morning to the middle of the afternoon. But Mrs. Fanshaw was playing a game that she had set her heart on winning, and had evidently resolved to lose nothing by wasting time. My heart was set on winning it, too ; and the choice of a master was a more serious thing than one who did not understand such matters might think. Mrs. Fanshaw was fighting for Methodist drawls and triddles—I, for a style of singing diametrically opposed to it. We might be likened to two opposing armies, and the future choir-master to an innumerable host, which must needs secure victory to whichever side it allied itself. Unless a choir is very full of changes indeed, which was not the case at Webbington, the track of a master’s hoof (if I may be allowed to use so diabolical an expression) remains for a long time upon it ; and if the parson’s wife venture to disagree with the professor, she stands but small chance of being listened to or heeded. His words are quoted, like the words of an oracle, in answer to every objection. So at least it is in this simple country town ; and I was fully sensible of the danger that threatened me.

“It will be so very nice to have a master!” whined Mrs. Fanshaw through her nose; “he will set us all in the right way, and there will be but one mind in the choir.”

I could have looked daggers at her, but dared not, because of conventionality. I fixed my eyes upon the ground, and looked very hard at the carpet.

“Yes,” rejoined Mrs. Marchmont, whose opinion on the matter, as she had herself informed us, was worth exactly as much as a monkey; “and I am sure, Mrs. Fanshaw, the girls ought to be obliged to you for proposing it, and for setting them up with so good a master.”

“Well, as for a master,” observed Mrs. Williams, whose vocabulary has been considerably enlarged by importations from the slang of her sons and daughters, “seeing that Mr. Yorke is engaged on Sundays, it was pretty well Hobson’s choice.”

Yes, that was true. The little speech went through me like a dart, and made my heart throb with the throb of desperation—and yet, in spite of it all, I scorned to own, even to myself, that I was beaten. I resolved to fight to the last, and felt, as I trifled with the fringe of my sunshade, very much as the heroes of old must have felt when they went forth to fight the infidels, and swore to conquer or to die.

I said something. What it was I am sure I forget, but it was something expressive of disapproval; and I know that Mrs. Fanshaw smiled, and Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs. Williams stared, and all three began to speak at once. I said something else, meaning this time to be explanatory and polite; and when Mrs. Marchmont had responded with a common-place, and Mrs. Fanshaw with a text, and Mrs. Williams had politely hinted that since the choir was satisfied, and the congregation, too, it was a pity that my crotchets should occasion discord, I found that I was expected to speak again. The embarrassment of the situation weighed heavily upon me. I made a few inane observations, and took the earliest opportunity of retreating.

Of course I had made a fool of myself, and looked like one, too. I was perfectly aware of that, though I can’t say that I took it greatly to heart. In fact, I am accustomed to the occurrence, and firmly believe that during the eight-and-thirty years that I have walked this mortal vale (that last expression is borrowed from Mrs. Fanshaw) I have looked like a fool far more frequently than most folks who have walked in it for fifty. But no matter! I always know my own mind, and generally get my own way, and have a comfortable consciousness that my wits are as good as my neighbours. I know that there are some people—and very well-informed, intelligent people they are—who maintain that to be a

greater fool than you look, is better and in every respect more desirable than to look a greater fool than you are. An appearance of wisdom, they say, is taken by the world for the genuine article, as long as no untoward occurrence betrays its unreality; whereas an appearance of folly ruins its unhappy wearer at the outset. Now, with all due respect for these intelligent and well-informed fellow-creatures, I declare that they are altogether mistaken, and don't in the least understand what they are talking about. A donkey in a lion's skin is nothing but a donkey, and sooner or later his braying will let out his secret; whereas a lion, covered with the hide of an ass, is none the less a monarch of the forest. I felt every inch a lion as I marched away homewards after that unsatisfactory visit. I could have roared; I could have sworn had I only known how; but I was a woman and a lady, and so I did neither. I bothered my husband instead.

When the children were gone to bed, and we were sipping our tea together, I poured out my troubles before him. We had shrimps, and he went on picking away at them with most aggravating equanimity, while I enlarged upon the vexation I was enduring.

"Really, Tom," cried I at last, by way of a pathetic peroration, "I am nearly worried to death!"

"I wouldn't be worried if I were you," said he, while he carefully beheaded and betailed a shrimp. "Why not let Mrs. Fanshaw have her own way? The present style of singing may not be fashionable just now, and it is certainly by no means charming; but if she likes it, and they like it [*they* meant the congregation] why, you know, it really doesn't signify."

And that was all the comfort I got! He might call it comfort, but I didn't. To be told, after all my valiant resolutions, that the object of them was so contemptible that it really didn't signify! Metaphorically, I flew at my husband; that is, I repeated all that I had said before, with variations and improvements, and at a double-quick rate. He yawned. Tom is so very apathetic!

After a short silence, I broke forth afresh; and this time the burden of my song was changed. I suggested the possibility of decoying Mr. Yorke from his post at Webbington St. Michael. Tom looked quickly round, and left off manipulating the shrimps.

"My dear," said he, and his voice was truly ferocious, "I beg you will attempt nothing of the kind!"

"You need not talk so loud," said I; "you'll wake up the children in the nursery." But I saw that that plan was not to be thought of. Before I went to bed I had adopted a new resolution; it was the last desperate effort of a drowning wretch.

I rose betimes the next morning, and was dressed and down before Tom had begun to shave. Then I walked out into the

street, and wended my way to Mr. Gibson's house. I was going to take the bull by the horns. I was going to convert the singing-master—to win over this destined prop of the enemy, and present him triumphantly as an ally. That, at least, was what I was going to attempt. I had told myself, during my restless brain-racking of the preceding evening, that the voice of a singing-master was not necessarily the only mutable thing about him; that possibly his principles, or his crotchets, or whatever you call them, might likewise be susceptible of change; that sons were not always bigoted professors of the views they had learned from their fathers, and that if ever Mr. Gibson was to be induced to forsake the ways of his Methodistical progenitor, and walk in the paths where drawling and whining were things unknown, and vocal pirouetting at a discount, it was high time that the work should be begun. Who so fit as myself to accomplish the much-to-be-desired conversion? I walked forth like a heroine; wearing my best bonnet upon the outside of my head, and a whole avalanche of pretty speeches—composed during the sleepless night—carefully packed away in its interior.

I had discovered upon the previous day, while sitting in Mrs. Marchmont's drawing-room, that this important professor had been absent from home that week, but was expected to return immediately. Who could tell but that he had already arrived? I was resolved that this time Mrs. Marchmont should not be beforehand with me. Half Webbington was snoring when I rung Mr. Gibson's bell. It was full five minutes before that bell was answered; and then appeared a slatternly maid, who stared in bewilderment, as well she might. I asked if Mr. Gibson was at home.

"No," the girl said; "master was not expected home till noon."

"I suppose, my good girl," said I, "your master dines at noon;" not that I had any ground for the supposition, but I had a mind for information on the subject.

The girl looked rather offended.

"Master in general dines at half-past one," said she; "but missus have ordered it an hour earlier to-day, because she said he'd want it."

"Your mistress couldn't possibly have had a better reason," said I; "I was just thinking the same thing, and that was why I asked."

The offended look passed away, as I spoke, from the countenance of the girl, who evidently considered a noon-day dinner unbecoming to her master's dignity. What sort of sense she made out of the explanation I had vouchsafed was to me a marvel and a mystery; but upon that point I troubled my brains but little.

"Tell your master," added I, "and you may tell your mistress, too, if you please, that I shall call a little after one o'clock upon very particular business."

Then I walked home again, and spent the morning in a fever of apprehension lest Mrs. Fanshaw, less scrupulous than I, should attack the destined choir-master before he had swallowed his dinner. My fears were groundless. Mrs. Fanshaw, no doubt confident of success, had left the professor unmolested; and when I called at the appointed hour, and mentioned the business that had brought me, I found that I was the bringer of news. He was a fair, handsome man, and did not in the least accord with my preconceived notions respecting him. His manner was neither hypocritical nor pretentious, and no texts were mingled with his talk. I began to fear that I had made a mistake.

"Are you really Mr. Gibson?" said I, when the conversation was about five minutes' old.

He seemed amused. His name was certainly Gibson, he replied; but there were others of the name in the town. Possibly I had come to the wrong house. Then he added, after a little pause,

"But the others are not music-masters."

"But I thought," said I—and all the pretty speeches went out of my head with a rush—"I thought you were a pogram."

Now in the part of the country from whence I came, "pogram" was a common nickname for a Dissenter; but it was considered uncomplimentary in the extreme, and no Selkirk souter could ever have been more grievously affronted by being soutered to his face, than a Methodist of my native county would have felt at being pogramed. Perhaps Mr. Gibson might not understand the term, but, on the other hand, perhaps he might, and I coloured up like any school-girl as the ugly word slipped out.

"At least, not exactly that," I hastened to add; "but I heard—I thought—I was told—in short, I had an idea that you were averse to the modern style of singing."

I felt a thrill of mingled dread and satisfaction when I reached that point. Victory or defeat was at hand. Now, I am quite sure that Mr. Gibson *did* understand the objectionable term I had used—I could tell that by his face, for it turned sulky in a moment, just like my baby's when there is no more sugar; but the cloud passed gradually away when he saw how frightened I was, and had fairly vanished before I came to a period. He seemed to be considering my last observation, and did not immediately reply to it. I firmly believe he didn't know what to say. At last he took refuge in a generality.

"There were so many styles of singing," he remarked, "all

more or less in vogue at the present day, that it was difficult to say what was meant by the modern style."

I was glad when I heard that—not that the answer was particularly favourable to my cause ; but, you see, it might have been so much worse. I plucked up courage, and with it came complete self-possession. I diplomatised ; I pretended to agree with him ; and then tried hard to lead him by imperceptible degrees over to my way of thinking. But he was not to be done so : the more I minced the matter the more plainly he spoke it out ; and I began to fear that, in spite of his good looks and his pleasing manners, this Webbington singing-master of the nineteenth century was as stiff-necked and impracticable a personage as any Covenanter in the days of Claverhouse. I found, to my joy, that I was mistaken ; the man was simply a lover of downright openness.

"I see," he said, "that you wish me to train the choir to sing in a manner directly contrary to what they and the congregation have been accustomed to, and directly contrary also to the style I have been in the habit of teaching."

I said that I did—I could not well have said anything else—and then sat silent, too proud to say a word in defence of the style I loved, or to plead my cause like a suppliant before this music-master. I wished, from the bottom of my heart, that I could tell him that unless he taught as I pleased, he should not teach at all ; but I knew that that was impossible, so I sat still upon the sofa, and looked as placable as I could. Again he seemed to be considering, and a minute or two elapsed before he spoke.

"For my own part," he said at last, "I have no objection in the least to what you are pleased to call the modern style ; but—" He paused, and before I had had time to consider, I finished the sentence for him. The words slipped out involuntarily from that innermost recess of my heart, where indignation and jealousy were raging.

"But you think," I said, "that Mrs. Fanshaw has."

A change came over his countenance immediately, and I saw that I had struck some secret chord. He reined up his head with a consequential air.

"I have nothing in the world to say against Mrs. Fanshaw," he began (and from that I knew that he disliked her) "but she is not the only person of taste in the town, and her taste is not the most faultless."

"She thinks it is," said I ; "and she thinks her voice is the sweetest."

He smiled, and forthwith grew confidential. Mrs. Fanshaw, it appeared, had more than once wounded his professional vanity by affecting to discover faults in his compositions ; and he poured into

my eager ears circumstantial accounts of the manner in which, upon these occasions, she had exhibited her self-conceit, and unveiled the overbearing arrogance which hypocrisy kept generally concealed. I listened well-pleased. Of course, I knew perfectly well that the man was exaggerating, and I can't say that this demonstration of injured pride, and the relation of these petty grievances by any means raised him in my estimation; but then, on the other hand, I was perfectly sure that the spiteful little speeches from which I found it impossible to refrain, by no means raised me in his, and so at least we were upon equal ground. In short, Mr. Gibson and I grew quite friendly during that brief interview. A common enemy is a powerful bond of union, and before half-an-hour had elapsed since my entrance into his house, we had conspired together to reform the singing at Webbington St. Olave, in defiance of the present choir leader. Indeed, the boldness of Mr. Gibson's propositions far exceeded mine; it reminded me of a certain swinish saying concerning the possession of an entire animal, or the renunciation of all claim upon it. (I believe, by the way, I have twisted that story somehow, but, however, it's all the same). He proposed to change the hymn-books, and to adopt one of a newer mode, which would bring with it a powerful array of suitable and fashionable tunes. The congregation, he said, would be more likely to approve of a complete novelty than of an alteration of that which was old, and with which long custom had made them familiar. I assented joyfully, and volunteered forthwith to canvass the vicar and the churchwardens, and all the principal parishioners save and except Mrs. Fanshaw, in behalf of the proposed alteration. However, he was in no mind to proceed at the rate I suggested.

"Let me begin the lessons first," he said; "let the choir learn some of the best tunes, and sing them in the church, and show that they have been benefited by instruction. Then the change will be more gradual, and there will be less chance of a successful opposition."

I was not sure that this was altogether consistent with what he had previously said, but I was so overjoyed at my success that I said "yes" to everything, without troubling to examine into particulars. I distinctly understood that Mr. Gibson would be my ally in the war against Mrs. Fanshaw, and that he intended to proceed cautiously. With that understanding I was contented, and went on my way rejoicing, blessing the day upon which the Methodistical lady had taken it into her head to criticise the professor's compositions.

After that I flitted from drawing-room to drawing-room in Webbington St. Olave, and listened with placidity to all the inane nonsense talked by the mothers of the choir concerning the elected

master. I kept my own counsel, attended suavely to everything, and no more made a fool of myself. The lessons were to commence upon the following Wednesday, so, you see, there was a Sunday between—a Sunday upon which I should have to endure the sound of Mrs. Fanshaw's nasal intonation, and the sight of her ill-concealed triumph. As for the rest of the passing week, I filled it up with wondering. I wondered how the woman would look upon that ensuing Sunday; whether her texts would be more abundant and her voice more overpowering than her wont; whether she would bedear me more than usual, and how long the hand-squeezing ceremony would be likely to last. "I hope she won't want to kiss me," thought I, and the terror inspired by the idea had such an effect upon my physiognomy that, happening to catch sight of my reflection in a mirror, I was shocked at its excessive pallor. The panic was but of short duration. "She is not quite poisonous," I reflected, "and a little kissing may be good for appearances." For my own part I had resolved to assume an air of dignified resignation, and mutely to confess myself vanquished. Did I not know that I was the conqueror? and could I not afford to be humble?

My heart palpitated with triumph as I donned my Sunday costume; and when I walked into the little box where the choir sat it required my utmost resolution to refrain from shouting for joy. Mrs. Fanshaw was there before me, and greeted me with a smile that would have been aggravating in the extreme under any other circumstances. As it was it only increased my inward jubilation. She offered no kiss, and I was thankful.

I let her have her own way uncontested throughout those two services, and listened patiently to the agonised moans of hymn after hymn, as they were dismembered, and twisted round and round, and put to excruciating torture, and driven through Mrs. Fanshaw's nose. I could endure it all now—her smiles and her spite into the bargain, for I knew that victory was at hand. She gave me a triumphant look from time to time, which said as plainly as look could speak, "You might just as well have let it alone; you might have known that I should be too much for you." I cast my eyes humbly to the ground, and gave no responsive glance.

Upon the following Monday Mr. Gibson gave his lesson. There was wonder upon the faces of the girls; there was wonder and consternation upon the countenance of my enemy when he issued his orders to sing faster. She ventured a remonstrance. He bowed and passed it by unheeded. Presently she tried again. "Really," she declared, "she could not sing so; it was what she had never been accustomed to, and did not wish to be; she could not conscientiously approve of it." The master maintained that it was

the most approved style now-a-days, and added, with a glance at me, that he believed the lady of the Vicar approved. I said, "Certainly," and looked intensely at the east window of the church in order not to meet Mrs. Fanshaw's eyes. One of the girls—I think it was Hetta Marchmont—declared that the hymn was much more effective when sung as the professor told them to sing it. I gave the child a smile and a glance of gratitude. Some of them declared themselves of the same opinion, and not one dissented. In short, it was a complete victory; Mrs. Fanshaw might fume and fret as she pleased anent Mr. Gibson's defection, but it was a *fait accompli*; and after the singing of one service had been performed according to his teaching, many of the congregation expressed their approval of the innovation.

"After all," said one grey-headed churchwarden, as we walked together in confidential chat, "if the heart is in the right place, it matters little whether the tongue goes faster or slower, or the voice higher or lower."

It was very much the same sort of speech as Tom had made upon that night when we had shrimps for tea; and Mr. Gibson, too, had thought proper, in justification, I believe, of his turn-coatishness, to express a similar sentiment. "It doesn't much signify," indeed, seemed to be the motto of all Webbington St. Olave, with my dear Tom at its head. But then there are two ways of saying it doesn't signify, and very vastly do they differ from one another. There was Tom's way upon the night of the shrimp-eating, when it meant, "You'll get no help from me in such a trivial matter, you had better give it up;" and there was the churchwarden's way, which meant "Have it your own way, if you please; I don't care enough about it to interfere." The first was vexatious beyond measure, the second could be endured with equanimity, and almost listened to with pleasure. It was at least an assurance that no opposition was to be expected. And this I found was the case from one end of the parish to the other, always excepting the cantankerousness which might reasonably be apprehended from the mealy-mouthed, text-quoting little woman, who had been accustomed to lead the firsts. But that came to nothing. Mrs. Fanshaw, when upon the day of the master's first lesson she had found herself in a hopeless minority, had turned her back slowly and deliberately upon us all, and had left the church without uttering a word. I found afterwards she had tried, but unavailingly, to stir up the ladies of the parish to withdraw their daughters from the choir. Possibly she might have succeeded in some instances had it not been for the girls themselves; but they spoke up bravely for their master's teaching, and their number remained undiminished. Nay, it was increased by more than one

eager recruit, attracted by the Wednesday lessons. It was easy to teach the new tunes to our little band of singers ; half the girls knew them already, and the rest learned them quickly : so that upon the second Sunday three of my greatest favourites were sung, and my triumph was all but complete. The rich bass of the master, the fresh young voices of the girls trilling forth the glorious melodies, won over the congregation immediately, and the proposal of new hymn-books was very favourably received ; it was a manifest fact that the words should accompany the tunes. Within a month the new mode was adopted, the old banished for ever. As for Mrs. Fanshaw, I had hoped that her abrupt departure, upon that memorable Wednesday, was a departure from the singing-pew for good and all. But, no ; she had appeared, to my dismay, upon the following Sunday, and had protested against the master's innovations. Many a sidelong shaft of spite did she direct at me, but I pretended not to know it, and Mr. Gibson, with inimitable bows and smiles, knew well how to hold his ground. He assented to some of her remarks, and as a cat playing with the doomed mouse allows its unfortunate victim a little glimpse of freedom now and then, so did the professor select for performance two canticles, which were after Mrs. Fanshaw's heart, and wherein her nasal intonation came out to the finest advantage. But she was beaten, and she knew it ; beaten, too, with her own weapon, which aggravated the pain of defeat.

When the new books were introduced she left the choir altogether, lamenting through her nose, that her principles would not permit her to stay. She pressed my hand very hard when she bade the singing-pew a final adieu, and told me that she wished me well, and hoped I should not find that I had been wrong. I assured her of the deep sorrow that her departure caused me, and expressed a conviction that the choir had been immensely indebted to her. Then she went, and Mr. Gibson and I looked at each other in silent congratulation, and several of the girls giggled. Soon afterwards the organist resigned her post, and Mr. Gibson took it. Since then he has been an institution in our little church ; the music is delightful, the singing admirable, and the choir votes everything " awfully jolly."

I had gained my point, but I had likewise offended Mrs. Fanshaw, and I soon found that the sting of her displeasure was no light thing to encounter. Although the singing-pew sees her no more, she has not entirely left the church, and divides her patronage between Tom and the Dissenting minister. The quarrel between us is not acknowledged, and all the more bitter upon that very account. The pent-up fire burns viciously. I should like to cut her altogether, but Tom gets on well with Mr. Fanshaw, and

always takes his hat off when he meets her ; so, of course, I have to bow, too, and every now and then submit to the protracted torture of hand-shaking. Kissing, thank goodness, is a towering pitch of hypocrisy, by tacit consent unaimed at. But, oh ! the countless annoyances I have suffered from that woman ! From the time of my victory to this present day I have had no rest from her persecutions. First there was grumbling in the Dorcas Club, and it was Mrs. Fanshaw who sowed the seeds of discontent and trumped-up the grievances complained of. Then some of the women of the Mother's Meetings declined to attend, on the ground that the books read to them were not suitable, and the instruction given them insufficient. I never heard a greater parcel of nonsense in my life, and I very soon found out that it was Mrs. Fanshaw who had put such ideas into their heads. After that my servant Hannah, a girl who had lived with me for three years, and who knew how to cook things exactly as Tom likes them, and whose wages I had just raised, left me at a month's notice to go to Mrs. Fanshaw. She was very impertinent when I asked her why, and, of course, I could see well enough, who was at the bottom of it all. However, I made no fuss : I had wrestled with Mrs. Fanshaw once, and had come off victorious, but I lacked moral courage to enter into strife with her again ; besides I didn't think the matter worth fighting about. Still I was considerably annoyed, and inconvenienced into the bargain, for it was a long time before I could suit myself. And, meanwhile, my enemy took every opportunity of informing me what an excellent servant Melissa was, and how she marvelled however I could have let her go. "Twelve pounds a-year is nothing for a girl like that," said the creature, who knew well enough that eight was the utmost I could afford. Then two of the best teachers in the Sunday-school saw fit to give up their classes ; it was Mrs. Fanshaw who had enticed them away. A few weeks ago a lady of rank in the neighbourhood gave a splendid juvenile party, to which many children of the clergy were asked, and from which my little ones were excluded. It was because Mrs. Fanshaw had told Lady Maude that they were remarkably rude and disagreeable.

In short, there is no conceivable way in which that woman does not torment me, if possible. Last night Tom and I went to a little dinner-party in the town, and the Fanshaws were there too. Now you may easily believe that with an income of two hundred a-year I cannot afford an extensive wardrobe. My handsome dresses are limited to two ; one is my wedding dress "done up," the other is a purple silk. Last night I wore the purple silk. "Really, Tom," said I, as I put it on, "I am almost ashamed to be seen in it."

He looked round in astonishment, for upon such matters he is very dull of comprehension.

"Ashamed to be seen in it!" said he, taking up a candle and surveying me from top to toe; "ashamed to be seen in your purple silk! why, I have admired it ever since you have had it, and so I did when it was your mother's."

It is never of any use to try to explain to Tom that a dress, in however good preservation it may be kept, loses something of its value every time it is exhibited; that is a delicate feminine sentiment utterly beyond the reach of his comprehension—one might as well try to convince him that the sea grows less salt by being stared at. I turned it off with a joke, and went to the party in the time-honoured purple, knowing well enough that everybody there would be as familiar with my dress as with my features, but resolving to be philosophical and not to care. Almost the first person I beheld upon my arrival was Mrs. Fanshaw. She was standing right opposite to me in new and handsome apparel, and for all her hypocritical smile and sanctimonious greeting, I saw well the glance of disdain she cast upon my mother's silk. "I wish," thought I to myself, "that I had put on my wedding-dress done up;" for I remembered that although I had worn it oftener than the other, it had been seen by my enemy but once. But it was too late then; I could only smirk and look unconscious.

The dinner was announced soon, and passed off peaceably enough; but afterwards, when the ladies had returned to the drawing-room, the spiteful shaft was launched. A young girl—a stranger in the town—remarked the beautiful colour of my dress, and Mrs. Fanshaw, with malicious celerity, immediately pounced upon her opportunity.

"Ah, my dear," said she, "well might you say with the Queen of Sheba, 'How blessed are they who are always about thee!' whenever we have the pleasure of Mrs. Fetherfeld's company in the evening, we have that beautiful purple to look at."

She was dressed in black moiré when she said that; it was trimmed with bands of brilliant yellow, and her neck and arms were glittering with gold. It was then that her likeness to a hornet flashed suddenly and strongly upon me. I had often felt that she resembled some horrid being of a lower order, but never till that moment had the likeness a clearly-defined shape. Now the veil of uncertainty was removed, the dim idea assumed form and clearness. She was a hornet! Yes, her spiteful speeches, her wasp-like figure, her rustling movements, combined to make the similitude perfect. Then did the days of my childhood recur to me, and vivid as lightning there flashed across my mind's eye the strict injunction in my cousin's grammar, "*Crabrones ne Irrita.*"

Then for the first time was the warning and the wisdom of that little phrase revealed to me in its broadest and clearest light, then did I penetrate its grim meaning through its shroud of oracular terseness, and realise how bitter was the fate of those who heedlessly disregarded its caution. "*Crabrones ne Irrita!*" The words haunted my dreams last night, and I fancied myself once more ringleted and pinafores, and prying into my cousin's study. It was with that injunction fresh in my memory that I sat down to write to-day. I was moody, I was dispirited, I was still smarting under the insult I had received, and was disposed to reproach myself bitterly for my neglect of the grammarian's maxim. But my spirits have risen since then; the circumstantial recapitulation of the manner in which the hornet's ire was raised, has brought with it all the sweets of victory, and brought them in redoubled force; and now as I remember the look that woman gave when the defection of the professor was first made manifest, as I recollect her confusion, her consternation, her irretrievable defeat, as I reflect upon the quickness and completeness of my triumph, the petty annoyances which I have since endured fade into utter insignificance, and instead of saying with the estimable grammarian who wrote my cousin's grammar, "Do not irritate hornets," I would fashion the injunction in this wise: "Remember that if you irritate hornets you must expect to be stung. Consider, therefore, in the first place, whether the triumph of thwarting them, whether the end to be obtained by irritating them is worth the pain of the sting. If you decide that it is, then go in and win if you can." What the Latin of all that may be I have not the remotest idea.

M. H. SIMPSON.

TWO MATCHES.

AN eligible match : and 'tis no wonder,
 He must be worth ten thous a-year at least :
 " What God hath joined let not man put asunder ;"
 Those comfortable words said by the priest.
 The merry, merry wedding-bells are making
 The air melodious from their heavenly tower ;
 And she with maiden smiles and tears is taking
 Congratulations of the auspicious hour.
 " How nice she looks with those soft orange-blossoms !
 A little sad, perhaps, but still how nice !"
 Say all those sweet young ladies ; sure their bosoms
 Ne'er envy her sold far above their price !
 Of course not, so you simple little beauties,
 Innocent little troop of snowy doves,
 Fling down your flowers, perform those gentle duties
 A girl delights to do for those she loves.
 An eligible match ! but see that haggard
 And eager face glare at her : oh, how rude !
 Those eyes of his look what the world calls " daggered "
 Glances upon her : how dare he intrude !
 She sees him ; cuts him dead, of course ; quite proper.
 Perhaps she thought she loved him—long ago ;
 But is that any reason he should stop her
 As she is just departing blushing so ?
 Nay ; drive away ! whip up the nags, postilion !
 Pitch the old slippers, damsels, pitch and smile !
 And cheep and twitter loves, yes, twenty million,
 Melodious crows and ravens, all the while !
 They're gone. " It is indeed a match most eligible,"
 Say gazing girls ; but to that horrid man
 With those rude eyes their words are not intelligible—
 He strode away before their talk began.
 He has a foolish fancy that for ever
 He must retain the love which he did drink.
 Poor fellow ! take a stroll beside the river ;
 Is there no consolation for you, do you think ?
 * * * * *
 Ave, pure star above all earthly troubles !
 Hail, Star of Love, that lightenest hearts that watch !
 How pleasantly it ripples o'er those bubbles !
 He, too, hath made his eligible match.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

THE DRAGON MYTH.

CHAPTER II.

BIBLICAL DRAGONS.

SUCH is the imperfect state of the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, more especially in that which regards natural history, that if the conclusions regarding the light in which the Dragon was viewed by the Hebrews were derived merely from the notices existing under that name, they would be alike meagre and unsatisfactory. The same word—*Than* or *Thannin*—translated “dragon,” in Ps. lxxiv. 13 and cxlviii. 7 ; Isa. xxvii. 1, and Jer. li. 34 ; is translated “whale” in Gen. i. 20, and Job. vii. 12 ; and again serpent in Exod. iv. 3, and vii. 15. It is obvious, then, that a wider meaning was attached to the word by the Hebrews, than is conveyed by the English method of giving it three different translations.

The *thannin* certainly appear to have been primarily viewed as monsters of the deep, and not as celestial myths. This degeneration of the original idea among so poetic a people, must be traced to two circumstances—one to the primitive myth being forgotten or unknown, and the second to the corruption of the Chaldean traditions, effected during the long residence in Egypt—the Pentateuch having been vouchsafed after the Exod—and to the contact in which the Israelites were thus placed with the worshippers of crocodiles.

The Hebrew word *Thannin*, used both in the singular and plural, admittedly, conveys, however, the old idea of twisting, coiling, winding, or enveloping, and would describe either a serpent or a crocodile, or the mystic dragon ; but from the circumstances above alluded to, it took a practical form, and became applied to real crocodiles, lizards, and serpents. There can be no sufficient grounds, however, for believing, with such a root or derivative meaning, that *Thannin* was applied to a whale, or whales, as it has been rendered in Gen. i. 21, and Job. vii. 12. The sense of the two passages would appear at first sight to lend itself to the accepted version, but not so on further consideration. *Thannin* is first noticed in connection with the sea, and as among the first creatures that moved therein, or “in the waters” (Gen. i. 20). That is, probably, as the largest and most formidable of aquatic animals known to the Hebrews. But whales are exceedingly rare in the waters of

the Levant, and were in all probability unknown to the Israelites, with whom, on the contrary, the crocodile must have been a more or less familiar object. The crocodile, it is also well-known, takes at times to the sea, supposing the word *yam* to have as limited an application as our sea has with us. But it was not so; just as the Arabic *bahr* applies to a sea, a lake, or a great river, as in the instance of the Nile; so *yam* was used by the Hebrews in a very extensive sense, being applied generally to all large collections of water. "Sea" for larger collections, and "pool" for smaller—the latter being distinguished into *agom*, a natural pool (Ps. cvii. 35, cxiv. 8, Isa. xxxv. 7, &c.), and *birikah*, a reservoir (2 Sam. ii. 13, iv. 12, Nah. ii. 9), formed, indeed, the whole extent of their vocabulary, in as far as regarded collections of water. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the Hebrews, in depicting the order of creation, would, in reference to the waters, have placed the largest aquatic animal with which they were familiar at the head of the list, just in the same way that the translator, being familiar with the whale as the most huge monster of the deep, replaced the crocodile of the Nile and of the rivers of Palestine by a more gigantic representative, and, what was in their minds, a more accurate figure. We have here an example of transitions that have occurred in all ages, and among the myths of all nations, introduced into a comparatively modern version of the Holy Writ.

The only other passage in which *Thannin* is translated "whale," is in Job vii. 12: "Am I a sea or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?" and the Hebrew word would appear, viewed as a figure of speech, to apply rather to the crocodile than to a cetacean; for laying aside what we have previously said regarding the familiarity with the one, and the little familiarity with the other, it has not been customary with any people to set a watch upon whales, whereas the ferocious khamses of the Nile especially demanded that a careful eye should be kept upon his movements. The probable correct version would be, "Am I a river or a crocodile, that thou settest a watch over me?"

The whales of the Mediterranean, as far as are known, are all Orcas, Physeters, or Campedolios, *i.e.*, toothed whales, as large and more fierce than the Mysticetes, which have balein in the mouth, and at present very rarely make their way further south than the Bay of Biscay, although, in order to facilitate the comprehension of the scriptural text, it has been presumed as probable that in early times they visited the Mediterranean.

Joppa, now Jaffa, the very place whence Jonah set sail, displayed for ages, in one of its Pagan temples, huge bones of a species of whale, which the legends of the place pretended were those of the dragon monster slain by Perseus, as represented in the

Arkite mythus of that hero and Andromeda, and which remained in that spot till the conquering Romans carried them in triumph to the great city. Procopius mentions a huge sea-monster in the Propontis, taken during his præfecture of Constantinople, in the thirty-sixth year of Justinian (A.D. 562), after having destroyed vessels at certain intervals for more than fifty years.

Rondoletius enumerates several whales stranded or taken on the coasts of the Mediterranean. On the island of Zerbi, close to the African coast, the late Commander Davies, R.N., found the bones of a cachalot on the beach. Shaw mentions an orca more than sixty feet in length, stranded at Algiers; and the late Admiral Ross Donnelly saw one in the Mediterranean, near the island of Al Boran.

It has been doubted whether, in most of the cases, the poetical diction points in the words *Than* and *Thannin* to any specific animal, particularly as there is more force and grandeur in a generalised and collective image of the huge monsters of the deep, not inappropriately so called, than in the restriction to any one species, since all are in Gen. i. 26, made collectively subservient to the supremacy of man. This view of the case is further substantiated by there being two words in the Bible, supposed to represent the Crocodile, Leviathan and Thannin. Leviathan always, Thannin occasionally. The distinction before alluded to, as established in Isaiah xxvii. 1, is then made clear.

It seems not at all improbable that in the paucity of whales in the Mediterranean, the Tunny may have been comprised among the monsters of the deep, alluded to collectively under the name of *Than* and *Thannin*. This fish has, from the most remote period, constituted one of the chief commercial resources of the Mediterranean and the Euxine. The Pontic salted meats (*Athen.* lib. iii. p. 118, 119) were highly esteemed in Greece—just as the *Thon marinée* and *Thonnine* are in the present day—as early as the time of Herodotus, Plato, Aristophanes, and Polybius (lib. iv. c. 5), and, probably, long before. Even Hesiod is cited, as speaking of the Bosphorus as a market for these kinds of salted delicacies.

Bred in the shallows of the Maeotis, or Sea of Azov, the fishery began, according to Strabo (lib. vii. p. 320) about Trapezus or Trebizond, but they were there but pelamides, and not of a size sufficient to salt as an article of trade. By this time the shoals had proceeded westward as far as Sinope (a medal struck at Sinope has a tunny on the reverse, Patin 317)—the fish were increased in size, and were salted in great abundance. Cordyla, a place so called, which lies near Trebizond, expresses by its name a young tunny (Plin. lib. xxxii. c. 11), and Halmydessus was so named from Almentus, a person who dealt in salted meats or fish. Amastris, Tium, Hera-

clea, and the island of Thynias, which took its name from the same fish, enjoyed the advantages of the fishery in still greater perfection, and were deeply engaged in it, as appears from Ælian (*de Animal. lib. xv. c. 5*); and the Genoese planted their colonies at the same spots in after-times in pursuit of the same fishery.

The fish, when they have attained a convenient size, pour out of the Thracian Bosphorus, as they did when still small from the Cimmerian Bosphorus. It is only then that they acquire the name of Thynni or Θύννοι, and they increase in size as they proceed eastward along the coast of Asia Minor and Syria, and westward to the Adriatic and Gulf of Lyons. The Tunny fishery of the Mediterranean has always been a great commercial enterprise. Louis XIV. deputed Joseph Vernet to depict the Tunny fishery of Marseilles. In the Syrian seas, the Belgian pilgrim Lavaers, on his passage from Malta to Palestine, incidentally mentions a Tonyn-visch, which he further describes as an "oil-fish," longer than the vessel, leisurely swimming along. The tunny, when it has attained its full size, is further well-known to be both powerful and ferocious, and by its size, fierceness, and numbers, was in every respect qualified to be enumerated among the "monsters of the deep."

The most curious point of all, in the endeavour to establish such an affinity, is that the Hebrew word *Than* has been preserved in the Θύννοι of the Greeks and *Thynnus* of the Romans—a name which it only obtained in the Mediterranean in the *Tennanim* of the Arabs, the *Tonne* of the Italians, the *Thon* of the French, the *Tonyn-visch* of the Dutch, and the *Tunny* of the English.

Criticism would appear to go almost beyond its legitimate province, when not contented with pointing to some assumed species of fish, it attempts to rationalise miraculous events by establishing positive identifications as in the case of Jonah, where the fact of whales having a small gullet, and being rare in the Mediterranean, is adduced to prove that the huge fish "*dag*" was not a cetacean, but a shark. Now, if the text be literally taken, the transaction is plainly miraculous, and no longer within the sphere of zoological discussion. We cannot see, however, that the assumption that the narrative is in this instance allegorical would be in any way derogating from the high dignity of the prophet's mission, whether we assume that the prophet was saved by means of a kind of boat called *dag* or *dagh*, or it be a mystical account of initiation where the neophyte was detained three days in an ark or boat, figuratively denominated a fish, or Celtic *avanc*—a Pagan legend such as Hercules (*Vritra*) Bacchus (*Jamshid*), and other deified heroes of the remotest antiquity are fabled to have undergone, and which all the ancient mysteries, including the Druidical, symbolised.

Some curious illustrations of Jonah's fish are given in Dr.

Maitland's "Church in the Catacombs," which serve well to show what were the views entertained by the primitive church of the monster in question. They are in all instances more or less saurian in character. In one instance it is represented as a huge monster, with legs and a horn on its head, and in another the head is also that of a crocodile.

In a more ambitious work of art, copied from a sarcophagus now deposited in the Vatican library, the so-called fish is copied from sculptures representing Andromeda exposed to a huge dragon, having the head of a crocodile, the body of a whale, with tremendous serpentine convolutions, ending in a fish's caudal fin.

Yet the story of Andromeda, which appears first in Apollodorus, who flourished about 115 years before Christ, was invented long after the history of Jonah, and appears to have been founded upon it. The scene of both narrations lies at Joppa, designated by Jerome as "the port of the fugitive Jonah, and if I may add something from the fables of the poets, witness of Andromeda bound to a rock."

It is remarkable that strong evidence of a sea-monster long remained at Joppa. Pomponius Mela tells us that "they still exhibit some huge bones of a marine animal, the plain traces of Andromeda's preservation by Perseus."¹

Pliny describes Joppa as "placed upon a hill, with a projecting rock, on which they still show the marks of Andromeda's chains." Elsewhere he describes the bones of the monster which Scaurus brought to Rome from Joppa: the skeleton measured forty feet in length, having a spine one foot and-a-half thick, and ribs larger than those of an elephant. There is also a tradition which describes Jason as escaping—armed and unhurt—from the mouth of a sea-monster.

The history of Jonah was viewed, according to Dr. Maitland, by the ancient church as a type of our Saviour's death and resurrection, and was the most popular object of representation employed in the Catacombs. Jonah, escaping from the whale, or reclining beneath the ground, may be everywhere seen, at first scratched upon the walls, and afterwards sculptured on sarcophagi.

The fact of the legend of Perseus and Andromeda being attached to the same spot, as the Biblical record of the prophet Jonah, is easily explained away by the system of Gale, Huet, Bryant, Faber, Taylor, and others, of tracing all Pagan fiction, legend, and tradition to Scripture facts and events; but it is sufficiently satisfactory to trace it in this particular instance, as likewise the Phœnician myth of Hercules and the sea-monster, without admitting such in

¹ De Situ Orbis, lib. 1, cap. 2.

all cases, to show to what an extent of change and transformation the same myth may undergo when modified by the peculiar genius and modes of thinking of a particular people. There is nothing more extravagant in the whole history of the dragon myth than the conversion of the "great fish" sent to swallow up Jonah into the sea-monster that ravaged the kingdom of Phineus, and to which Andromeda was offered up as a sacrifice. The Hebrew record is one of an essentially holy and miraculous character—the Grecian legend is coloured with the poetic sensuousness which pervaded Pagan mythology.

An examination of the texts in which the word *thannin* is translated "dragon," lead however to the belief that, at all events, in most instances, the crocodile is meant, although alluded to as a marine as well as an amphibious animal, possibly from the philological deficiencies before alluded to. Even the passage, "Thou breakest the heads of the dragons in the waters" (Ps. lxxiv. 13) is symbolical of power directed against a known enemy of the human race of aquatic habits. The whale is no enemy to man. Beautiful and peaceful is the transition made by the divine Psalmist, when he calls upon the same well-known emblem of inimical strength to join in praises of the Lord "from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps" (cxlvi. 7); for the crocodile is as much indebted for its strength to the Lord, as man is for his intelligence, and he is here depicted as a thing of the earth, as well as of the deep. We find in Jer. li. 34, a still more decided allusion to this inimical character of the crocodile, when the king of Babylon is spoken of as swallowing up the prophet like a dragon—a figure of speech which will not apply to any cetacean or fish—not even a shark, nor to any of the serpent tribe.

The striking passage in Isaiah (xxvii. 1), "In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword, shall punish leviathan, the piercing serpent, even leviathan, that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea," i.e., the waters; establishes distinctions, which are of much importance in investigating the natural history of Biblical monsters. With respect to the dragon being a tenant of rivers, rather than as it is generally read "the sea," we have further testimony in the passage in Ezek. xxix. 3, in which, although the word is used figuratively, as an epithet applied to Pharaoh, still he is spoken of as "the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers." The translators were in this instance driven into a correct version by the circumstance that they could not speak of Pharaoh in the midst of his seas, whereas in the passages previously quoted they had the choice between sea, lake, or river for *yam*, and they preferred the first, probably as most emphatic, without regard for the views manifestly

entertained throughout by the Hebrews in regard to the natural history of the dragon. In chap. xxxii. v. 2 of the same book, we have a return to the same clumsy error, and that is the most egregious form in which it occurs throughout the authorised version; for, in the first place, *dragon* is translated "whale," and being such is placed in the sea, and then it is described as abiding in rivers, and fouling and troubling the waters with its feet.

Thannin is in some instances translated as "serpent." This is particularly the case in the narrative connected with the mission of Moses to deliver Israel. His rod became a serpent (*Thannin*) (Exod. iv. 3), and upon a second occasion when Aaron's rod became a serpent, the rods of the Egyptian sorcerers also became serpents, "but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods" (Exod. vi. 10, 12). It is probable that when the wine of the enemies of the Lord is described as the *poison* of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps (Deut. xxxii. 33), that some kind of serpent was also meant. This is not so clear when the Psalmist says that the godly shall trample under feet the young lion and the dragon (Ps. xci. 13).

Heliodorus, the author of a History of Ethiopia, has an analogous reference to the venom of dragons, for he described the arrows of the Ethiopians as being poisoned with it. Whereupon Pliny, Ctesias and others, either referring to some well-known animal, as the crocodile, as to a myth accepted within established limits, observed that dragons were not venomous.

Lucan explained the allusion, however, with considerable ingenuity as a poetic license:—

"Vos quoque qui cunctis innoxia numina terris,
Serpitis durato nitidi fulgore dracones,
Pestiferos ardens facit Africa."

It has not the less been handed down, as one among the multitude of strange ideas associated with the dragon type:

"Then was there a dragon grete and grimme,
Full of fyre and venymme,
With a wide throte and tuskes grete."

"Sir Degore"—WARTON'S *Hist. Poet.* p. 180.

Hercules is represented as dipping his arrows in the gall of the Hydra, and, from that circumstance, all the wounds which he gave proved incurable and mortal.

Cyril makes the dragon-poison of Heliodorus that of vipers; and Ælian asserts that it was obtained from roots. Leo Africanus also says that the dragons of Africa were not venomous—evidently implying crocodiles under that name, for many of the snakes are undoubtedly so.

The word *thannin* also occurs in the Hebrew text, but only in

the plural, and has been read as "the howlers." Such a root and the circumstance that the creatures thus figured forth are also represented as ravenous, suckling their young, and inhabiting desolate places, have led some to conclude that a jackal, or some such animal is designated. But in some of the passages in which *thannim* takes the place of *thannin*, as in Job xxx. 29, Is. xliii. 20, and Mic. i. 8; the allusions are to an animal which keeps company with owls. Now, this is well known to be the case with certain serpents, which, in the wildernesses of the East, and on the prairies of the New World, keep company with owls at the burrows of jerboas and other rodents. It is supposed that the serpent devours the eggs and young, and that the owl assists in keeping down too numerous a progeny.

Froëbel, in his "Seven Years' Travel in Central America" (p. 258), says, alluding to the prairie Marmot, that the idea that these gnawing animals share their dwellings with owls and rattlesnakes had always appeared to him fabulous, till he saw it with his own eyes. It is a remarkable fact, he adds, that the ground-squirrel, which in a part of California lays waste fields and meadows, also shares its subterranean dwellings with owls and rattle-snakes. It is the same with the jerboa, whose holes are so numerous in some parts of the Syrian desert as to incommode travellers (*Phil. Trans.* xix. p. 131; Russell's *Aleppo*, ii. 163), and there is therefore every reason to believe that serpents or snakes are meant by *Thannim* in the above passages.

The passage in Micah i. 8.—"I will make a wailing like the dragons"—is only explicable on the supposition that one of the great lizards of the country is meant, as we shall afterwards have occasion to explain more fully; and the passage in Lam. iv. 3—"Even the sea monsters [or "sea calves" in the margin] draw out the breast; they give suck to the young ones—would appear to apply to the river-horse, the hippopotamus. As it is only in this last passage that any real difficulty presents itself, it may be presumed that *than* in the singular, *thannin* or *tannin*, used both in the singular and plural, and *thannim* used only in the plural, are all applied in the same generic sense to express crocodiles, large lizards, and serpents. In Malachi i. 3 alone the form is *tannoth*, a feminine plural by which "the dragons of the wilderness" are expressed.

In the New Testament, the word *dragon* is only met with in the Revelations (xii. 3-17, xiii. 2-11, xvi. 13, xx. 2), and always in a symbolical sense. But it is worthy of remark that we have traces of the original myth in these passages, such as are not to be met with in the Old Testament. The great red dragon has his place in heaven, like the cloud that flasheth lightning, while the two beasts

(chap. xiii) came up one from the sea and the other from the earth ; and that "the dragon, that old servant which is the devil and satan " should be so represented is precisely in consonance with the original myth, which made of Vrithra, a thing of evil, and of Vrithra-Ahi, a dragon of iniquity.

The identification thus established, and which there is no gainsaying, has been made the theme for much speculation. Some popular expositors have followed Bishop Newton, who thought that the dragon was the heathen, anti-christian, and persecuting Roman Empire. Dr. Keith has an elaborate discussion to prove the identity of the fourth kingdom of Daniel's vision with the first beast of Rev. xiii., the scarlet beast of Rev. xvii., and the great red dragon of Rev. xii. Hooper says the dragon "is a symbol of the military power of heathen Rome under the Cæsars, as set in action by Satan." ("Revelation Expounded," i. 15). Hengstenberg tells us the dragon is a name applied to Satan, "not Satan generally, but Satan in a particular relation as the prince of this world." It would, indeed, appear from the description in Rev. xii. 3, that it is the devil in alliance with worldly power, although that is not the case in Rev. xx. 2,3 ; nor does such an alliance in any way affect his prerogatives. Faber says pointedly, "The dragon is the devil;" and in presence of Rev. xii. 9, and xx. 2,3, it is difficult to see how any other opinion can be maintained—that is, as far as Revelation is concerned.

" But still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain."

MILTON, *Par. Lost*, Book x. 538.

It is certain, however, that we find at the same time, traces in the dragon of the Revelation of St. John of those vague, yet universally spread ideas which typified originally the storm, and then the deluge, and then all destructive agents, under the form of a dragon, or a monster serpent. We have a combat between the dragon and Michael and the Angels, precisely as we have the combat between Indra and Vrithra in the Vedas (xii. 7,8), and we have a serpent casting out of his mouth water as a flood (xii. 15).

Such seems likewise to have been the origin of the Egyptian Ophiolatry, and Mr. Sharpe expresses his belief, in his "Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments," that the serpent, the type of sin and evil, which beguiled Eve, and which is typified in the Book of Revelation by the dragon, had an Egyptian origin ; and there are, the same distinguished Egyptologist says, several other points of interest in the history of the origin of sin

and evil, as given in the Jewish description of the creation, to show that the writer had the opinions of the Egyptians in his mind.

Leviathan is another compound in which the word *than* or *tan* occurs. The difference in the Hebrew is simply a stroke over the *t*, and as this is omitted in some manuscripts, just as some persons forget to cross their *t*'s, so the variation has arisen. It is probable that *than* and *thannin* are the correct orthographies.

The texts in which the word "leviathan" appears in Scripture are not always very clear. We have before observed upon the distinction established in Isaiah xxvii. 1, between the leviathan "that crooked serpent," and the "dragon that is in the sea," i.e., waters. But in Psalm civ. 25, 26, the leviathan is also noticed as a creature delighting to play in the waters. Again Psalm lxxv. 14, the same figure of speech: "Thou breakest the heads of leviathan in pieces," as is also done towards the dragon, with the addition of a plural form. "And gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness," which would seem to apply to the large monsters. That magnificent chapter—the forty-first of Job—is, however, unequivocally descriptive of the crocodile, which is depicted therein in all its magnitude, ferocity, and indolence. This positive identification of the word "leviathan" with the crocodile tends to strengthen the opinion that *than* and *thannin* were used in a general acceptation.

It has been supposed that in the apocryphal history of Bel and the Dragon, where the last mentioned was a living animal, that a great snake was intended, such as is still fed and venerated in Cutch—a remnant, probably, of Vrithra worship, because these reptiles are safely handled when not excited; food may even be thrust into their throats, and the worship of them is not yet extinct in the eastern provinces of Persia. But the crocodile was, we have seen, perfectly tamed by the Egyptian priests of old, and in more modern times, as it appears from a statue, a sort of Bestiarii could tame them sufficiently to perform certain exhibitions mounted on their backs. There is nothing in the history of the destruction of the Babylonian dragon to attest that it was tame, beyond this fact, that Daniel put the pitch, fat, and hair which would entail a fatal constipation, into its mouth. It is no uncommon thing to feed alligators in the east. When the French captured the entrenched camp of the Cochin-Chinese at Ki-hoa, a pet caïman was found in a pool at the head-quarters of the chief mandarin. (Pallu, "Hist. de L'Exp. de Cochin-China," p. 91). Aristotle said that nothing more is necessary to tame crocodiles than to supply them abundantly with food. Prosper Alpinus says that the Egyptian peasants used often to catch crocodiles, and having tied their legs and mouths,

carried them for sale to the towns. M. de la Borde has seen crocodiles in Cayenne kept in ponds and fed on the refuse of the kitchen. Plutarch relates that when Demosthenes left Athens, he lifted up his hands toward the citadel, and exclaimed O Minerva, goddess of these towers, whence is it that thou delightest in three such monsters as an owl, a dragon, and the people?

This in reference to one or two dragons, called *οιχτροι οφεις* which were constantly kept in her temple in the citadel. ("Lang. Plut. v. 28):—

Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, was, on the authority of Plutarch, initiated in the mysteries of Samothrace; and a serpent, or dragon, was seen lying near her as she slept. ("Lang. Plut." iv. 188-89). But while Lucian and Cicero refer the incident to a peculiar kind of tame creature of that description in the neighbourhood of Pella, others interpret by it a young Arcadian named Draco. ("Cic. de Div." ii. 66, and "Justin," iv. 5.)

Milton who had the Biblical crocodile in his mind's eye when speaking of dragons, admitted their being tamed:

. "Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon, tam'd, at length submits."
Par. Lost, xii. 190.

The crocodile is supposed to have been sanctified by the Egyptians as the type of pure water, and an emblem of the importance of irrigation; and such as were kept for purposes of priestly imposture, were, as is well known, embalmed. The people in general, seem, however, to have been ever disposed to consider it a personification of the destructive principle. At a later period the Egyptians of Tentyra, and other places, where crocodiles were not held in veneration, not only hunted and slew them, but made war upon those who protected them.

The place of the crocodile in nature is difficult to determine. While to even the sturgeon the attribute has been conferred of loosening the mud and aiding in the silting of rivers; few, except the Egyptian priests of old, have had a kindly word to say of so repulsive an animal as the crocodile. It is certain that Nature made nothing in vain, and previous to the coming of man it may have aided in keeping other creatures within certain limits; but like some of the gigantic saurians of old, its place does not seem to be where man is, and its presence would indicate an imperfect state of civilisation, and that the land or waters in which it is met with have not been perfectly reclaimed to the peaceful purposes of human industry. As certain insects are a proof of the want of cleanliness, the presence of the crocodile would seem to attest that much remained yet to be done to win over the land to

the human family. These huge saurians are, indeed, wherever they are now met with, relics of a past world rather than of the present.

The Leng of the Malays, still venerated by them, belongs to the gavial sub-division of crocodiles. It is the horned crocodile, or makaira of Buddha lore. It figures in the Zodiac of the utmost east, and becomes naturally confounded with the dragon Vrithra.

THE NOVICE.

[OLD FRENCH.]

A NOVICE, 'tis told, young and pure,
From his birth in cloister bred,
On a day as he went forth demure,
To the monk beside him he said :

“ O father, tell me, I pray,
O what are these fair forms I see,
Like to angels in angel array,
If aught but angels they be !”

Quicken'd the monk, as he spake,
“ Hark, vesper-chime hath begun,—
‘ Like to angels,’ indeed ! why—don’t quake,—
They are nothing but geese, my son !”

And still the days came and went,
As in the outer world wide,
To the novice in cloister pent,
Who sat in his cell and sigh'd.

And the fathers, vexèd full sore,
Watched him grow more silent and sad,
So cheerful and happy before,
Now fading like love-sick maid !

At length they question'd him straight,
Wherefore so sad was he,
And had grown so thoughtful of late,
Who was wont so blithesome to be ?

Answer'd he, cheek changing hues,
Tho' wherefore little he deem'd,
“ O fathers, I cannot but muse
Of those geese like to angels that seem'd !”

ROBERT STEGGALL.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE.

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

"Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound to pity, too."

Cymbeline.

"WHAT is the matter? what can have happened? I am bewildered, amazed; I really wonder whether I am sleeping or waking!"

All these exclamations were uttered in a low, but rapid tone of voice by Mrs. Thorold, as she stood holding the hand of her friend, Mrs. Norris, in the little parlour of Teresa's cottage. There was a deep stillness about the house, as the servant and Mrs. Martin stole to and fro, with hushed footsteps, speaking in whispers, and closing doors gently and carefully. During the long dark hours of that winter night, Teresa had hovered between life and death. Suddenly she had been stricken down, almost without a warning; but the cause undoubtedly was, the great shock she had met with on the previous day—a shock so terrible that it seemed to threaten one of two things—either that reason would give way, or that life itself would yield in the struggle. However, the day had dawned, and when the doctor, who had been so hastily summoned on the previous night, stood again by the bedside of his young patient, he spoke more hopefully, and predicted a favourable result from the deep sleep, into which she had fallen.

"I scarcely know more than yourself, my dear friend," said Mrs. Norris, sadly. "Last evening, poor little Walter came, almost breathless, to our house—he had been for a doctor, he said; the servant and Mrs. Martin were with Teresa, and she was very ill, and they thought she was dying. The poor boy! his heart was breaking as he told his pitiful tale, with the tears streaming down his face. Of course, I came here at once, and here, indeed, I have been all night. Walter could give me no other information as to the cause of Teresa's illness than that she had been out with him on the Walls walking, expecting to meet Mr. Thorold—that she

had gone into the Water Tower to look at the Camera, and that when she came out she seemed so ill that he was frightened; and then when they arrived home she became worse. But, added Mrs. Norris, as though struck by some sudden idea, "may I ask, Monica, how you came to know of Teresa's illness? I suppose your visit here this morning is not accidental."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, "that you do not know that Teresa has refused Piers! That was what I meant when I told you that I was bewildered. Look at this letter," she continued, handing to her friend the blotted sheet of paper, on which Teresa had scrawled those few half-illegible lines, on the day previous.

Mrs. Norris took the letter, and, reading it, found to her surprise and sorrow, that it contained an urgent and solemn request that henceforth Mr. Thorold should never again attempt to see her, or have speech with her, and that henceforth they must be as strangers.

"I can only say with you, what can have happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Norris, in the deepest concern and amazement, as she handed back the letter to her friend. "Have they quarrelled? and yet Teresa is so amiable, so free from petty jealousy of any kind, and so devoted—or was so, at least—to Piers, that I cannot believe she would act in this way from any trivial cause."

"I do not believe there has been any quarrel," said Mrs. Thorold, in a tone of irritation and grief combined; "Piers would have told me if that had been the case. I cannot understand the girl. I feel a degree of anger rising up in my heart against her. Look at what I have suffered during the long estrangement there has been between myself and my son. The wound has but just been healed, and now Teresa inflicts another. What can I think, but that she has been pondering over the errors of his past life, and, too rigorous in her virtue, imagines that she shall do wrong in allying herself with such a man."

"I think you are mistaken," replied Mrs. Norris, shaking her head doubtfully; "Teresa would not lightly have refused Piers and brought all this misery on herself."

"Such a man as my son, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, with something of anger in her tone; "so handsome, so clever, so immeasurably superior to Teresa in wealth and station! He might have had the hand of a duke's daughter for the asking; and yet he, the representative of the Thorolds of Brewood, forgot all—his social rank and his riches—and fixed his choice on the daughter of a bankrupt trader."

Spite of the misery and perplexity of the situation, Mrs. Norris could hardly forbear a smile at this outburst of angry feeling and

wounded pride, ending in a reflection upon Teresa's father, which fell ill from the lips of the daughter of the portrait painter. However, she forgave her friend, realising how terrible this fresh sorrow must be, and how hard to bear, when she had expected, at length, to see her son settle down in the happy quiet of domestic life.

"Forgive me, my dear Monica," said Mrs. Norris; "but you are unjust to poor Teresa. We may never know the reason of her strange and inexplicable conduct on this occasion; but I cannot but think that if ever we do, we shall hold it to be an all-sufficient one."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Thorold, as large tears fell from her eyes; "but I am sorely tried: first, Piers acted cruelly and unjustly—that I will own—by Teresa, and now she treats him in the same way. It must be from some exaggerated and mistaken notion of duty that she has refused Piers. He went out yesterday morning, intending, I believe, to meet her—he came home seeming dejected and low-spirited. I suppose they did meet, and then, doubtless, she said as much to him by word of mouth as she did to me by letter."

"Nay, you are mistaken; they never met," said Mrs. Norris. "Walter was with Teresa the whole time they were out, and he says they never saw Mr. Thorold."

"It is all a mystery," replied Mrs. Thorold; "and the more one tries to penetrate it, the more obscure it becomes. Certainly, when I come to think over it, the conduct of Piers, when I handed him the letter from Teresa, was quite inconsistent with the idea that he knew before what its contents were. He was thunder-struck, overwhelmed—I never saw a stronger expression of amazement and grief on the face of any human being. No; I do not believe, when I recall to mind his unfeigned astonishment, that there had been any quarrel."

"And how does Piers take it? Is he coming to see Teresa? Surely, loving her as he does, he will try to penetrate this mystery," said Mrs. Norris.

"There, again, comes fresh cause for wonder," replied Mrs. Thorold, "in the, to me, strange conduct of my son. He seems, as it were, to coincide with Teresa, to acquiesce in her desire that their engagement should be utterly and entirely broken off! Now, is not this strange? Would you not think that he would try to find out what motives have actuated her? But no, he accepts her refusal of him without demur or question. He does not intend to demand the slightest explanation, for he has told me so distinctly."

"I don't know what to think," exclaimed Mrs. Norris, "other than that they are both mad."

"I suppose, even if Teresa awakens, I had best not see her,"

said Mrs. Thorold. "I pray God she may recover, but I cannot feel quite in charity with her yet. I have loved her like a daughter, poor and portionless as she is ; I never regretted my son's choice for one instant—and now that she should cast away her own happiness, and work such misery for me ! Well," she added, in a bitter tone, "I will go back to my lonely home—more lonely than ever now—for Piers will return to his regiment at once, and I shall have lost Teresa."

Wringing her friend's hand, Mrs. Thorold hurried from the cottage, and, entering her carriage, returned to Brewood, with all her doubts and conjectures unanswered and unresolved.

A little later on Mrs. Norris also left the cottage, leaving word, however, that she was to be sent for immediately should any change for the worse take place.

The old Banker was alone in his study when his wife returned, and he heard, with the deepest sorrow, the account she gave him of all that had passed ; whilst he shared her surprise at the extraordinary decision Teresa had come to respecting Piers. Indeed, her rejection of the man whom she had seemed to love so dearly, and whose wife she had promised to be in a few months, appeared to him so inexplicable, that he could imagine it to proceed from no other cause than a sudden derangement of the intellect. This sad and bewildering topic was discussed for some time, and then Mr. Norris said—

"A very shocking affair, this murder or suicide, or whatever it turns out to be !"

"Dear me, yes !" replied Mrs. Norris ; "you had just commenced telling me about it, when I was sent for to poor Teresa. Has the man been identified ?"

"But very little is known of him," replied the Banker, "not even his name. He only came here two or three days ago ; and the body was identified by the landlord of the 'Feathers,' where he was staying. He went out for a walk yesterday, and was never seen alive again ; but the unfortunate man must have met with his death in broad day, because his body was discovered before dark."

"Is it not extraordinary that no one should have passed near the spot at the time ?" observed Mrs. Norris.

"Well, no," replied the Banker ; "the corpse was found on this side the canal basin, and it is a place little frequented, especially in the depth of winter, when people do not ramble about in the country ; besides, the spot is screened from the high road by a thick growth of bushes."

"And what is the general opinion ? Is the unfortunate gentleman supposed to have been murdered ?" asked Mrs. Norris.

"Opinions are pretty well divided on the matter, I believe,"

replied the Banker. "There is much to be said for and against in both cases. There were no marks of any struggle, but then the ground is bound in such iron fetters, with this continued hard frost, that there would be no traces of a struggle, even if there had been one; and then, against the theory of his having been murdered, there is the fact that his personal property was undisturbed. He wore his watch and chain, and had several pounds in his purse, and the bloody weapon with which he was killed was close beside him."

"It seems quite clear, then, that he must have taken away his own life," said Mrs. Norris. "Who knows? he may have been half-insane from some trouble or another: why, for instance, I would not answer for what poor Teresa might do in her present state if she were not watched."

"Oh, he did not appear to be troubled in his mind," replied the Banker. "He was a man of very gentlemanly appearance and manners, I believe, and seemed—so say the landlord and the servants at the 'Feathers'—very cheerful. He did not appear at all short of money, and it is supposed he had just come to Chester for his pleasure. The doctors, who examined the body, are all of opinion that, from the position and nature of the wound, it is next to impossible it can have been inflicted by the unfortunate man himself."

"Was he stabbed?" asked Mrs. Norris, in a tone of shuddering pity, as she thought of the ill-fated man lying in that lonely spot, his life ebbing slowly away, perchance, in a long death-agony.

"Yes; and the wound, so say the doctors, must have caused instant death," replied the Banker. "It was done with a dagger-stick, one of those vile secret weapons that spring out of the stick when a blow is given with it; but it seems that the stick belonged to the poor gentleman himself, for the landlord of the 'Feathers' identified it by the grotesque carved face upon the knob at the top, which both he and his wife had noticed. He had bled almost altogether internally, so that, supposing him to have been murdered, his murderer would carry away with him no marks of the crime he had committed."

"Well, I do not suppose anything of the kind," replied Mrs. Norris. "Why, it is perfect folly to argue the point any longer, and if our juries were not very stupid," added the old lady, rather pettishly; "they would not have hesitated a moment in returning a verdict of *felo-de-se*. Talk to me! why, my love, of course if the poor man was stabbed with his own dagger, he must have done it himself."

"That does not follow, my dear," answered the Banker, who, tragical as was the subject of their conversation, could not repress a

smile at his wife's logic. "Burglars might break into this house, and then if they got into our bedroom without disturbing us, they might, if I woke, and offered to make an alarm, shoot me with my own gun."

"Dear me, Oliver, do not, pray, imagine such horrors!" ejaculated Mrs. Norris. "I shall not be able to sleep to-night, what with one thing and another; and, besides, I believe it is all a myth about that gun being loaded, though it is so labelled. Well, wonders and horrors seem to be the order of the day; but there, everything else, to my mind, fades into insignificance when one thinks of the astounding fact that poor unfortunate Teresa, at the very moment when a life of splendour and happiness was about to dawn upon her, should seal her luckless fate by refusing Piers Thorold. Oh, I am sure her mind must be affected. Once before she put away the chance of leading a life of ease and affluence with a man who loved her. Curiously enough, the same spot has been the scene of both affairs. This comes of Teresa's mania, for I cannot call it anything else for that abominable Water Tower."

CHAPTER XXI.

HOMELESS.

MAY is not always a warm, pleasant, month, and it is often singularly wanting in those sunny, balmy attributes, with which poets are apt to enrich it. Bleak winds, during its course, often remind one more of winter than of any more genial time of the year. One of these cold, easterly winds was sweeping over the great metropolis on a certain evening towards the end of May, and the travellers on the outside of the stage coach from Chester drew their coats and wraps closer around them at every fresh instalment of the wintry blast. Amongst the outside passengers was a little boy of about eleven years old, whom we have known, however, in Chester, as Walter Ayleworth, and inside the coach, pale, and thin, and careworn, sits Teresa, with enough trouble and anxiety on her mind to have crushed her entirely, had she not possessed a hopeful spirit, a quiet energy, a patient endurance, and, above all, that confidence in God which never deserted her, and which enabled her to say, with child-like earnestness and simplicity, in the midst of her greatest trials, "Father, thy will be done."

Never, perhaps, in the whole course of her usually sad life, had she so much need to look for strength from that source, which had never failed her. When she so suddenly, and apparently without any reason, broke off her engagement with Piers Thorold, she forfeited, at least for a time, the affection of his mother, her friend

and benefactress. From the same cause also, there arose a slight coolness between herself and the old Banker and his wife. That she had a secret they could easily perceive, and they thought that, at least to them, she might have divulged it; for they had known her from her infancy, and had treated her as a child of the family. Then, perhaps, the Banker might be excused for a little feeling of irritation: the future of Teresa and her brother had always been a secret cause of anxiety to him: it had seemed to be secured in the happiest manner, and now, Teresa, of her own accord, had cast her good fortune to the winds, and had thereby, thrown the onus of providing for herself and her brother upon the good old Banker—at least, he fancied that this would be the case, and so condemned an act which he pettishly called her obstinacy and folly. But he did not estimate truly the noble independence of spirit, or fortitude of poor Teresa. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered from her severe illness, to undertake such a journey, she announced her intention of going up to London, and immediately set about making her preparations.

When she first broached the subject to old Mr. Norris, he exclaimed—

“Going up to London! why, the girl is mad! What do you intend doing there? You are not fit for a governess?”

“I know that, dear sir,” she replied. “I am not accomplished enough; but I am young, my health will soon, I hope, be quite re-established. You know, I am skilled in the use of my needle, and I shall work to add to my little income.”

And then the Banker had said that if she was going to turn mantua-maker, she had best try the provinces, rather than go to an overstocked market like London.

All Teresa made for answer was, that she must have her own way; but, in truth, she wished—poor, unselfish woman!—to relieve her friends of the trouble of her presence amongst them, and not to cause them any mortification by working for her bread immediately under the eye of their acquaintances and connections. So she was proof against all solicitation, and speedily arranging her affairs, took places for herself and Walter in the coach to London. As to that sad day in February, she seemed to wish to banish the recollection of it from her memory; her lips were sealed upon that topic; she would never speak of it, never allude to Piers; and though the Water Tower had ever been her favourite haunt, and the Walls her chosen walk, she never again visited either; indeed, she studiously avoided going anywhere near the ruined old Tower, or even looking in that direction, as though some shapeless horror lurked amidst the crumbling stones and the dark wreaths of ivy.

From the sale of her little stock of furniture, and some savings

she had made during the years of her affectionate intercourse with Mrs. Thorold, Teresa was enabled to take a small fund of money up with her to London. All her care was for Walter, to educate and start him in the world ; and as her little income would not do this, she was determined to try and add to it. But not without a struggle had the loving sister nerved herself to the task before her. Her own happiness had been wrecked, but gloom and despondency was no part of her character. She had a smile and a kind word, as of old, for all who were about her. None knew of the bitterness of the tears shed in secret, or of the inward grief of her sorrow-stricken heart. For herself, she would have gladly retired to a life of seclusion and quiet, where she might have lived upon her small means ; but for her brother she was willing to work, and to enter upon cares and responsibilities that she might have avoided. One comfort she had, and that was the grateful and tender affection of this dearly-loved little brother. Knowing how much need there was for economy, Teresa would herself have travelled to London on the outside of the coach, but her still delicate health made her renounce the idea, as she knew that it would be no advantage for herself or Walter, if she should be laid up on their arrival in London. Walter, however, insisted on being an outside passenger, and, boy-like, rather enjoyed sitting aloft on the roof of the coach, from which he could see all the country, and also admire the coachman, as he skilfully kept in hand his four spirited horses. Probably, he would not have so well liked the bitter cold as the night drew on, but the inside passengers, though their number was complete, kindly insisted on taking the little boy in, to the great relief of poor Teresa, who had been full of anxiety how he would stand the night air. Fortunately for Teresa, the gentlemen who occupied with her the inside of the "High-Flyer," were kind-hearted, considerate men ; and from the time of their departure from the "Feather's Inn," Chester, till they reached their destination, "The Bull and Mouth," in Aldersgate Street, they vied with each other in the delicate attentions they paid to this poor lonely young lady and her little brother, who had come to the coach unaccompanied by any friend or relative : indeed, Teresa had purposely arranged her departure from Chester at a time when the Banker and his wife were away from home for change of air at Blackpool. The coach had put up for the night at Coventry ; but there, as elsewhere, Teresa was at no expense as regarded her entertainment, for the other inside passengers insisted on adhering to an old custom, which settled that when there was but one female within the coach, the gentlemen should share the cost of her repasts amongst them, and in this case they also included Walter.

Long wearisome journeys those were, when two days and a

night were consumed in travelling from Chester to London ; and tedious enough it seemed to Teresa ; and, at length, she yielded to a feeling of depression and of fear, now that she was about to face her new life, and she almost wished, as the coach rattled over the paved streets of the great metropolis, that her journey were beginning again rather than ending ; for now, she felt sick at heart, when she found herself in the field of her future labours, in the great crowded city, a vast wilderness to her, where she had neither kith nor kin, where all were strangers to her, where she stood alone in a crowd, with this little helpless boy her only companion. The noise and bustle of the streets, and the brazen notes of the coach-guard's horn, as he made them resound with the tune of "Rule Britannia !" enchanted Walter, too young to share in his sister's sad reflections, but seemed to stnpify her. The brilliantly-lighted shops, and the busy crowd of foot-passengers thronging the pavement, accorded but ill with her sadness and depression of spirits. These interminable streets, and these crowded thoroughfares struck her, too, with a mournful feeling, as she thought of the green meadows and hill sides, amidst which she had lived from her youth, and the quaint, romantic beauties of dear old Chester.

The strong east wind blew the dark stormy clouds across the sky, and piled them together in strange, shapeless masses, and every star was blotted out—an emblem of her life. Perhaps Teresa was thinking thus, as she looked sadly from the coach window upon the busy scene around, where all was life and excitement, whilst she felt so desolate and lonely. She had time for reflection before the coach reached the inn where she intended staying for the night, for it proceeded slowly and often came to a stoppage, caused by a block of the crowds of carriages, waggon, carts, covered carts, stage coaches, chariots, chaises, gigs, and curricles, with which the highway was filled.

In this huge city she was friendless and alone ; here she must try and form a home, and the task, in that hour of depression and sadness, seemed more impossible than it had ever done before, and the sense of being homeless more bitter in these crowded streets amidst that concourse of strangers.

However, a period was put to Teresa's musings by the arrival of the coach at the "Bull and Mouth." The passengers got out, secured their luggage, and, bidding farewell to Teresa and her brother, dispersed in different directions. It was then, perhaps, that she felt her friendless and desolate state. Whilst in that stage coach with her fellow-travellers, there had still seemed a link between herself and her native town ; but now it appeared as

though a gulf, wide and impassable, lay between her and dear old Chester.

Almost mechanically she followed the man who had shouldered her luggage, and asked to be shown to a private room, anxious to escape from the scene of noise and bustle in which she found herself.

There were doors opening and shutting, bells ringing, voices calling "Waiter!" from every room, and the waiter answering "Coming, sir!" to one room, and hurrying off to another—everybody impatient—the hall full of waiters and porters carrying luggage, and outside, the guard of a stage-coach sounding his trumpet as he was about to start.

A warm, comfortable room, a blazing fire, and a refreshing cup of tea, helped to raise Teresa's spirits a little—and then she was not one to give way long to feelings of depression, especially when she knew there was need for her to exert herself; and her incentive on this occasion, was her love for Walter, so she strove to appear cheerful, and spoke hopefully to him of the future.

"I think I shall like London better than Chester, Teresa," said Walter, with all a child's love of novelty and change; "but when shall we go home—I mean, to our new home?"

"My dear Watty, we have no home," replied Teresa, with difficulty keeping back her tears; "we are homeless—with none but strangers. You and I must love each other better than ever now, because we have no one else to love us."

"I don't think I can love you better than I do," answered the boy, throwing his arms round his sister's neck, and kissing her. "When I am a man, you shall not work; I will work for you, and I will bring you home lots of money, and we will always be together; but," he added, with a sudden look of perplexity and sorrow, "I shall be away from you, sometimes, my dear sissie; I want so to be a sailor, and you won't stop me, will you?"

"No, my darling; not if it is really your wish as you get older," replied Teresa, speaking with a firm voice, though her heart was sadly troubled; for even this child, whom she loved so dearly, was already thinking of leaving her; but her noble, unselfish nature never suffered her to harbour the wish, even for one moment, to keep Walter with her, instead of assisting him to enter a profession which he had loved from his infancy. "I shall miss you very much, Watty; but if you grow up a good man, that will make me content, and I shall be happy in my own way. I shall get used to being alone, and, you know," she added, with a faint smile, "I mean to be an old maid, and old maids generally live alone."

"I don't like old maids," replied Walter, shaking his head.

"Ah, Watty, you do not know what you are talking about,"

answered Teresa, with a sigh ; “ but when you are older, you will understand the folly, or, worse than folly, the malice of those who apply this epithet to old maids in derision and insult, very often to some of the best and noblest of their sex, whose motives for remaining single they are probably entirely ignorant of ; but, perhaps, dear Watty, you may know the worth of an old maid before you die.”

As Teresa had said, Walter was too young to understand her ; but after a pause he said, suddenly—

“ And will you have a lap-dog and a parrot ? ”

“ I think I shall always be too busy,” replied Teresa, laughing, “ to be troubled with such encumbrances,—at least, till you and I grow rich, and as we are very poor now, we must work ; but I think Watty,” she added, “ that even were I ever rich, I should be more likely to look after human beings than lap-dogs or parrots.”

“ Well, if you are an old maid, you will never be cross and disagreeable,” answered the boy ; “ and I shall always love you better than any one else in the whole world.”

Teresa smiled sadly at the child’s earnestness and simplicity ; but she would not say one word in contradiction to his fond assertion, though, in her mind, she passed over the years that divided him from manhood, and thought how differently he would feel when he should awaken to the influence of that passion which causes such joy and sorrow amongst mortals.

“ Well, we will bid good-bye to old maids and everything else to-night, Watty, and go to bed,” said Teresa, “ for I must be up early : we must be settled as soon as we can—it is very sad being without a home.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BELGIAN CHAPEL.

WHEN Teresa arose the next morning, she found, to her sorrow, that it was pouring with rain—a circumstance which necessitated her taking a hackney-coach to convey her to Southwark, where she wished to make a call.

After breakfast, she supplied Walter with a new story-book, and exacting from him a promise that he would not leave the inn during her absence, she set off on her journey in quest of a friend, from whom she expected to receive both advice and sympathy.

Now we have said that Teresa knew no one in London, and this was perfectly true ; but she belonged to the Old faith, and she was going, in full confidence, to seek out one of the London

Catholic priests, sure of finding in such an one a friend and adviser. Utter stranger as she was, too, in this great city, she wished to find out some quiet, respectable family, with whom she might board and lodge, till she could form a home for herself and Walter.

A wet morning in London is very wretched, and so Teresa thought as she looked from the coach window, which was bespattered with mud in a very few minutes. The rain poured down from every roof and gutter in inky streams, plashing on to the pavements beneath, and adding to the pools of water in the hollows of the footpaths, and by the road side. Umbrellas and overcoats were but a slight protection; the rain fell in a constant heavy downpour which nothing could resist.

Passing over Blackfriars Bridge, Teresa thought she had never beheld anything more desolate, especially when she contrasted the present scene with the wooded banks of the Dee. A leaden sky overhead, the waters of the river flowing under the old bridge, black, and thick, and swollen; the banks closely lined with tumble-down, dirty, ruinous-looking houses, or with warehouses or wharves, and long lines of coal barges mingling with the shipping.

The hackney-coach soon reached the London Road, and Teresa was set down before a pair of large iron gates, looking into a courtyard, with a house at the end, which the driver informed her was the Popish chapel.

Teresa was accustomed to the air of privacy and retirement which yet characterised the Catholic places of worship in the early part of this century—not so far removed from those days of intolerance, when it was necessary for Catholics to disguise the exterior of their chapels, lest they should be attacked and plundered by a fanatical mob.

Thus forewarned, Teresa passed through the iron gates, and advanced to what seemed like a private house. A plain, square brick building, with large folding-doors under a stone porch, plain sash windows above, another door in a wall to the right, and in front the large paved yard, which Teresa had entered, with a row of walnut trees on either side in full leaf, the soft bright green of the spring foliage forming a pleasing patch of colour amongst the sombre brick walls on every side.

The doors were closed, so Teresa rang the bell, and then a maid-servant came, and in answer to her inquiry if she could see one of the gentlemen, bade her come in, and said if she would wait a moment in the chapel, she would see if Mr. Standish was in.

So Teresa entered the large stone hall, with a green-baize door at the far end, with a statue of the Virgin and Child over it, and another door to the right, leading into the chapel.

From the crowded noisy streets into the repose and quiet of that

sacred spot, was, indeed, a pleasing change to Teresa. The darkness and gloom of the day caused almost a semi-twilight to reign in the chapel, and the crucifixion over the altar—one of Murillo's dark and splendid pieces—looked more sombre than usual. The only brightness in the chapel was the red glow from the sanctuary lamp.

Those few moments of prayer in the dimly-lighted chapel brought calm and peace and consolation to Teresa's heart; her faith was so pure and so entire, that she accepted the cross uncomplainingly, and looked for relief in God's own good time. So now, after she had begged His blessing on her work, she felt fresh strength and fortitude, and applied to herself the words of the gospel, "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

In a short time the servant came and summoned Teresa from the chapel, and leading her across the hall, she said, pointing to the baize-covered door, "Mr. Standish is in the committee-room, talking with a gentleman; but he'll soon be at liberty, so I'll take you up to his room."

Motioning Teresa to follow her, the servant led the way up a staircase with a window looking out on to red-tiled roofs, back yards, sheds, a mews with stables, tumble-down houses, and, in fact, a chaos of brick walls, encircling and hiding from the public view the walls of the Catholic chapel.

Entering a small dark lobby, with cane benches on either side, the servant led the way into a large, spacious, and comfortable room, looking out, it is true, upon the red-tiled roofs and dingy brick walls, and broken palings in the rear of the houses in the London Road, but still pleasant and cheery, with a bright sea-coal fire, a few good old paintings on the walls, a bookcase or two well stored with volumes, and over a *prie-dieu*, an ivory crucifix of exquisite workmanship.

Teresa had not long to wait for Mr. Standish, or Father Standish, as he was always called,—a true Lancashire man; tall and erect, in spite of his three-score years and upwards, with hair white as snow, but eyes bright and clear as in the days of early youth—fine honest blue eyes, with a merry twinkle in them—eyes that suited well with the frank, candid expression of his face. The cassock of the good father was well-worn, and his breeches and long black gaiters were rusty, for he spent too much on his children—the poor—to have much left for self; for his wants were few and simple.

He received Teresa with all the unaffected kindness of his gentle and benevolent nature; for, at the first glance, he saw that she was one suffering from adversity, in some shape or form.

Her story was simple and plainly told, only that in confiding her troubles to the good priest, she never mentioned the name of Thorold, and consequently never alluded to that sad day, with its painful memories—whatever they were—when she had last walked on the Walls at Chester.

Her relation to the priest was simply that her father had died in difficulties, that she had but a small income—barely sufficient to supply necessaries for herself and her young brother, that she wished to see him well-educated, and to put him forward in some profession, if possible, and that therefore she had come to town, partly with the view of entering into business as a milliner, when she might hope, if successful, to help her brother on, till he could provide for himself. She ended by asking Father Standish if he could recommend her to some decent Catholic family, with whom she might lodge for a little while, till she had matured her plans, and asked him if it would be in his power to recommend her to any Catholic ladies who might give her their custom.

“My dear child,” replied the good old priest, looking pityingly at Teresa’s slight and delicate form, and pitying her all the more because he saw she was a lady reduced, and in distress, “I fear you will meet with much anxiety and trouble of mind in the attempt to form a business. However, I will most willingly do all I can to serve you. We have some few fine ladies in our poor congregation, who come from the other side of the water; I will mention you to them, and I hope they may be induced to give you their custom, or a share of it. But, alas!” added the old priest, taking a pinch of snuff with an impatient gesture, “these are hard times for females to earn their bread; it is a degenerate age, full of folly and glaring incongruities, than which there is none greater than setting a man to do a woman’s work.”

“There is indeed, very little left for women to do,” replied Teresa, sadly; “there is only teaching and needlework. For the former I am not qualified—I was neglected in my youth—I have since read and improved myself; but I do not possess any accomplishments—I cannot speak French; I have only a very slight knowledge of music, and I know nothing of drawing.”

“You do wisely, my child, not to think of teaching,” answered the old priest, “as you have not been educated with a view to becoming a governess; for I think it must require a regular apprenticeship, and a very long one, too, before any young lady can be qualified to teach all that is required now. I know something of these matters; ladies have occasionally applied to me—‘Father Standish, can you recommend me a governess?’ Before I can well reply, I am overwhelmed by a long list of the qualifications which it is essential the governess should possess; from Parisian French,

vocal and instrumental music, and drawing from nature—we travel on to the outskirts of Latin, and from thence into history, ancient and modern, physics and metaphysics, till I stand abashed at my own ignorance, when I think what paragons of accomplishment there must be amongst governesses ; and I hasten to assure my lady visitor that I have not the honour of numbering any female of such varied attainments amongst my acquaintance.”

“Have you nothing more promising to say upon the chances of success for women in any other branch, Father Standish?” asked Teresa, with a half smile at the old priest’s vehemence.

“Ah, if there was any other branch, my dear madam,” replied the good father ; “but, as you justly observed a little while ago, there is nothing but teaching and the needle left for women—men have monopolised everything else. I feel struck with shame when I go into a silk mercer’s, and see there a parcel of tall, hulking fellows, who ought to be rather shouldering a musket, measuring out laces and ribbons—‘celestial blue, madam, I should advise,’ added the old priest, mimicking the tone and air of a shopman—‘it would be an admirable match—and just allow me to show you this blossom-coloured satin!’ And here Father Standish caught up a part of his rusty cassock to illustrate what he was saying—‘observe the richness and lustre of the fabric ; we have had nothing so choice for a long time, trimmed with scoioped lace the effect is magical.’ Imagine a man of six foot high, madam,” continued the priest, “smirking and smiling and hovering about amongst silks and satins and laces, till positively the poor feminine beings haven’t a trace of manhood left in him ; but I am sorry to admit that this crying scandal arises partly from the conduct of many amongst your own sex, who like being served by these trippery fellows. As to the needle, I fear it is always an ill-paid, laborious trade : but as you are thinking, my dear madam, of setting up in business, you may thrive better, as you may get others to work for you ; at any rate, you may rely upon my best services in furtherance of views so laudable as yours, and I trust your efforts will be crowned with success.”

After a little further conversation Teresa took her leave, Father Standish having given her the address of a Catholic widow lady, in whose house he felt sure she might be accommodated till she should have formed a home for herself.

Teresa found her way without difficulty to the widow’s house, with whom the name of Father Standish was a passport. Terms were speedily arranged between the two ladies, and it was settled that Teresa should take up her abode with Mrs. Hooper early in the following week.

She returned to Aldersgate Street in cheerful spirits, the kind-

ness and sympathy of the good old priest having greatly relieved and comforted her ; and then having made acquaintance with Mrs. Hooper—a pleasant, motherly woman—she felt no longer that dreadful sense of loneliness and desolation, which had oppressed her, on first reaching London.

The next day was very fine, and Teresa determined to put into execution a plan which had occurred to her, even when she was in Chester ; only that there she could not bring it to pass.

We have already spoken of Teresa's great skill in all kinds of needlework—both plain and ornamental—and in the latter she excelled ; there was, in fact, no kind of fancy work in which she was not a proficient. In happier days she had spent many pleasant hours working little nick-nacks for her friends. Mrs. Thorold and Mrs. Norris had many beautiful articles made by her ; and she had still some two or three pieces of work which she had intended to give away, but had forgotten in the sorrow and cares of the last few months. These consisted of a baby's cap, made with the utmost nicety ; a square of white net, with a border embroidered in coloured silks of the strawberry and leaf, and a pair of slippers of amber velvet, exquisitely worked.

Whilst arranging matters preparatory to entering into business, it had occurred to Teresa that she might employ her leisure hours by working for some of the shops ; and her determination and fortitude did not shrink even from this step, which would have been a trial to women far less sensitive and gently born than Teresa. Accompanied, then, by little Walter she set out, and, finding her way along St. Paul's churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, she emerged into the more fashionable quarters of London, and entered a shop in Regent Street.

Teresa, though simply dressed, yet showed exteriorly no signs of poverty, and therefore the person standing behind the counter of the shop she had entered, only saw in her a probable customer. Accordingly, she received her with the deference and smiles reserved for these favoured individuals ; and when Teresa requested to look at a baby's cap in the window, a large number were quickly spread out on the counter for her inspection, the shopwoman expatiating volubly on the fine embroidery upon the one, the elegant lace on the other, and the cheapness of one in particular, which had a great deal of work in it, and was offered at the low sum of fifteen shillings.

Teresa now drew her little parcel from her pocket, and, unfolding it, brought forth the baby cap she had worked. This action caused a sudden change in the countenance of the shopkeeper, who immediately suspected that here was no customer but an applicant for work, and accordingly she assumed an air of cold indifference

and a supercilious bearing towards this supposed unfortunate workwoman.

"Do you purchase such caps as these?" asked Teresa, "who, though sensitively alive to the change in the shopkeeper's manner, though she had not as yet spoken, was determined to press the point.

"It is a pity such good work should be bestowed on such common cambric," replied the shopkeeper, elevating her nose, and eyeing Teresa's cap very disdainfully.

"It is certainly not so fine as yours," remarked Teresa, quietly; "but many ladies would prefer it, as being stronger. May I ask what you would offer, if purchasing such an one."

"We do not buy them in that way at all," was the reply; "and if we did we should only offer a few shillings."

"For cambric, and a fortnight's constant work!" exclaimed Teresa, in a tone of indignant surprise; "do you suppose any one could subsist on such earnings?"

"Subsist, indeed!" ejaculated the shopkeeper, in her turn indignant at being asked such a question. "People know their own affairs best. I pay my poor rates, and that's enough. I cannot tell you how workpeople subsist; I suppose they do, or there wouldn't be any. As to these caps, they are chiefly worked at school, or by those who think they had better get threepence a-day than nothing."

Teresa, as she left the shop, sighed within herself at the new experience that was now dawning upon her; but, at the same time, her grateful heart sent up a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving to the Almighty, that she possessed, small as it was, an income sufficient to provide necessaries for herself and the child by her side, without being condemned to toil all the long day for so wretched a pittance.

She was determined, however, to try again, and see if all the shopkeepers were alike. Accordingly she entered another shop, and, laying her hand on some muslin on the counter, she asked the price, adding, that she supposed it was not worked at home.

Shopkeeper the second, was no more complaisant than her predecessor to the workwoman, and she replied in the negative, with a repulsive look; however, poor Teresa had vanquished all pride, so she said—

"Would you employ me if I gave you security?"

"Why, not at present; it is rather a dead time. That is worked in Scotland—they do it much cheaper than here; but if you wish for a fine shirt to make, and deposit half-a-guinea, you may have one."

"What do you allow for making one?" asked Teresa.

“One shilling and ninepence.”

“I thank you,” replied Teresa; “but I must decline it.”

“Teresa,” said Walter, as they left the shop, “why do these people, who keep shops, ask so much for what they sell, and pay so little to the people who make the things?”

“I don’t know, dear,” replied Teresa, with a sad smile; “but I suppose the principal thing is that they want to make large profits. However, it does not matter, Watty; I did not come to town to do fancy work. I am going into business like these people on whom we have called; but I do think,” she added, in an earnest tone, “that however small be my profits, I shall never offer my work-people threepence a-day!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

MIDSHIPMAN AYLEWORTH.

A STILL, warm evening in the beginning of June, 1814, was just closing in, and Teresa sat with her young brother at one of the upper windows of a house in Wigmore Street. The dusk of evening was just falling on the street beneath, and the tall houses on either side loomed up darkly against the sky, where a pale light yet lingered in the west.

There was an unusual stir and bustle in the streets, for these were days of joy and excitement in London. Peace had lately been made, and after many long years of bloodshed and strife, the people of the Old World were at last allowed a breathing time, wherein to recruit their shattered strength. Louis XVIII. now sat on the throne of France, and the Corsican hero, by the terror of whose name mothers in England awed unruly children, had disappeared, for awhile, from the scene of his splendid triumphs.

Defeat, disappointment, and failure had followed the ever-memorable retreat from Moscow. It seemed as though the star of Napoleon had set in the red glare of the burning houses of the ancient Russian capital, and that the gloom and desolation that brooded over its smouldering ruins was a type of the dark cloud about to overshadow his fortunes, and of the storm that swept crown and empire from his grasp, and left him a weary exile amidst the wreck of all his hopes and ambition.

But the retreat from Moscow had not crushed him, though thousands of his soldiers had perished in the steppes and snows of Russia. He was able to replace them, to appear again in the field in a milder climate and under brighter skies. But it mattered not: his fortunes did not mend; all the great powers of Europe had combined against him, and the bright days of summer, and the

beautiful autumn time, when the golden tinge of coming ripeness was upon the cornfields, witnessed entire defeat in the dreadful battles of Dresden and Leipsig.

Later on, the allies invaded France, and beautiful Paris saw the enemy beneath her very walls. Powerless to resist longer, its inhabitants capitulated, and foreign troops poured into that far-famed capital of splendour and luxury.

Napoleon was sent to Elba, and during the brief period of tranquillity which ensued upon his stay there, the nations of Europe rejoiced, and made merry over the peace; and nowhere more than in England.

London witnessed the advent of imperial and Royal visitors, and during their stay, there were perpetual fêtes, processions, and reviews by day, and by night illuminations, which lit up the streets with the blaze of noonday, and fireworks, whose gay and brilliant coruscations seemed to pale the brightness of the stars.

Teresa looks sad and weary, weary of partings and of grief; almost weary, that night, of a life which, for her, seems to have no joys, only cares and pains; but her countenance hardly shows all this, she is too well-schooled in sorrow, and in a very little while she will reproach herself for finding the cross irksome and heavy.

The boy seated by her side, with his hand locked fast in hers, is so inexpressibly dear to her—they have never been separated since his birth, and now he is going to leave her—perhaps for ever; for her fancy will conjure up mournful visions of the young and brave who have fallen in battle at the very commencement of their career. Then, again, should all go well with him, it might be years before they two would meet again; and perhaps, in the excitement and changes of his new life he would cease to feel for his sister the strong and tender love which filled his childish heart at present. So she clung closer to him, and with every fresh hour, tolled forth by the clocks of the great city, there came sharper pangs to her heart, as she thought how swiftly that short summer night would be gone; and then the day would dawn, which was to separate her from that dearly-loved little brother.

While the two are sitting trying vainly to cheer and comfort each other, we will just give a brief sketch of Teresa's doings since she came to London, in the spring of the previous year.

One can see what her avocation is by looking around the room; and from its style and appearance one should say that Miss Ayleworth has been at least moderately successful in her new trade of mantua-maker.

There is a handsome Brussels carpet on the floor, velvet-covered chairs and couches, and fine pier glasses. On the table are open books of the fashions, card-boxes containing ribbons, laces, and so

forth. Over one chair back hangs a half-finished ball dress, of coloured gossamer net over white satin ; on another lies a square mantle of white net embroidered in stars of silver ; and at a window, at a little distance from Teresa, a young and ladylike-looking woman is putting the finishing touches to a dress of pea-green twill sarsenet.

Father Standish was as good as his word ; he spoke of Teresa and of her contemplated undertaking to all the ladies he knew ; and amongst them was one who had a heart as large as her fortune, and who not only promised and gave her custom to Teresa, when she started in business, but induced many of her friends to do the same.

Mrs. Hamilton was more than a customer—she became a friend. She never tried to pierce the veil of quiet reserve which Teresa threw over her former life, but she divined that she had passed through some great trouble, and also that she had been born to a far different position than that which she at present occupied.

Anxious to serve Teresa in any way, she no sooner found out that her young brother had an inclination for the life of a sailor than she at once enlisted the sympathies of her husband, then in command of a fine ship of war, in his behalf ; and thus it came to pass that Walter had been appointed midshipman on board the frigate “ *L’Impérieuse*,” then lying at Plymouth.

Though Teresa had only been in business a few months, she had received some good orders, and several of her customers had proved prompt in their payments ; so that she had been able to equip Walter with a suitable outfit, and yet to retain something in hand. Still Teresa had difficulties to contend with, and she had her anxious and troubled moments, even with regard to her business, which appeared, at the outset, so prosperous. Orders were given her which she could not furnish without great outlay, and she found that, in some cases, she would have to wait a long while for the returns. Again, Teresa was not the person to make a market out of the labours of her assistants ; the young ladies who worked for her, were well remunerated, kindly treated, and their hours for work not made unreasonably long. Teresa thus showed the benevolence of her heart ; but though she certainly abounded in charity, she did not appear likely to abound in riches.

“ Teresa, the time will soon pass away,” said Walter, speaking in a trembling tone, but gaining courage as he went on ; “ and then, in a few years, I shall come back with lots of prize money, and you and I will go down to Chester and surprise them all. Robert Norris would not know me in my uniform. Oh, do you know, Teresa, he added, suddenly, “ I was dreaming all last night

about the Water Tower. I thought we were sitting on the stone bench by the door, looking in the direction of the Dee——”

Here the boy broke off, and started up in fear and alarm, caused by the deathly pallor that had overspread his sister's face ; but she seemed to make a great effort, and ascribed her sudden faintness to the heat of the evening. She soon became as calm and composed as usual, and even strove to be cheerful, for the little boy's sake, whose spirits flagged, as the morrow drew so near which was to separate him from the only friend he had as yet known.

Teresa made a feint of retiring to her room for the night ; but her couch remained undisturbed, and bitter memories of the past, mingled with the sorrows of the present, during her lonely vigil.

With the dawn she was busy making the last little arrangements for her darling boy. And then came that brief space which ensues when all is done, when the packing is completed, when soft and tender injunctions are repeated again and again, and when the heart, weary of grief and tears, almost wishes that the parting were over, the foretaste of it is so bitter.

In the brightness and beauty of one sunny June morning, Walter parted from his fond sister, and Teresa returned alone to what seemed now a very desolate home ; for in every room she missed his familiar presence, and her tears flowed afresh as she put away the many little trifling objects that he had left behind him. Great and bitter as was her grief that day ; however, all would have seemed as nothing could she have looked forward to another June morning, equally bright and beautiful, in the years that were to come, when she should go to meet the coach from Plymouth, and when she should find the little Watty of former days lost in the stalwart young officer, known as Lieutenant Ayleworth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NORRIS AND SON SUFFER A GREAT LOSS.

THE provinces were not behindhand in peace rejoicings ; and so it came to pass that on the night of the 17th of June, the good old town of Chester was illuminated, and thousands thronged the streets on that still beautiful summer night, when scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves amongst the old trees on the walls, where coloured lamps glittered and sparkled, encircling the city as with some gaily-tinted rainbow. The red freestone walls of the cathedral were lit up with a flood of light, and the old timber-fronted houses, scattered about the town, in Northgate Street, Foregate Street, and Watergate Street, stood out in bold relief in a blaze of light, almost as strong as the sun at noonday. The waters of the Dee

seemed all on fire, as they reflected the bright radiance from the shore ; and high up in the Castle, the windows of the barracks were all ablaze with a myriad of lamps. In strong contrast to the bustle and hum and murmur in the thronged streets, and the brilliancy and splendour of the illuminations, was the mournful stillness and repose, and the obscurity and gloom of the old Banker's house in Watergate Street.

He and his son have met with a loss that can never be repaired. Bad debts may be recovered, other losses retrieved, but this one never. The old man is sitting in his study, his head bowed down, his aged features contracted with grief. Here is an account that has been running on for years, commenced in the days of early manhood, and every entry on its pages has brought him contentment and pleasure—till this last one, when mentally he writes down in that great ledger, the memory—"On the 17th June, bitter day for me, I lost my beloved wife."

Yes, the good, kind-hearted, pleasant old Irish lady had done with the world and its joys and cares ; and just when the red glow in the west had died out, and dusky twilight was settling down upon the busy streets, and eager hands were lighting up the coloured lamps amongst the dark foliage on the Walls, those who were watching around her saw a change pass over the worn face—a shadow of the unknown world, which she was about to enter.

She died with the old man's hand clasped in hers, pressed to her heart, to the heart that had loved him so fondly and truly during so many years. In joy or sorrow, sickness or health, they had always been united. He seemed to stand alone in the world with his grief as he rose up from her bedside ; for no other breathing being on earth had loved him as she had done. He had to go back to the far-away days of his boyhood, to call forth remembrances of a mother's anxious love, before he could find any parallel to the tender devotion of that dead woman. Theirs had been a true union—a union of hearts, of tastes, and dispositions—they had borne one another's burdens, they had been all-in-all to each other, and even his own son could not estimate the anguish that oppressed the poor old Banker's heart, as he kissed the cold lips that could never return his embrace again.

The death of Mrs. Norris had neither been sudden nor unexpected. The winter had been a very severe one, and in February she had suffered from an attack of inflammation on the lungs, from which she had probably never entirely recovered. Very active, though advanced in years and fond of walking, a fine bright day in May had tempted her to take a ramble on the Walls, which she prolonged till late in the afternoon. In spite of its brilliant sunshine, the day was deceptive ; there was the warmth of summer in

that golden radiance, and the icy chill of winter in the shade—a chill which Mrs. Norris became aware of, as she drew her furred mantle closer around her, and unconsciously took her last farewell of a scene familiar to her since early womanhood. There was bright sunshine on the broad flowing waters of the Dee, on the meadows beneath the Walls, on the dark glossy leaves of the ivy that veiled the crumbling stones of the Water Tower; but to Mrs. Norris it seemed as though suddenly all warmth and radiance had gone, as though the shadows of evening had already fallen, and the night was coming on apace. And, in truth, so it was for her—the sun of her life was going down fast, and the night of death closing in.

The next morning Mrs. Norris complained of a slight cold, in a few hours the cold was worse, and it went on growing worse till, before the doctor would grant so much, the good old lady felt an inward conviction that she had done with the things of this world, and that she must soon bid farewell to the loved faithful companion of those happy years of wedded life, and enter alone the shadowy valley of death.

She had always kept the Old faith, which she had brought with her from the land of her birth, and the affectionate husband who had never, by word or sign, cast a single slur upon the religion she professed in life, was careful to secure for her the services of one of its ministers at the hour of death.

She passed away calmly and peacefully as a child, and the throngs of passers-by in the gaily-lighted street hushed their voices, and trod gently as they passed by that house of mourning; for Norris, the Banker, was held all over Chester in great repute and esteem, and in a brief space of time his loss had become known.

Away from the chamber of death, and from the room where the old man sat alone with his grief, for he could bear no word of comfort yet, in a pleasant little chamber, on the ground floor, Robert's wife was seated with her children round her. She had felt keenly her mother-in-law's death; for though at first the old lady had had some slight feeling of vexation at her son's choice, it had speedily passed away, and the greatest affection had been formed on either side. Perhaps, too, that death-bed had conveyed some warning to the young mother. Fragile and delicate, she never counted on a long life, and as she sat in the darkening room, pale, wan, and thin, it seemed as though the grey shadow of death were resting on herself. On her knees quietly sleeping, lay her last born, a little baby-boy of eight or nine months old. At the furthest end of the room, a young nurse was undressing a boy, of some three or four summers, the little barefooted boy with the bleached hair, who had played in the barrack-yard at Haddington; but he has not so hard a bring-

ing up now; for since Robert has begun to study medicine, he has modified his views with regard to the hardening process, and the yellow flossy hair of the baby will not be bleached by the sun, and the pretty soft feet will be shod.

Robert is sitting there too, buried in grief. The blow has fallen heavily on him, because he would not believe that his mother was near her end; he would not see danger, and unless the disease was sudden, sharp, and violent, in its attack, he appeared not to perceive it. And so it was with his young wife, for though others saw that she was slowly but surely wasting away, he remained almost in ignorance that anything ailed her, because he saw her up and about, and busy with her children. It was no want of affection, no unkindness in Robert, that made him thus blind to the failing health and strength of those most dear to him, but a repugnance to anticipate misfortune, and a sort of obtuseness, arising from whatever cause it might, which veiled the approach of danger, and only allowed him to discover it when its fatal effects were close at hand. But when the blow fell, Robert was the least prepared.

In the course of a few days, the remains of Mrs. Norris were consigned to their last home, in a shady corner of the old burial ground encircling the Cathedral, with the graceful boughs of a willow overshadowing the monument, inscribed with the names of more than one generation of Norrises, and below the green slopes, once the kale-yards of the monks of St. Werburgh's.

Then, when all was over, the old Banker returned to his home, sad and silent. Gradually he seemed to throw off his depression; he went again to his bank, he received company, he paid visits; but in the depths of his heart there was a blank that was never filled up, a feeling of loneliness, which nothing could dispel, because with his wife he seemed to have lost a part of his own being.

Mrs. Robert Norris remained with her father-in-law to keep house for him, and Robert returned to Edinburgh, where his regiment was still stationed.

The merry prattle of childish voices awoke the echoes of the old house in Watergate Street, as Robert's children climbed up the balustrades of the staircase, and disported merrily in the quaint old-fashioned garden beneath its casements.

Mrs. Thorold was a constant and esteemed visitor, she watched the young mother with tender and mournful solicitude, idolised little Flora, and felt a hundred times a day angry and indignant with Robert, that he did not see the visible decay of his wife's health, a decay so plainly apparent to herself, that she sometimes marvelled for whom that stone slab in the shady nook, above the kale-yards would be first disturbed, whether for the old Banker or the young wife.

MINNIE.

LAUGHING, mocking maiden, prythee
Whence thine eyes their lustre took ?
Was it from the fountain by thee
Sparkling as its droplets shook ?
Was it from the joyous meadow,
At the gladsome noontide hour,
Ere the sun had cast his shadow
Over thee and over flower ?

Wherefore rings thy merry laughter
Through the grotto and saloon ?
Say whose life thou wilt hereafter
Gladden with the priceless boon
Of thy face and genial spirit,
Changing with affection rare
Maidenhood's for wifehood's merit,
Marred not by domestic care ?

Yet will Time thy spirit mellow
At some not far-distant hour,
And will all thine actions hallow
With his kindly chastening power.
O mayst thou be happy ever,
Loved and loving constantly ;
Till life's swiftly-ebbing river
Merges in eternity.

G. W. R.

THE SANSKRIT LANGUAGE, ITS ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY.

IN the present day one can take up scarcely any recently-published grammar or dictionary, certainly no philological work, without encountering, at almost every page, some reference or allusion made to the Sanskrit, to account for the derivation of some word in the Ancient or Modern languages of Europe, to illustrate grammatical forms and syntactical constructions, or to explain away some classical or barbarian myth.

The reader then, naturally, surmises what the language is; when, where, and by whom spoken, and what connection it has with the language he learnt in school, and whose names are familiar to his ear.

As it is only of late years that the name has been introduced to the notice of the public, and the general reader may not have time or inclination to read up the subject in a regular and laborious manner, an attempt is here made, to give a clear and concise idea of the origin and nature of the language, and why it has been thus brought under observation. In most cases, the name applied to the language, gives some clue to the nation by which it is used, as English, French, and Russian, but the name Sanskrit is so completely different from that of any nation or country, that this test of its locality is unsatisfactory.

The Sanskrit is the language of the Hindus, in which all their classical and learned works are written, and which is the parent stem of almost all the vernacular dialects of India, just as Greek and Latin are the sources of the Romance languages. The name itself gives rise to some discussion: The most-approved modern way of spelling it is "Sanskrit," derived from "sam," "completely;" and "krita," "formed;" which, two words, when combined, become, by the laws of euphony, "Sanskrit," and means, the completely formed, or highly-polished language. Frequently it is spelt with a c instead of a k, and in old works on the language the most extraordinary and grotesque forms are found, viz., Hanscred, Sungskrit, Sangskrida, Grandam, Grandonicam, and Kerendum. How the word could possibly have been so mutilated is a mystery, and can only be accounted for by supposing that, in the infant state of philological science, the Oriental characters were represented by different Roman ones. The origin of Sanskrit is

involved in the gloom of far-distant antiquity, and little or nothing is known with absolute certainty respecting it. History is silent on the circumstances connected with the first peopling of Hindustan; and in the absence of authentic records, numerous conjectures, more or less supported by facts, have been advanced, regarding the introduction of this language into the plains of India. Klapworth, a distinguished authority, asserts that, in a very early age, tribes of Japhetic descent, coming from the north-west, conquered the indigenous inhabitants, and formed settlements in the northern and central provinces; carrying with them their own language, which was either Sanskrit or contained its elements, and which, in process of time, blended with or absorbed the aboriginal dialects spoken by the vanquished tribes. On the other hand, some men of learning, including Schliermacher, declared, that the Sanskrit owed its origin to the Semitic stock; but they soon found this theory untenable, for the fact of their alphabets being widely different, as regards the shape and sound of the letters, as well as in the scheme of arrangement, goes far to undermine it; and the remark of Bopp—that in languages of the Semitic family a variation of vowels is of no material consequence, from an etymological point of view, but in Sanskrit and its dialects any such variation entirely changes the meaning of a word—completely gives the *coup-de-grace* to such hypothesis.

Colebrooke, who was one of the most thorough Sanskrit scholars that ever lived, classed Sanskrit, Pehlvi, and Greek together, as sister tongues, and partially succeeded in tracing them to a primeval language spoken by nomad tribes, in Scythia or Central Asia, and carried by them in their migratory wanderings into India, Persia, and Pelasgia; and that, in those lands, the cultivating influence of civilisation brought them to the state of refinement in which we have found them. Others, whose dictum is of equal weight, following the guidance of Sir William Jones and Leyden, look to the Zend, or ancient language of Persia, as the source whence Sanskrit derives its origin. This view, however, when carefully examined, will be found to be far from sound, for though the affinity between Zend and Sanskrit is so close, that out of ten words of the former, six or seven will be discovered also in the latter; yet the etymological coincidence is of such a nature as to point to the conclusion that Sanskrit is not derived from Zend, but it is rather a twin language, sprung from the same primeval type. This is supported by a passage in the works of Mohammed Fàny, a Persian author, to the effect that, in ancient times, the Persians and Indians formed one people, and had the same religion, government, and language.

More modern students of this subject do not look upon the

Sanskrit with mere feeling of curiosity or admiration, aroused by its antiquity, symmetrical construction, and rich stores of literary treasures, but regard it with peculiar interest, as being, undoubtedly, the parent stem of the Classical and Teutonic languages, and through them, of all the modern dialects to which these have given birth. They suppose Central Asia to have been the ancient source of the Sanskrit; that Asia Minor was peopled at an early period by fierce migratory hordes from that country, and that their language, in course of time, became the Pelasgic, from which sprung the Classical languages; and the long-extinct Thracian, from which the Germanic dialects derive their origin.

A calm and impartial review of these theories, accompanied by a close investigation into the facts on which they are based, and the grounds on which the different hypotheses are advanced, leads one to the conclusion that the marvellous affinity existing between the Sanskrit, Classical, and Germanic languages can be accounted for satisfactorily in no other way than by the supposition of their having been all derived from the same primitive language, spoken by a nation from whom Hindus, Greeks, and Teutons were all alike descended. It is stated on the authority of ancient historians, that a sacred language was in use among the Chaldeans, but this was most probably not Sanskrit, or, at any rate, not Sanskrit in the highly-refined and artificial state in which we have become acquainted with it; but the Zend, a dialect said to have been employed exclusively in the Zend-avesta or sacred scriptures of Zoroaster.

Whatever may be the theories of the learned, or however varied their opinions respecting its origin on one point, all are unanimous. They all, without exception, assign it a place among the most ancient tongues.

The French traveller, Volney, speaks of it as a Scythian language that even the Egyptian admitted to be equal to itself in point of view. Although the admirers of Sanskrit have, in some cases, been carried away by their zeal, to assert such claims to antiquity, as may be looked upon with a doubtful eye, still, few men of education, who have taken the matter into careful consideration, and, excluding from the question the Holy Scriptures, would hesitate to assent to the truth of Halhed's assertion, "That the world does not contain annals of more indisputable antiquity than those handed down by the ancient Brahmins." The remote antiquity of their language is amply testified by the national memorials and institutions of the Hindus. We are borne back, far beyond the pale of historical data, when we peruse their works on mythology, science, laws, philosophy, and religion, and we are

over-awed by the stupendous ruins of temples and palaces, rivalling in lofty magnificence the deserted piles of Egypt or Assyria.

The century preceding the birth of Christ is generally regarded as the golden age of Sanskrit literature; since at this time flourished a number of authors, whose works afford specimens of poetical genius as well as classical elegance, and display the language, which had been long undergoing the process of gradual refinement, in its purest style and choicest forms and expression. In the present day it is looked upon as a dead language, and by some, strange to say, as an artificial one, invented by the priestly caste, possibly with a view to confine all the higher branches of knowledge to the select few who were acquainted with it. Their arguments in favour of this supposition are based on the fact of its inflections being more numerous and more anomalous, its rules more complicated, than in other languages, and that this is especially the case in the ancient dialect, employed in the Vedas or Sacred Books. They also maintain that the rules for the formation and inflection of words were formed first, and that subsequently the language was constructed on them. This is, however, so completely opposed to the principles of philological science, and the experience of everyone who has made language his study, that it is unnecessary to bring forward particular arguments to refute it; for grammarians have, in no instance, been the inventors of etymology, but merely the constructors of rules to facilitate the study of that which custom had previously approved of and established.

Every research into the history of this language exhibits, as its result, that at a very early period of its existence grammatical inflections and derivative formations were fixed by usage; and however much the number of its declensions and conjugations, and the intricacies of the rules of Sandhi (the euphonic combination of letters) may have stood in the way of its pure and free use as a popular language, it undoubtedly was once the tongue used by the inhabitants of the chief part of India, especially in Bengal. The oldest and most interesting contributions to the literature of Hindustan are written in it; the names of the most ancient cities and other monuments of antiquity derive their origin from it; and on all sides the utmost reverence is manifested towards it, as the language of the nation. It is the foundation on which the superstructure of the vernacular dialects, now spoken in Northern India, rests; and the same close construction exists between them as exists between Latin and Italian, Anglo-Saxon and English.

Not only is Sanskrit the parent of the languages of Northern India, which all bear a very close resemblance to it, but if the inquirer approaches still nearer the all-enshrouding gloom of remote

antiquity, it may be considered the source of all the dialects spoken by the myriads who dwell between the snow-capped Himalaya and sea-girt Ceylon, or between the well-watered plains of the Punjâb and the uttermost limit of Further India. Nor is even this the farthest boundary that the philologist can define; for a more comprehensive view of the other languages of the world assigns to this interesting tongue, not only the highest antiquity, but also the most extensive influence; for as far as the results of etymological research into the Sanskrit have proved satisfactory, it may unhesitatingly be regarded as the parent-stem of all languages that suffer inflection in the formation of cases, tenses, etc.; while the languages spoken in Northern and Western Asia, in which particles supply the place of flexional terminations, are to be traced to an entirely different source. The paucity of cases and tenses in the Teutonic dialects, compared with the number of them found in Sanskrit, has been accounted for by some by observing that the less civilised a people is the more ready they are to adopt the use of prepositions and auxiliary verbs, and to discard the more artificial system of inflection. This statement, however, is opposed by many philologists, who assert that, dispensing with inflection should be looked upon as a symptom of advancing civilisation, and not as a sign of retrogression.

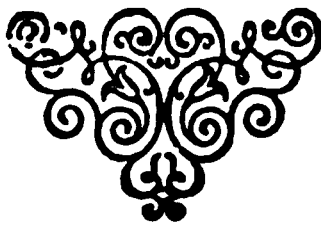
Both these views may be reconciled when we regard the history of mankind at the same time as we consider the history of language; when we remember that the Hindus were, at an early period, a highly-civilised nation, but that the neighbouring tribes, who were influenced by their manners and language, became more and more barbarous the further they were removed from this centre of civilisation, and that their language became proportionately debased and mutilated, less accurately spoken, and more mixed with crude and corrupt dialects. Then, after the elapse of centuries, when the dawn of civilisation broke on these nations, and grew brighter and brighter, until the refinement of manners and the advancement of science, which we now enjoy, were attained, language, although it has undergone many euphonic changes, and has been largely enriched by importations from various sources, has not reverted to its pristine state of artificial formation and regular inflection; indeed, auxiliary particles have been found so convenient for expressing particular shades of meaning that could scarcely be so well conveyed by means of cases or tenses, and are regarded as more emphatic and more easy to employ, since they do not involve so many syntactical rules,—that now there is no tendency to flexional terminations, and the genius of modern European languages is decidedly opposed to it.

Sanskrit, then, recommends itself to our notice as the oldest

language known, and consequently the nearest to the Original Tongue, whatever that may have been ; as the parent of all the Indo-Germanic, or, as they are more generally termed, the Indo-European languages, and, therefore, possessing peculiar interest as a philological study ; and as the immediate source whence the dialects of India are more or less directly derived. For this last reason we, as the rulers of Hindustan, should promote the knowledge of Sanskrit as the only safe and effectual means of acquiring the native languages, and so fathoming the disposition, understanding the prejudices, and gaining the affections of our Hindu subjects.

If the reader wishes to make further research, he may consult with pleasure and profit the works of Klaproth, Adelung, Colebrooke, Jones, and Müller, where he will find abundant stores of information, and many paths of investigation marked out for him to pursue in the manner best suited to his circumstances and inclination.

K. C. L.



SHAKESPEARE HEROINES.

OPHELIA.

“The fair Ophelia !”—*Hamlet*.

“THE fair Ophelia !” Beauty of a court
 The darling of a venerable sire,
 And sister of that youth so full of fire ;
 How dared one with thy young affection sport ?
 For ah, thy dream of love was sad and short.
 E’en as the sunshine of a wintry day,
 So soon that transient glory passed away,
 And changed thy happy lot to saddest sort.
 “The fair Ophelia !” Crowned thy golden head
 With flowers fantastic ! By that sign is shown
 The solemn picture of “ a mind o’erthrown,”
 And life’s bright possibilities all fled !
 “ The fair Ophelia !” In thy watery bed
 We seem to see thee peacefully at last,
 Life’s cruel storm for ever overpast.

Best that the heart should break when all its joys are dead !

MAURICE DAVIES.

END OF VOL. V.

